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PEDRO MARIÁ DE CÉVALLOS
ASISTENTE SUPLENTE DE WELLINGTON
COMANDANTE EN JEFE
DE LA FUERZA ARMADA

BRITISH
MILITARY BIOGRAPHY,
from
ALFRED TO WELLINGTON.



The Flight of Napoleon from Waterloo

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BRITISH
MILITARY BIOGRAPHY:
COMPRISING
THE LIVES OF THE MOST DISTINGUISHED COMMANDERS,
FROM
ALFRED TO WELLINGTON:
CONNECTED BY
AN OUTLINE OF THE
MILITARY HISTORY OF ENGLAND,
FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE PRESENT TIME.

Time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.

Shakspeare.

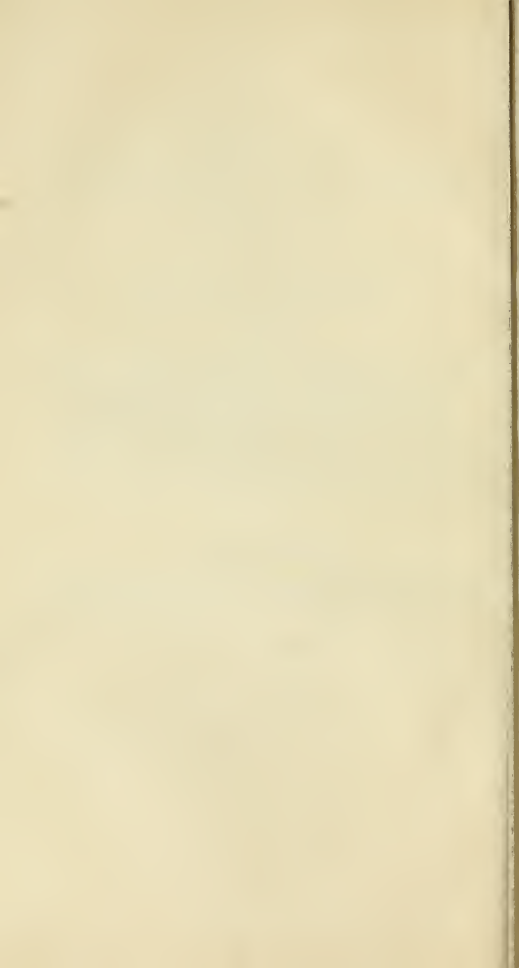
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BRITISH NAVAL BIOGRAPHY: comprising the Lives of the most distinguished Admirals, from Howard to Codrington: with an outline of the Naval History of England, from the earliest Period to the present Time. Second Edition, with portrait of Codrington, and vignette, Price 5s.

TO
FIELD-MARSHAL
ARTHUR, DUKE OF WELLINGTON,
K.G., G.C.B., G.C.H.,
&c. &c. &c.
THE HERO OF WATERLOO,
AND THE
MOST ILLUSTRIOUS OF THOSE GREAT COMMANDERS
WHO HAVE LED BRITISH ARMIES TO VICTORY,
AND
MAINTAINED UNTARNISHED THE HONOUR OF THEIR
COUNTRY,
THIS VOLUME OF
MILITARY HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY,
IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,
BY
HIS GRACE'S VERY OBEDIENT SERVANTS,
THE PUBLISHERS.



P R E F A C E.

FROM the gratifying reception which has been given by the Public to the British Naval Biography, the Author has been induced to complete the History of the United Services by the publication of the following work, of which a short explanation may not be deemed unnecessary.

In detailing the exploits of our country by sea, and tracing those steps by which she acquired the unquestionable supremacy of the ocean, we were obliged to confine our attention exclusively to maritime operations, in consequence of the limits to which the work was restricted. A mere passing allusion, therefore, was the utmost that could be given to those wars which Britain conducted by land simultaneously with her naval expeditions, and by which the services of her navy were rendered more brilliant and effective. But in order to give a full and distinct view of those wars that have been waged by land and sea at the same period, and in which success upon the one element facilitated our triumphs upon the other, a separate work appeared to be indispensable, wherein the Military events and personages of our national history should enjoy the same attention which was bestowed upon the Naval.

But, besides this, how large an amount of heroic achievements belongs to the military department of British history, with which our maritime wars have no connexion whatever! When as yet the navy of our island consisted only of a few coracles, its natives were maintaining a long and gallant resistance against

the legions of Rome, until they were reduced to the vassalage of Roman provincials. Then follows the Anglo-Saxon portion of our annals, in which a fresh life was infused into the country by the occupation of a new race, but during which, comprising a period of six centuries, the history was almost entirely of a military character. Such, also, was the nature of events during the long series of Anglo-Norman kings, in which the terrible wars that were waged with France and Scotland were conducted by land. Indeed, until the accession of Queen Elizabeth, Britain had neither properly understood nor rightly availed herself of the advantages of her insular position; and therefore it is at her reign that the Naval history of our country properly commences. But previous to this era, we have fifteen centuries of invasion and conflict to chronicle, amidst the struggles of which the British nation had slowly emerged from barbarism, and assumed a commanding station in the civilized world. Even this extensive portion also, crowded though it be with great events, is not the most important in the records of our military achievements. The civil wars of the Commonwealth, the campaigns of Marlborough, and, above all, the exploits of Wellington, will suffice to prove the truth of the assertion.

With a subject so extensive for the purposes of History, the Author of this work has pursued the same plan which he adopted in the British Naval Biography. The reader will therefore find that what may be strictly called the Biographical department, occupies the principal portion of the volume. An account has been given, at the commencement, of those bold barbarian chiefs who resisted, during the first century, the attempts of the Romans to subject Britain to their sway; and as this portion of our national records is remote, and therefore scanty and obscure, a mere summary has been adopted from the accounts of the Roman writers themselves, rather than from the uncertain legends of the ancient British

chronicles. After these, succeeds the history of the Saxon Alfred—a hero all but sainted in our grateful and admiring remembrances, and with the benefits of whose institutions we are still almost as strongly impressed as if he had been our contemporary. Then comes the life of William the Conqueror, a mighty land-mark in English history, as he was the founder of a new dynasty which still occupies the British throne. Richard I. succeeds, the model of a Crusading hero; and afterwards Edward I., one of the earliest of those warriors of the middle ages who sought in military superiority the means of territorial centralization. The lives of Edward III., the Black Prince, and Henry V., exhibit the origin of that national antipathy, and those deadly wars, between France and England, which, perhaps, unfortunately have not yet wholly terminated; while the biographies of Sidney and Perrot, two heroes of the court of Elizabeth, illustrate that important period when the chivalry of the middle ages was melting fast away before the coming of a new and better era. After this period, we have a different state of politics, in which war is rather the means, than the end, of national existence; and where heroes are animated with higher principles than mere animal courage and the love of animal excitement. From Cromwell to Wellington follows an illustrious array of commanders, in whose deeds we trace the aggrandizement of our national fame, the extension of our empire, and the establishment of our external safety, as well as those internal improvements which have substituted for the despotism of the feudal, and the miseries of the barbaric ages, the refinement, the security, and the happiness of civilization. The individual sketches of this important series have been also connected, as before, by Chapters of General History, in which the origin and progress of the different wars have been traced, and those changes in society been illustrated, which were necessary for the reader to understand the

epoch, and the position of each personage in his proper order of succession.

With this brief explanation the Author submits his work to the consideration of the public. He has endeavoured impartially and faithfully to record, and in a form which seemed to him best fitted for the purpose, the great and glorious deeds of his countrymen by sea and land. And he would also state, in conclusion, that the task—at all times an important one—has gradually acquired in his mind a higher interest from the surmise that the period of peace was again drawing to a conclusion; and that even the present generation may be summoned to emulate those deeds of valour and patriotism which it has been his lot to record. Should such an emergency unhappily occur, he will not have written in vain, if any of his readers should be animated by the history of the past, to kindle at the deeds of their fathers, and follow their example.

October, 1840.

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MILITARY HISTORY.

CHAP. I.

From the Invasion of Britain by Julius Cæsar to the Arrival of the Saxons.

THAT Britain was peopled from the opposite coast of Gaul, seems scarcely to admit of doubt: this fact may be assumed as certain, from the similarity in religion, government, language, dress, and manners, that prevailed between the Britons and the Gauls. When the island was first invaded by the Roman conquerors, they found it inhabited by a numerous and high-spirited population, ardent for liberty, and prepared to defend it. But, unfortunately, their form of government was unfitted to resist the attack of such invaders. The Britons, instead of being united under one head, were divided into forty tribes, some more, some less powerful; and each tribe was governed by a petty king or chief, who appears to have been elective, and whose authority was of a very feeble and precarious character. Although, in cases of great and general emergency, a chief was invested with the office of *generalissimo*, his sway over so many rival and independent leaders was, at the best, uncertain. A sudden reverse of fortune, or even the termination of a campaign, was enough to dissolve the confederacy; and each chieftain was then ready to make a separate peace with the enemy, or to retire to his own territory.

To prevent that total anarchy which would soon have been the result of such a government, it happened, fortunately perhaps for the Britons, that the sacerdotal was superior to the regal authority. The Druids, that mysterious class of men who carefully confined all knowledge to themselves, were the true sovereigns both of the

kings and people. They were the teachers of the youth, the judges of the tribes, the legislators of the states; and such was their influence, that no political measure could be adopted without their sanction. But their office as the ministers of the gods, independently of their superior knowledge, invested them with an ascendancy which no political considerations could have imparted. While they promised future happiness to the obedient, they could easily control the most refractory by spiritual terrors and denunciations. In addition also to these, they could inflict present misery, by excluding the culprit from the public rites of religion—a sentence as fearful as that of excommunication or interdict in the darkest ages of popery. It was from this ecclesiastical ascendancy that the Romans experienced their greatest difficulty in the conquest of Britain. The Druids every where roused the people to resistance by every religious incentive, and, perhaps, exerted the uttermost of their scientific knowledge in plans for the national defence. Before the battle, they animated the bards to sing the deeds and praises of the brave; and, when the conflict was ended, they presided over the fate of the captives, whom they sacrificed as the most acceptable offering to the gods. It was no wonder, therefore, that the Romans, who were so tolerant of all religions, had so little mercy for the Druids: they felt that the conquest of Britain could never be fully accomplished until the whole order was destroyed.

The Britons, in their persons, were considerably taller than the Gauls, and their physical strength seems to have been proportioned to their bulk. The dress of the more civilized was cloth of chequered colours, like that of the Gauls, or the skins of beasts; but the clothing of the greater part of the people was very scanty, until they adopted the Roman costume. One peculiarity of the Britons was the practice of *tattooing*, similar to that of the South Sea islanders, by which they punctured upon their limbs and bodies the indelible figures of various objects. The food of the Britons chiefly consisted of grain, the milk of their cattle, and the produce of the chase; but, although their seas and rivers could have afforded them a copious supply for the table, they ate no fish, probably from some superstitious principle. In the same manner, they avoided using hares as articles

of food. In the domestic life of the ancient Britons, as detailed in the writings of Cæsar and the Roman authors of the first and second centuries, they appear to have been a people very little advanced beyond the degree of common savages; but, on the other hand, their temples, their barrows, their war-chariots, and military science, shew a strength of intellect and knowledge of mechanical arts which nations of mere savages have seldom, if ever, exhibited.

Society was in this state when Julius Cæsar, after having conquered Gaul (France), felt an irresistible desire of adding Albion to his conquests. By such an exploit he would gratify his ambition, and afford an excuse for being continued in command of his army for a longer period than was customary, that he might promote his ulterior views against the liberties of the Roman people. Political reasons also were not wanting. Druidism was the religion of Gaul as well as of Britain, and it was considered that the subjugation of the former could only be secured by the suppression of that religion; and as Britain was the sacred island of the Druids, the superstition must be suppressed at the fountain-head. Although these causes could not be publicly avowed, one was still in store, sufficient for the purposes of an invader. The Gauls, in their resistance to the arms of the Romans, had been aided by British auxiliaries. Having announced this circumstance as the motive of the expedition, he marched his troops to the sea-coast between Calais and Boulogne, and began to collect ships from the neighbouring ports. He had previously acquired some knowledge of the British coasts and the manners of the natives, from his inquiries among the merchants of Gaul, and a short reconnoitring voyage, made in a single galley, by Volusenus, one of his officers.

The simple Britons were not ignorant of the B. C. storm that thus gathered in the distance. The 55. traders of Gaul, who had been accustomed to traffic with them, warned the British chiefs of the approaching invasion, upon which they despatched ambassadors to Cæsar, with offers of hostages and submission. He dismissed these envoys with a gracious answer, and soon after embarked with the foot soldiers of the seventh and tenth legions, consisting of about twelve thousand men in all, conveyed in eighty transports

from the port of Itius, Iccius, or Witsand, between Boulogne and Calais. His cavalry was also embarked in eighteen other vessels; but, owing to contrary winds, they were unable to follow him—a circumstance that impeded all the operations of the campaign. On the 26th of August (B. C. 55), this important armament set sail, and on reaching the British coast, near Dover, he saw the cliffs and the beach covered with armed men prepared to oppose him. The nature of the coast made it difficult to effect a landing. Cæsar, therefore, waited until he was joined by the remainder of his fleet, and then sailed about seven miles farther, until he found a place fit for debarkation, in the neighbourhood of Sandwich. In the mean time, the Britons, who had followed the motions of the fleet, rushed into the water, and encountered the legionaries as soon as they attempted to land with such resolution, that the situation of the latter became every moment more perilous. It was then that the standard-bearer of the tenth legion performed an exploit which Cæsar has thought worthy to commemorate. First invoking the favour of the gods upon his purpose, he exclaimed in a loud voice to his companions—‘Follow me, my fellow-soldiers, unless you will give up your standard to the enemy: I, at least, will do my duty to the commonwealth and my commander:’ and, with these words, he plunged into the sea with the eagle of the legion, and hurried into the thickest of the conflict. His example inspired the hesitating Romans, who charged the enemy with irresistible violence. This attack, and the war-engines upon the galleys, now brought into proper position, and which swept the beach with showers of missiles, decided the conflict. The Britons, broken by this fresh attack, and confounded by the novelty and destructiveness of these engines, retired at last from the unequal conflict; while Cæsar, from the want of cavalry, was unable to follow up his success.

When the Britons had found that their pacific embassy to Cæsar had been insufficient to avert the invasion, they were so indignant, that they threw Comius, his envoy, into prison; but the subsequent conflict and the establishment of the Romans upon their coast suggested more pacific measures. They now liberated Comius, and sent him with envoys to the conqueror to make fresh

offers of submission. Cæsar, after rebuking them for opposing him *without cause*, contented himself with demanding a certain number of hostages, some of whom were delivered immediately, and the others promised in a few days. But, on the same night in which this peace was ratified, a high spring tide rose, to the astonishment of the Romans, who had been accustomed only to the peaceful shores of the Mediterranean: the vessels that were drawn up upon the beach were soon swamped and filled with water, while the larger ships, that lay at anchor, were dashed to pieces and reduced to complete wrecks. The astounded conquerors now felt themselves cooped up in a strange country without means of retreat or subsistence; while the Britons triumphed in this accident, and resolved to profit by it. Secretly, but rapidly, the island chiefs mustered their forces, in the hope of crushing the invaders at a blow, while they were busily employed in patching up the wrecks of their fleet, that they might send to Gaul for supplies of ships and provisions. By this time, the Britons had gathered in their harvest, and only one unreaped field remained to tempt the famished Romans to forage. The seventh legion was sent for this purpose; but, as soon as they began to cut down the grain, a powerful ambush of the natives started from the field, while others burst from the neighbouring woods; a whole tide of horse, foot, and chariots surrounded and had almost overpowered this large Roman detachment, when Cæsar, who saw from his fortified camp the cloud of dust in the distance, suspected the cause and flew to the rescue. At the head of two cohorts (1200 men) he arrived at the scene of danger, and by great exertions of skill and valour succeeded in withdrawing the legion. The natives eagerly followed their retreat, and surrounded for several days the camp itself, which they hoped to carry by storm. But here Cæsar gave them a terrible lesson in Roman strategy. Selecting the point and the moment of onset, he burst unexpectedly upon the enemy, broke their loose ranks asunder, and pursued them with great slaughter, until his soldiers were exhausted with the chase. The Britons again sued for peace, with greater sincerity than before, and Cæsar, who was impatient to return to Gaul, acceded to their request. He only required double the number of hostages that had been

demand on the former occasion ; and ordering them to be sent after him into Gaul, he set sail the same night (September 20th). In consequence of this hurried departure, only two of the British chiefs fulfilled their part of the treaty by sending hostages to the conqueror—a circumstance that served as an apology for a fresh invasion in the following year.

In the foregoing campaign, Cæsar declares that B.C. his purpose was not to conquer, but merely to
54. survey the island ; and having acquired the necessary information, he now made preparations for an entire conquest, upon a scale that shewed his high estimation of the valour of the Britons. Five legions (about 30,000 men) and 2,000 cavalry, a force equal to that with which he gained the victory at Pharsalia and overthrew the liberty of Rome, was marched to Portus Itius in the spring, and embarked in 800 vessels. This time, the islanders, probably dismayed by such an imposing force, made no attempt to interrupt its landing ; and Cæsar disembarked his soldiers at a place near Sandwich, which he had fixed upon the preceding year as fittest for the purpose. As the Britons had retreated on his arrival, he followed them in a rapid night march, and at length came up with them well posted upon some rising grounds behind a river—perhaps the Stour, near Canterbury. The natives gallantly disputed the passage of the river, but were repulsed ; after which they fell back upon an entrenchment in the woods, the avenues to which were defended by felled trees laid upon one another. Such a fortress was but a poor defence against the Romans ; and the seventh legion having thrown up a mound of earth in front of it, soon compelled the natives to abandon their position. On the following morning, Cæsar was ready to pursue the retreating enemy, when a party of Roman horse from the camp arrived, with the unwelcome intelligence that his fleet had been driven on shore during the night, and the greater part of it wrecked ; upon which he hastily marched his army back to the coast. Here he adopted such measures for the repair of his damaged vessels, and the construction of new ones, that his navy was soon as effective as ever ; and having now acquired some experience of the uncertainty of the British seas, he caused the whole fleet to be drawn up on shore and enclosed

within the defences of his camp, after which he resumed his active measures against the enemy.

CASSIVELLANUS.*

The resistance of the Britons had hitherto been of a desultory character, the tribes acting without concert or general principle; but having become wise from their disasters, they improved the interval of Cæsar's absence in electing a generalissimo. Their choice fell upon Cassivellanus, king or chief of the Catuellani, a tribe who are supposed to have occupied Buckingham, Bedford, Hertford, Huntingdon, and part of Northampton. This, the earliest of British heroes on record, had acquired a high reputation in war, and his first measures justified the choice of his compeers. Assuming the offensive, he made a bold attack upon the enemy, and though repulsed, his retreat appears to have been made with much skill: Cæsar indeed acknowledges that the fugitives turned short upon the pursuers, and slew several of his soldiers. After this battle, the Britons changed their warfare into a course of surprisals, and in these they were particularly successful: they darted unexpectedly from the woods upon two cohorts, routed and nearly cut them in pieces, in sight of the whole Roman army, and then retired to their fastnesses in safety. On the next morning, Cæsar saw only a few troops hovering upon the distant hills, and supposing the opportunity favourable for forage, he sent for this purpose more than half of his army. This large detachment had not gone far, when the Britons sallied from their concealments, and assaulted the Roman legions with great confidence; but here, as in other pitched battles, the science and discipline of the invaders triumphed. The naked barbarians, after prodigious efforts, were compelled to give way to the iron masses of the enemy, and being charged impetuously by horse and foot at the same instant, their complete discomfiture followed. This defeat was fatal to the British coalition; the chiefs, most of whom had been the enemies or the rivals of Cassivellanus, drew off their followers, and retired to their own districts. Even yet, however, the forsaken hero did not despair. At the head of those forces that still adhered to him, he

* Milton calls him *Cassibelan*.

fell back for the defence of his own territories beyond the Thames, and Cæsar, who had not yet penetrated into the interior, prepared to follow him. On passing through Kent, and part of Surrey, he arrived at the Thames near Chertsey, where the river was fordable; but Cassivellanus, who was posted with his troops on the other side, had fortified both the bank and bed of the river with sharp stakes, which, in the latter case, were concealed by the water. Cæsar, however, who had been warned of these obstacles, quickly surmounted them; his soldiers forded the river, although only their heads appeared above water, and on reaching the opposite side, they charged the Britons with such vigour, that the latter were soon put to flight. Cassivellanus, who now retained only 4000 war-chariots, resolved to harass the Romans by that desultory kind of warfare that had hitherto been most effectual; he therefore hovered upon the flanks and rear of the enemy with his light forces, disturbed their march with continual alarms, and surprised their foraging parties, so that the Romans were never certain of a moment's rest, or masters of any spot of ground, except that which was covered by their camp.

In spite of these heroic efforts of the Britons, the progress of the legions, although slow, was certain. Cassivellanus had swept their line of march of all the cattle and provisions; but the chiefs who had seceded from the coalition, and were willing to make their peace with Cæsar, repaired to his camp, and not only supplied him with provisions, but also with intelligence, so that he was able to track his adversary through the intricate passes of the country. At length he penetrated to the capital or stronghold of Cassivellanus, supposed to have been near St. Alban's, which was nothing but a thick wood sprinkled with small clusters of huts, and surrounded by a ditch and a rampart. Although this place was of considerable strength, Cæsar attacked it in two different points, and carried it, notwithstanding a brave resistance of the Britons. During these events, Cassivellanus had conceived the bold idea of shifting the seat of war, and striking a decisive blow, by an attack upon the Roman camp and shipping on the coast; and for this purpose he sent to the four kings who ruled over Kent, instructing them to fall upon the enemy's

entrenchments with all their forces. This they did, but they were defeated with great slaughter; upon which the brave Cassivellanus was obliged to yield to necessity. Cæsar, who was as eager for peace as his enemy, granted it on very easy terms, after which he immediately hurried to Gaul, in consequence of revolts that had happened during his absence. From this period the gallant Cassivellanus completely disappears from the page of history.

In the foregoing account of the Roman campaigns in Britain, we have followed the only narrative that remains of it—the narrative of Cæsar himself, which, however, is open to several suspicions. His victories over the islanders have nothing of the *veni, vidi, vici*, about them: instead of this, they appear to have been gained with great difficulty, and were often followed by serious checks. Notwithstanding his alleged successes, his progress was slow, and his losses great for a conqueror; and at last he seemed more eager to leave the island than he had been to enter it. He boasted that he had conquered Britain, although he neither built a single fortress, or left a legion to secure such a valuable acquisition. He tells us also that he compelled the chieftains to become tributaries; but this may safely be considered to have merely extended to an acknowledgment of the power of Rome, as he has left no account of the nature or amount of the tribute, or that any collectors were left by him to receive it. These proofs of conquest Cæsar has no where found it convenient to establish. Tacitus indeed declares, that Cæsar was only the discoverer, not the conqueror of Britain; and the poet Lucan hints that the Britons actually put him to flight. Be this as it may, his accounts of such remote victories could scarcely be contradicted in the Roman capital; and perhaps, like the bulletins of his modern successor, Bonaparte, they were more calculated to produce an imposing effect for the passing day, than to supply the purposes and the wants of veritable history.

A brief glance at the weapons and military tactics of the Britons gives us a high idea of the native valour of the people. Defensive armour they had none, with the exception of a light round shield, made of oziars; they even threw off their scanty clothing when preparing

for battle, and thus opposed their naked tattooed bodies to the massive well-tempered mail of the legionaries. Their offensive weapons were, a large, clumsy sword made of copper, which was sometimes hardened with a little tin, but liable to break or bend notwithstanding with a good blow—a spear, the butt-end of which had a hollow ball containing small pieces of metal, by the rattling of which in a charge they tried to frighten the enemy's horses—and a short dirk. If the stone axes, and the heads of arrows and lances made of flint, so plentifully found in old British barrows, were also used so late as the Roman invasion, it gives us a still poorer idea of the weapons with which the Britons opposed the bravest troops in the world, headed by the most prudent and skilful conquerors. But the choicest arm of British warfare was their chariots. These were furnished at the axles with hooks and scythes, that pierced and cut asunder every thing opposed to them; the horses that drew these cars seem to have been remarkable for fleetness and docility, while the charioteers managed them with consummate skill. The noise with which these chariots advanced, the violence of their onset, and the dexterity with which they were winded through every opening in the ranks, confounded the legionaries, while the drivers leaping to the ground at the most favourable points of onset, and attacking in a thousand places at once, increased the dismay and confusion. Besides their war-chariots, the Britons possessed a very serviceable cavalry; but the chief strength of their armies consisted of the foot. Even with their scanty weapons, and imperfect discipline, they might perhaps have held their powerful enemy at bay, if they had contented themselves with a war of skirmishes among the woods and morasses, into which the heavy-armed legionaries could not follow them with effect. But such a protracted kind of warfare is always too much either for the foresight or the patience of barbarians. Unable to endure suspense, eager to come to blows, and stake all upon a single chance, the Britons rashly engaged the enemy in pitched battles, where Roman science and weapons were sure to be victorious.

After the departure of Cæsar from Britain, the
A. D. Romans made no farther attempt at invasion for
43. nearly a hundred years. Indeed, the difficulties

that had attended the first and second expeditions, however they may have been glossed over, seem to have been very generally understood at Rome; and although each emperor was successively incited to the attempt, and hailed as the future conqueror of Britain, it was only in the lays of laureates, and the flattery of courtiers. The mad attempt of Caligula to realize these visions, is well known. He marched to Boulogne; gazed upon the British coast; commanded his soldiers to gather some shells as the spoils of victory, and returned to Rome in triumph. At length, in A.D. 43, the emperor Claudius resolved to conquer Britain in good earnest, and Aulus Plautius, a skilful leader, was sent for the purpose with an army of four legions, and a large force of auxiliaries, amounting in all to above 50,000 men. The materials also of which this army was composed were perhaps better fitted for this purpose than even the army of Julius Cæsar. For while the legionaries were adequate to all the contingencies of regular warfare, the allies, by whom they were accompanied, were chiefly German barbarians—men as brave, as lightly armed, and skilful in the flying warfare of the woods, as the Britons themselves, and to whom therefore the Romans were chiefly indebted for their subsequent success.

CARACTACUS.

That disunion which had formerly favoured the operations of Cæsar still existed among the Britons, and instead of uniting for their common safety, each tribe or nation waited passively for the coming of the enemy. The Romans thus landed unopposed, and with the same facility advanced into the country. At length, when the favourable moment of resistance had been lost, two princes of the Trinobantes, Caractacus and Togodumnus, succeeded in rousing the tribes, and leading them against the invaders. A battle ensued, in which the brothers were defeated; and in consequence of this disaster, several of the tribes withdrew from the confederacy, and submitted to the Romans. Togodumnus and Caractacus were closely followed by the enemy, and again defeated on the right bank of the Severn, after which they continued to retreat eastward to the Thames, where the marshes formed a favourable ground for British warfare.

Here a desperate conflict took place, in which, although Togodumnus was slain, the Britons appear to have had the advantage. Multitudes of the German and other barbarians who were attached to the Roman army were lost in the morasses, and Plautius was obliged to withdraw his army to a safer position—to wait the arrival of the emperor, who was coming to the island with powerful reinforcements.

At length, Claudius arrived from Gaul (A.D. 49); and although his warlike abilities were not of a character to accelerate the conquest of the island, he brought with him a force which, when added to the army of Plautius, seemed to ensure success. Among these reinforcements we read of certain elephants completely harnessed, which were employed for the first and the last time in our island warfare; but the service they performed, or the astonishment and dismay with which they must have struck the stout hearts of the natives, has been nowhere recorded. The country of the Trinobantes was now overrun by an irresistible enemy, and Camalodunum, the capital of Caractacus, was seized and occupied. But that hero was still in the field. Although Vespasian, who had been left in command by Claudius, was employed in subduing the Isle of Wight, and the adjacent states on the coast, while Aulus Plautius was conducting a skilful campaign in the interior, the British hero was resisting the latter so successfully, that the advance of the Romans was both slow and ruinous. It is difficult, or rather impossible, at this distance of time to penetrate the darkness of British history during the first century, so as to ascertain the particular achievements of this the most illustrious of its characters; but it is enough to state, that with equal, and often with inferior forces, he maintained the warfare for nine years, gave the enemy many a bloody check, and while he was in the field prevented both Plantius and Vespasian from occupying more of the country than that which lay on the south of the Thames. In the mean time his name had not only become the great rallying word of every British clan, but had already resounded over every part of Italy; and it was the fashion to compare the poor chief of a barbarian tribe to the most dreaded enemies that Rome had ever encountered—to Hannibal and Mithridates.

The arrival of Ostorius Scapula, as proprætor of A. D. Britain, changed the scene. He found the affairs 50. of the Romans almost hopeless; but he brought considerable reinforcements, and, what was of more account, he seems to have understood the nature of a British campaign better than his predecessors. On his arrival, instead of waiting for the spring, he commenced hostilities in winter, contrary to every former usage, and the Britons were attacked at unawares, and easily defeated. Having thus recovered all the ground formerly occupied by the Romans, and from which they had been driven back, he secured its possession by a line of forts on the Severn and the Neve, taking care to disarm the natives within the boundary; and in this manner he continued to advance, fortifying each new acquisition, until the more civilized part of the island was enclosed within his defences. It is in the midst of these successes of Ostorius that Caractacus reappears on the scene. The Silures, who inhabited South Wales, besides being the bravest of the British tribes, were now animated by the presence of that chief, and as his deeds were the theme of every hovel, they selected him for their leader against the aggressors. But notwithstanding his military skill, and perfect knowledge of the country, he was obliged to retire before the enemy, who were superior in numbers. He fell back upon North Wales, where he was joined by many of his brave countrymen, who still preferred death to bondage, and here he resolved to make a final stand. His ground was admirably selected. His army was secured by natural entrenchments of steep, rugged hills, the entrances of which were defended by ramparts of huge stones laid upon each other, while a river, difficult to be forded, interposed between him and the enemy, and secured him in front.

The Roman army now advanced, and Ostorius was astonished at the skilful manner in which the Britons were posted. In the mean time, Caractacus harangued the tribes. He told them the hour had come that was to decide whether they should be freemen or slaves; and he adjured them, by the memory of their brave ancestors who had baffled the efforts of Cæsar, and by the love they bore for their homes, their wives, and their children, to do their uttermost upon this eventful occasion.

His followers answered with inspiring shouts, and were eager for the encounter. But still, as in former cases, the Roman arms and discipline, backed as they were on this occasion by superiority of numbers, gained the victory. The river in front of the Britons was forded; the rude ramparts were thrown down or scaled; after which it was a hopeless struggle between loose groups of barbarians against dense, well-arrayed ranks, and naked breasts against bodies covered with mail. All that brave men could do was done by the Britons; but they were broken, and routed with great slaughter. Caractacus, baffled but still unsubdued, escaped the carnage, and in the hope of renewing the war, as he had often done after defeat, he fled for temporary refuge to his step-mother, Cartismandua, queen of the Brigantes; but that faithless woman caused him to be put in chains, and delivered up to the enemy. He was sent to Rome a prisoner, to abide the award of Claudius, with his wife, daughter, and brothers, who had been taken after the battle.

If any thing could have soothed the wounded feelings of the hero, and softened the sense of his disasters, it must have been the sensation of popular triumph which his arrival at Rome occasioned. Not only the millions of the vast metropolis, but crowds from every part of Italy were assembled, to gaze upon the far-famed captive who had so long defied their power. As for Caractacus, he moved as proudly along in his fetters as if he had been still at the head of his troops; and while the splendid buildings of the city every where met his eye, he could not help exclaiming, 'Alas! could a people who inhabit such palaces, envy Caractacus a hut in Britain?' Before the tribunal of the emperor, he displayed the same unbroken dignity, employing neither supplications nor tears, but justifying the part he had taken, and the deeds he had wrought against the Romans. It is gratifying to be able to add, that the loftiness of true worth prevailed with those who had hitherto been deaf to the weeping entreaties of so many captive kings. His chains were struck off, his kindred were set free, and he was dismissed as the friend of Rome. As if afraid of destroying the dramatic effect of such an incident, the historians have ended the narrative at this point—so that we learn nothing farther of the deeds of Caractacus.

Although this dreaded enemy had been defeated, the Romans were still far from effecting the subjugation of the brave Silures. On the contrary, this tribe assumed the aggressive, routed the Roman detachments in several sanguinary skirmishes, and prevented their country from being bridled by a line of fortresses, as had been the case with the other districts. Such indeed was the obstinacy and success of their resistance, that the dreaded Ostorius expired through fatigue and disappointment. The progress of conquest in Britain was so slow, also, under the immediate successors of Ostorius, that Nero, who succeeded Claudius, had at one time determined to abandon the attempt as hopeless, and recall the troops to Italy. Having however invested Suetonius Paulinus with the chief command, that distinguished officer arrived in Britain in the year 59, and quickly changed the character of the warfare. We have already mentioned, that the Gauls had been chiefly stimulated in their resistance to Rome by Druidism, of which religious system Britain had been the principal seat; in like manner, the British tribes were combined and animated against the enemy by their own Druids, whose most sacred residence and chief college was Mona, or the island of Anglesey. The destruction therefore of the holy island would strike a mortal blow at the very heart of British independence, which could scarcely be expected to survive the ruin of its gods, and its priests; and upon this principle Suetonius turned his chief attention to the conquest of Anglesey. Flat-bottomed boats were provided for transporting the foot over the narrow strait of the Menai, while the cavalry could easily cross by fording and swimming. But in spite of these facilities, the exploit was attended with fearful terrors. It was not because the island was manned by bold refugees from every tribe, who were ready to die in defence of their altars. The Roman soldiers, who were eager to march against any enemies of mere flesh and blood, were not brave enough to encounter phantoms; and awful tales had been circulated among them of the supernatural powers of the Druids. The spectacle which the island also presented, as the Romans stood on the opposite shore, seemed to give countenance to their wildest fears. Women ran to and fro upon the sacred strand, in dismal dresses, with

dishevelled hair and lighted torches ; the priests, in their white robes, stretched their arms to heaven with horrid incantations, devoting their enemies to ruin ; and in the back-ground, the dim woods, the abodes of unutterable mystery, were lit at intervals with those sacrificial fires in which the Romans, who should be taken prisoners, were to be consumed. The legionaries were frozen at the spectacle : every heart, for the moment, was as powerless as infancy. At last, the stern, reproachful voice of their commander roused them from this trance, by upbraiding them for their fears of mad women, and unarmed priests ; upon which the soldiers rushed forward in desperation to this new and strange encounter. The clash of arms, and their struggle with the island defenders, soon restored their wonted courage ; and as they fought, they found that neither awful forms nor destroying lightnings came from heaven, to protect the sacred territory. The armed Britons, the Druids, the priestesses, were cut down with the sword, or thrown into the flames which they had kindled for the conquerors ; the forests were felled, and the island was occupied by a garrison. Never, perhaps, on any former occasion had the legionaries contemplated their own prowess with such complacency, as when they were employed in cutting down the consecrated trees of Anglesey, and converting its dreaded recesses into common military stations.

The work of Roman conquest in Britain, so far from being ended, had as yet but comparatively commenced. The invaders had planted a few colonies in the island, a portion of which was either in subjection or alliance ; and the suppression of Druidism, by the capture of Anglesey, although it promised final success, made an immediate reaction to be apprehended, on account of the devotedness of the Britons to their national priesthood. But such prudential calculations, so common in the discreet days of Roman republicanism, were lost sight of under the imperial government, when conquest was regarded chiefly for its fruits of licence and pillage. Swarms of tax-gatherers, and needy adventurers, took possession therefore of those lands which the legions had subdued ; and the high-spirited natives, after being subjected to all the insolence of military conquerors, were plundered and enslaved by despicable usurers.

This premature arrogance and oppression had, for its natural result, the Boadicean war, in which the grasping Romans had nearly lost the whole of their conquests in Britain at a single blow.

BOADICEA.

This terrible revolt is said to have originated in the following circumstances, which have an air of great probability. Prasutagus, king of the Iceni (Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridgeshire), conscious at his death of the ascendancy of the victors in that part of the island, as well as the helplessness of his family, conceived that he could propitiate the former, and ensure the safety of the latter, by a voluntary surrender of part of his territory to the Romans; on which account, he made them his heirs, conjointly with his wife and daughters. But this, instead of proving the protection, was only the ruin of his family and people. The Romans, not content with a portion, were determined to have all: they therefore took possession of his goods and kingdom, and proceeded to tyrannise at will; and when queen Boadicea remonstrated with the officers upon this injustice, she was ignominiously scourged with rods, and her daughters were violated in her presence. This flagrant outrage was intolerable in the eyes of a people still smarting under numerous injuries; it was peculiarly so to Britons, who were famed for their respectful devotedness to women, and the readiness with which they obeyed them, whether as priestesses or queens; and the indignant representations of Boadicea, with her energy of character, rallied the dispersed tribes, and drew them into a closer union than ever. The moment, too, was favourable for the revolt. Suetonius was still employed with the chief strength of the army in Anglesey, while the colonised districts, instead of being bristled with ramparts, were tinselled with luxurious baths and palaces. It was in the midst of this vain security that the explosion occurred: the colony of Camolodanum was attacked, and overwhelmed, while a legion that attempted to defend it, was annihilated; after which, the immense throng of insurgents rushed onward towards London, at this time a principal settlement of the Romans, and distinguished for extent and wealth. Suetonius, on the first tidings of insurrection, hurried from

Anglesey, and pressed forward to the defence of London ; but finding his force inadequate for the protection of so large a town, he resolved to evacuate it. The miserable inhabitants implored him to remain, but in vain ; all he could do, was to permit such of them as were able, to accompany the retreat of his soldiers. Scarcely had his army cleared the town at one extremity, than the Britons appeared at the other, and after meeting with little resistance, such of the citizens as remained were massacred without mercy. The next burst of the tempest was upon Verulamium (St. Alban's), which shared the same fate. It seemed as if every injury endured from the Romans since the landing of Cæsar was now remembered, and revenged to the full. The mere death of the colonists was too little to satiate the Britons upon this terrible occasion ; and tortures and the cross were inflicted upon those victims who had unfortunately escaped the sword. Seventy thousand Romans and Roman allies perished in this frightful massacre.

In the mean time Suetonius, who had now mustered 10,000 veterans, resolved to make a stand : the experiment seemed desperate, but the very existence of Rome in Britain was now at stake, and not mere victory or conquest. He selected his ground with consummate skill, and calmly awaited the coming of the enemy. The number of the insurgents has been rated at hundreds of thousands ; but although this amount may be exaggerated, it must still be remembered that they consisted, not of an army, but a nation—men, women, and children, bound together by a common feeling, and incited by a universal impulse. Before the battle, Boadicea, mounted in her war-chariot, and with her injured daughters seated at her feet, drove through the British ranks, to animate her followers. Her appearance on this occasion, as described by the Roman historians, was like a personification of barbaric heroism—a Bellona of the ancient Britons. Her stately figure was clothed in a plaited tunic of various colours, over which was thrown a long mantle ; a chain of gold surrounded her waist, while her long, yellow hair streamed to her feet. She harangued the troops upon the wrongs she had suffered, and entreated them to revenge her ; and upon the slavery of their country, and besought them to free it ; and by a practical figure of speech,

common among rude tribes, she let slip a live hare, which she had concealed in her robe, and exclaimed, 'That in like manner the enemy would fly before them.' But this augury was not fated to be fulfilled. The myriads, who charged at her signal, and rushed boldly upon the opposite swords, were, compared with the enemy, a mere mob; their attacks were the impulses of blind fury, and, when driven back, they were entangled among the lanes of cars and waggons, which they had drawn up for their defence, in the rear. The Roman veterans, after they had sustained the first shock of onset, easily succeeded in breaking the foremost ranks of the Britons, after which, their only work was an unresisted massacre among a confused and encumbered crowd. On this occasion, the debt of vengeance was not forgot; 80,000 Britons, men, women, and children, were slaughtered without regard to age or sex; and Boadicea, unable to survive her defeat, though she had escaped the carnage, drank poison, and expired (A.D. 61).

This terrible overthrow of the tribes, although A. D. followed by famine and pestilence, was still in-
78. sufficient to break the spirit, or subdue the resistance, of the Britons; and for several years after, the progress of Roman conquest was almost stationary, until the arrival of Agricola in Britain. This, the most illustrious and the best of Roman governors, added to high talents in war a thorough acquaintanceship with the military tactics and manners of the Britons; and besides, he was just, humane, and conciliating—qualities which the natives had not as yet found in his predecessors. These were more available for the work of conquest than the sword, and therefore his progress was an uninterrupted course of success. Those tribes that were successively subdued by his victories learned to endure his easy yoke, to which they were perhaps the more readily induced, from the dissensions that had generally prevailed among their native rulers. Agricola soon persuaded the people to forsake their unsettled life for the security of cities, to build commodious houses, and adopt the domestic comforts that were in use among the Romans. They also assumed the dress, and began to study the language and the sciences, of the conquerors; and having thus acquired a taste for civilization, they gra-

dually lost the ancient characteristics of their race, and became to all intents Roman provincials. It was by this wise policy, after so much hazardous and ineffective warfare, that the subjugation of Britain was accomplished. Succeeding governors found it easy to carry on the system which had been thus happily commenced, and a very few generations sufficed wholly to revolutionise the external appearance, as well as the internal character, of the province. This subject, however, belongs rather to the political and intellectual history of Britain; the military department is chiefly occupied, from this period, with the attempts of the Romans to subjugate the tribes of the north, and the subsequent invasions of the northern population upon the Britons of the province.

The sagacious eye of Agricola soon perceived that, in order to secure the conquest and civilization of the southern part of the island, it was necessary either to subdue the northern department also, or at least to isolate its wild inhabitants entirely from the natives of the south. In his third British campaign, therefore (A.D. 80), he entered Caledonia; and as no enemy appeared in the field, he was enabled to penetrate, without molestation, as far as the river Tay. The Caledonians, who were to the full as fierce, as brave, and as strongly devoted to freedom as the tribes of the south had been, possessed the additional advantages of rugged mountains that could defy an enemy, as well as barren plains that could starve him out; and in this confidence they had retired, imagining that the invasion could only be temporary. But in this calculation, they had not reckoned on the resources of the Roman general. He built forts upon the ground he had secured, stored them with provisions for the winter, and garrisoned them with soldiers. With each spring, he reappeared upon the field, advanced in the same cautious manner, and enclosed his conquests by new defences, so that in A.D. 81, he had built a line of forts across the narrow neck of land that separates the Frith of Forth from that of the Clyde; and on the two following summers he still continued his march, having a large fleet, that alternately transported his land forces, and co-operated with their movements on shore. The Caledonians in the mean time had made desperate efforts to destroy

these obnoxious fortresses, but in vain: at the end of each campaign they found themselves driven farther off from their former boundaries, and still nearer to the sea, which could be commanded at any time by the Roman fleet. Even in this extremity, however, they were not dismayed. Like lions at bay, they turned upon the enclosing lines of the hunters, and as the Roman army was divided into several parties, the Caledonians united their forces, with the intention of falling upon each successively. On one occasion, they made a desperate attack, during the night, upon the ninth legion in its fortified camp, and would have cut it in pieces but for the opportune arrival of Agricola.

GALGACUS.

These, however, were but preludes to a greater and more general movement. The Caledonian tribes having entered into an alliance with each other against the enemy, and confirmed it by the most solemn sacrifices, elected for their chief leader the celebrated Galgacus, renowned as the most warlike of their chieftains. Thirty thousand warriors, including many young men who carried arms for the first time, and many worn-out veterans who resumed their swords upon this great occasion, followed the banner of Galgacus. With these, he encamped upon the skirts of the Grampian hills (probably at the place now called Fortingall), having selected his station and made his arrangements with great military skill. The army of the Caledonians was not only inferior in point of numbers to that of the Romans, but was as rudely armed as the forces of the south in the days of Cassivellanus: the rattle-headed lance, the brittle and unwieldy broad-sword, the basket-plated target, and the hooked chariot, seem to have constituted their whole military equipments. The Romans, besides their well-appointed legions, had troops of barbarian auxiliaries from Holland and Belgium, and several bodies of provincial Britons, who, like all enslaved people, were now ready to fight gallantly to reduce others to the same condition. On the approach of the enemy, Galgacus drove through the ranks of the confederates, exhorting them to fight bravely; and although we cannot bring ourselves to suppose that he uttered, upon this occasion, the eloquent harangue which Tacitus has translated into such

majestic Latin, his exhortations were no doubt as much to the point, and better understood. His speech was answered with songs of triumph and loud outcries of heroic eagerness.

In the mean time, Agricola had prepared for victory by such measures as could best secure it. His centre was composed, not of legionary soldiers, as in usual cases, but of auxiliaries, who were best fitted to engage on uneven ground, and these were flanked on the wings by cavalry: the legions were drawn up in a second line, in the rear, where they could support the front, if it should be repulsed. The battle commenced by discharges of missiles, in which the Caledonians had the advantage, as they warded off the spears of the enemy with their little round targets, and discharged their own with great vigour and effect. Upon this, Agricola brought up five cohorts of Batavians and Tungrians to encounter the enemy hand to hand; and here the clumsy swords of the Caledonians were most unfit for the close *melée* that followed: the other auxiliaries soon rushed in, and bore down all before them with their massive, spiked bucklers and short, stabbing swords. At the same instant, the Caledonian war-chariots increased the confusion beyond remedy; for the horses, being maddened by the unusual din, turned back, galloped through their own ranks, and overturned every thing in their way. In the midst of this wild disorder, the battle was almost retrieved by a large body of Caledonians stationed on the summit of the hill. When they saw the distress of their countrymen beneath, they fetched a compass, and stealthily descended, with the design of falling upon the rear of the pursuers; but the design was discovered and disconcerted by Agricola, who attacked and defeated them with his reserves of cavalry. The Caledonians even yet attempted to rally upon the skirts of the neighbouring woods; and, wheeling suddenly about, they assailed the eager victors, and threw them into temporary disorder. But the arrival of Agricola again turned the scale. He rallied his forces, and directed them to continue the pursuit only in large bodies; upon which the Caledonians dispersed so completely, that two men could scarcely be found together. Nothing could exceed their anguish and despair after this signal defeat. They burnt their houses to the ground, and slew their wives and children,

that they might not fall into the hands of the Romans ; so that, on the next day, when Agricola sent his scouts to explore the country, they could descry nothing but burning huts, and the silence of a universal desolation. From this moment, the brave Galgacus, like the other British heroes, disappears from the scene. The Roman historians of the period seem to have thought that a hero in defeat and adversity was either unworthy of farther notice, or that dramatic effect would be violated by his re-appearance upon the stage.

Although the victory of Agricola was very far from compelling the submission of the Caledonians, yet the dread it inspired, and the line of fortresses he had erected, prevented, in all likelihood, an inroad of the tribes into the south for many years. But, in the reign of Hadrian, this line was stormed and demolished, and the Caledonians recovered all the territory that had been wrested from them north of the Tyne and Solway. In consequence of this, Hadrian raised a new and stronger rampart (A. D. 121) between the Solway Frith and the German Ocean, which he resolved should be the modest limit of his South-British province. But, in consequence of the incursions of the northern barbarians, Lollius Urbicus, after driving them back, resumed the old line of Agricola, where he dug a deep trench, and constructed a wall of earth raised upon a stone foundation, extending about thirty-one miles, and fortified with towers at proper intervals. This building, which was finished about A. D. 140, is still popularly remembered as Græme's Dyke. But even this barrier was insufficient to shut out the enemy: they broke through it, and ravaged the whole country that lay between it and the wall of Hadrian. At length (A. D. 207), the emperor Severus, although afflicted with the gout and enfeebled by old age, resolved to subdue these northern enemies in one decisive campaign. He therefore marched a very numerous army to the provincial frontier; but, after entering the enemy's territories, he found that to subdue the country was very different from merely conquering the inhabitants. He proceeded, however, to the work with his characteristic ardour: morasses were drained, forests were levelled, bridges were raised, and military roads constructed, and in these laborious works the soldiers were so completely exhausted, that many in

despair fell upon their own swords. But the indomitable old man persevered in cutting and clearing his way through every obstacle, until he advanced as far as the narrow promontory that separates the Murray and Cromarty Friths, although with a loss of 50,000 men in this fierce warfare against Nature's bulwarks and defences; upon which, the Caledonians, dismayed at such merciless resolution, made humble supplications for peace. As it was impossible to maintain an army among such sterile deserts, he soon retraced his steps to the south; after which, he determined to limit the boundary of the province to Hadrian's wall, that was to be superseded by one of much stronger materials. This work, in which the soldiers and the Britons were employed for two years, was worthy of the Roman genius and grandeur. The wall was twelve feet high to the base of the battlements, and eight feet thick, and defended not only by towns or military stations, but by eighty-one castles and three hundred and thirty small towers; while the ditch that interposed between it and the north was thirty-six feet wide and above twelve feet deep. He also constructed roads that led from turret to turret and from castle to castle, besides larger ones that communicated from one station to another; and an alarm-fire, kindled at any one point, could in a short time be communicated from bulwark to bulwark along the whole line of fortification.

Such vast defences, garrisoned by numerous armies of Romans and provincials, were for many years an effectual check upon the Caledonians; but, in process of time, new and more terrible enemies appeared for the destruction of the South-Britons. These were the Scots, who, having emigrated from Ireland (the Scotland of these ages) to Caledonia, drove the clans before them towards the south, like tempestuous waves, and then entered in their wake; and the dreaded Saxon pirates, who launched their frail skiffs from the German and Danish shores, and assailed the provincial towns upon the coast. As these dangers and enemies continued to increase, the Romans and provincials were every year becoming more unfitted for defence. The legions, now the mere phantoms of those who had conquered the world, were a tumultuary throng, more prompt to turn their swords upon their officers than the enemy; and as for the Britons, having no national liberty for which to

contend, it mattered little to them whether Roman or barbarian should prevail. At length, in A. D. 364, the Scots and Picts burst through the wall of Severus, making great havoc among its defenders; and three years after, they stormed and plundered the city of London, and carried off its inhabitants into slavery. In the midst of these national calamities, the bravest of the British youths, instead of being left for the defence of their own soil, were transported to Italy, to swell the ranks and fight the battles of imperial usurpers. The Roman army in Britain also had been gradually reduced, until at length, in A. D. 409, the remaining legions were recalled by the emperor Honorius for the protection of Italy. In this defenceless state the province was left to the depredations of the Saxon pirates and the incursions of the savage Scots and Picts. The Britons were obliged to assemble in arms, and after having repelled the invaders, they declared themselves independent; but so completely had the national spirit been destroyed during the four centuries of Roman sway, that they were unable to maintain that independence. The emperor even discharged them from their allegiance, and encouraged them to provide for their own defence; and although himself opposed by more formidable enemies than either Scots or Picts, he sent them two legions, at different times, by which they were enabled to beat back their invaders. The Romans acted in the most friendly manner towards the Britons; and Gallio of Ravenna, the last of their commanders, not only assisted in repairing the wall of Severus, but instructed them in the art of war and in the manufacture of arms, previous to withdrawing the last Roman legion. After telling them that they must expect no further aid from Rome, he crossed over to the opposite coast in the year 426.

When the departure of the Roman legion became known to the Scots and Picts, they landed in swarms from their leather boats, and committed greater ravages than ever, destroying all with fire and sword. Their success encouraged them to open a way into the country by land; they surmounted the ditch and scaled the wall of Severus at every point; and spreading themselves over the country, they ravaged it almost without opposition. As if even this had not been enough to produce unani-

mity, the miserable Britons were not only divided into two great political parties, where Romans and natives were contending for pre-eminence, but split into religious factions, that debated with each other on points of orthodoxy, while a fierce enemy was advancing against their very churches with torch and sword. Only one thing was done in this terrible crisis—and that was merely to implore help from Rome; and their last appeal to Ætius, thrice consul,—and piteously entitled the ‘Groans of the Britons,’—explained in expressive terms the completeness of their misery. ‘The barbarians,’ they said, ‘chase us into the sea; the sea throws us back upon the barbarians; and we have only the hard choice left us, of perishing by the sword, or by the waves.’ But this address was in vain; for Rome herself was awaiting her fall from the advance of Attila. At length, a desperate remedy was adopted by the Britons; that of hiring barbarians to defend them against barbarians—the same fatal policy which the Romans adopted in their decline, and through which they fell. The extreme national weakness of the Britons at this time can only be accounted for upon the supposition that the long security which the nation had enjoyed had extinguished their martial character, and promoted the same corruption and effeminacy of manners which led to the conquest of other provinces of the empire. Various chiefs or princes had been elected kings during the forty years (409—449) from their assumption of independence until the calling in of the Saxons; but these were deposed in succession, as unequal to their station. On the report that a fresh invasion was to be expected from the Scots, Vortigern, who was then king, recommended an alliance with the Saxon pirates, to assist against the Scots and Picts; and in A.D. 449, the application was made. Three long keels, or ships, under the command of Hengist and Horsa, were at this time cruising in the British channel; and on receiving the invitation, these celebrated chiefs gladly agreed to become the military stipendiaries of the Britons. They were in quest of plunder, and to them it mattered little from what quarter it came. They little thought, as they turned their prows to the shore, what an empire they were going to found, and of what a dynasty they were to become the ancestors.

CHAP. II.

From the arrival of the Saxons in England to the Norman Conquest.

ALTHOUGH the Teutonic race, who were now to supersede the ancient Britons, and become the fathers of the English, are classed under the general name of Saxons, yet the people to whom this term properly belonged formed only a part of the invaders. There were three separate tribes by whom South Britain was conquered and colonized; of these the Jutes and Angles were the inhabitants of the peninsula of Jutland, and part of Schlesswig, while the Saxons proper, who gave their name to the whole people, occupied a tract of country extending from the Weser to the Delta of the Rhine. The first of the invaders who arrived under Hengist and Horsa were Jutes, although the Angles had subsequently the distinction of conferring their name upon the country. In Holstein, there is a district still called Anglen, the primitive England, from which the Angles emigrated. These tribes were families of the great Scythian race, who, in some very remote political convulsion, had been driven, or induced to emigrate, from their Asiatic home on the shores of the Caspian sea, and in the course of years or ages, after a variety of fortunes, had at last obtained settlements on the Baltic and the Rhine.

When the Saxons first emerged into public notice, it was in the character of pirates. The sterility of the country they occupied, and their command of sea-coast, naturally suggested to a barbarous and warlike race such a course of naval enterprise; and piracy, in their hands, quickly became a national occupation, as well as the chief means of subsistence. During the first four centuries of our era, whole swarms of their frail barks, or canoes, composed of a light frame-work of timber, surmounted with oziers, and covered with skins, braved the storms of the Baltic and the German ocean, swept the coasts of Gaul and Britain, and filled even the heart of Rome itself with dismay. In the course of these adventures also, the Saxons not only acquired the wealth they coveted, but also nautical skill and hardihood, good

weapons, and military science. It was their custom to launch their fleets upon the ocean when other ships were drawn up upon the shore; the storm and the tempest were their signals for attack, because it was then that they found their victims unguarded, as well as retreat more easy if they happened to be overpowered; and for land encounter, they seem to have been as well armed as the Roman legions themselves. But their favourite weapon was the ponderous battle-axe, which they wielded with both hands, and with a vigour that no armour could resist. The religion also of the Saxons was well fitted to cherish this love of violence and bloodshed, as it was a system of ferocious precepts, and sanguinary rites. Had the Britons but reflected for a moment, they might have seen that a people of such a bloody faith would, at the best, be very doubtful allies to any Christian nation; but the urgency of the danger had swallowed up every other thought. They only felt that they were perishing; and in the absence of the Romans, their former protectors, they thought that the brave Saxons could best defend them.

Hengist and Horsa appear, in the first instance, to have served their new employers with fidelity. At the head of their followers, and with the aid of the British troops, they successfully drove back the Picts and the Scots into their own country. This object being accomplished, they soon appear to have contemplated a permanent settlement. But they were obliged to go warily to work, as their handful of Jutes was too weak to gain possession by the sword; and in the following year they obtained a reinforcement of Saxons, Danes, and Angles, who arrived in sixteen large ships, and with them came Rowena, the beautiful daughter of Horsa. Hengist conceived that a matrimonial alliance with the sovereign was the most natural plan he could adopt to promote his views, and accordingly he invited Vortigern and his nobles to a banquet, in his castle at Thong-caster; and in the midst of the feast, his niece, the beautiful and fair-haired Rowena, entered the hall, and gracefully presented upon her knee a flagon to the admiring king, with the northern salutation, *Liever kyning, wass hael* (Dear king, your health). Wine and beauty had their natural effect upon the luxurious monarch. He sought and obtained the fair cup-bearer for his wife;

and in consideration of this event, her father Horsa was invested with the lordship of Kent and Thanet, which he forthwith proceeded to fortify. Having thus secured a maritime territory, it was easy to persuade the indolent Britons that more troops were necessary for their defence; and on permission being granted, large reinforcements arrived in the two following years to join their countrymen, and, among others, a third brother Octa, and Ebusa the son of Hengist. The pirate now possessed the door of the kingdom, by which his countrymen could enter at pleasure, and the Saxons, to facilitate their plans of conquest, entered into an alliance with the Scots and Picts whom they had been hired to destroy. The distracted Britons had thus at one and the same time their ancient enemies without, and a perfidious foe within the kingdom, and were obliged to rouse themselves with the courage of despair. Several battles followed, the results of which are uncertain; after which we are informed that an event took place, of a nature too common in such kinds of warfare. A hollow truce or peace was ratified, and the chiefs of the Britons and Saxons were assembled at a feast, when Hengist, in the midst of it, suddenly exclaimed, *Nimed eure Seaxas* (Draw your swords); upon which his followers started up, plucked out the short swords or daggers which they carried concealed in their hose, and slew all the British nobles upon the spot. This bloody banquet is said to have taken place at Stonehenge, on the 1st of May, 476. That such an event happened is certain, from the concurring testimony of several traditions; but it has been suspected by an able writer that the Saxons, instead of being the plotters, were the intended victims, and that they slew the other party in self-defence.

Even this fatal loss, however, does not appear to have dismayed the Britons, and becoming wiser from misfortune, they united with the Roman faction against the common enemy. On this account the conquest of the country was a work of time, as well as labour, and many a fierce invader bit the dust before a single kingdom of the Heptarchy was established. But the Saxons were reinforced more rapidly than they were destroyed, and the great northern store-house of men poured forth its successive multitudes in such abundance, that the conquest of Britain though slow, was inevitable. The

historical traditions of the various battles that were fought are so obscure, as to be unworthy of notice, a proof of which may be found in the legends about king Arthur, who is represented as every where victorious and irresistible, even while the Saxons must have been spoiling him of his kingdom, step by step. We shall content ourselves therefore with merely stating the results of these conflicts in the successive settlements of the Saxon tribes on the conquered portions of the British soil.

The first kingdom which the invaders established was that of Kent, or Cantwara-land. This rich province was the mark of Hengist's ambition; but its resistance was so obstinate, that the conquest was not accomplished till some years after his death by his son Eric, at the head of the Jutes, and some Angles. Those who were properly called Saxons invaded Sussex, A. D. 477, under their leader Ella, and after several victories drove out the natives, and founded the kingdom of the South Saxons. In 495, another band of the same tribe, under the command of Cerdic, conquered Hampshire and the Isle of Wight, and founded the kingdom of Wessex, or the West Saxons, from whom descended the kings of England, in the male line to Edward the Confessor, and in the female line to the present family. The state of the East Saxons was formed by Ercenwine, who, about the year 527, took possession of the flats of Essex, and a portion of the neighbouring country. The ample territory lying between the Tees and the Tyne, which at that time was a barren uninhabited country, overrun by wild beasts, was next won, and established as the kingdom of Bernicia; Deira followed next, lying between the Tees and the Humber, and which was conquered after several years of hard conflict. About the end of the sixth century, a powerful band of warrior-emigrants from Anglen, in two divisions, under the names of the North-folk and the South-folk, invaded the counties to which they afterwards gave their designations, and formed of them the kingdom of East Anglia; while other droves of Angles conquered and established the powerful kingdom of Myrcna-ric, or Mercia. Such is a very brief summary of the conquest and occupation of England, a work of time and labour, as well as frequent defeat—so that Cornwall, the last acquisition of

the Saxons, was not even nominally reduced till A.D. 647, or two centuries after the landing of Hengist and Horsa.

And what became of the unfortunate Britons who thus ceased to be a nation, or to hold a separate existence? Some have laboured to prove that they must have been utterly extirpated; but the Britons, although weak enough, as we have seen, could not be annihilated so easily. Others have recognised them as a separate people in the principality of Wales; but the Welsh are not Celts; they are the descendants of a different race from those who fought under Cassivellanus and Vortimer, and it has been successfully shewn of late that they are rather the descendants of the Picts than the Britons of the south. For the refugees from the Saxon swords we must look to Armorica (Bretagne), to which multitudes of the Britons betook themselves for shelter, or to Devonshire and Cornwall, where the conquest was little more than nominal. But we shall be most correct in supposing, that by far the greater part of the vanquished assumed in course of time the language, dress, and habits of the conquerors, became their serfs or servants, and were finally absorbed into the general population, which they might tend to improve by their superior knowledge and refinement. To this circumstance also we may perhaps trace the readiness with which the victors laid aside their unsettled habits, and became industrious cultivators of the soil they had won, as well as the alacrity with which they became Christians on the arrival of Saint Augustine—two important changes which occurred to the Saxons while the work of conquest and occupation was still pending.

The slowness of the Saxon conquest, to which we have already adverted, was not wholly owing to the resistance of the natives. A still stronger counteracting principle is to be found in the disunion of the conquerors themselves. The Saxon chiefs acted without mutual concert; each selected his portion, and won it with his own good sword; and as independent kings thus continued to multiply, causes of rivalry and contention arose, that soon set kingdom against kingdom. Thus, during the two centuries in which the conquest was proceeding, the infant states of the Heptarchy were warring as fiercely with each other as with the common enemy. Even the introduction of Christianity, at first, increased this prin-

ciple of dissension, by arraying the heathen Saxons against their converted brethren. It could not be expected that these grounds of quarrel would be diminished after the Britons were wholly subdued; and, therefore, the history of the Heptarchy, subsequent to this period, is a sickening record of the wars of one state against another. Into these it is unnecessary to enter; their consequences, however, were that the smaller states of Sussex, Essex, Kent, and East Anglia, were swallowed up by the other powers in the latter part of the seventh century, and the contest was thus simplified between the three great kingdoms of Northumbria, Mercia, and Wessex. Of these, Northumbria and Mercia, being irreconcilable rivals, wasted each other in sanguinary conflicts; and the former, independently of its antagonist, was also ravaged by the fearful inroads of the Scots and Picts. A melancholy picture of the state of England at this time may be formed from the fate of fourteen Northumbrian kings, during the course of a single century. Of these, six were slaughtered by their relatives or competitors, and five were deposed by their subjects; two shaved their heads and retired to a cloister, and only one died a king.

Happily, however, for the existence of the English, as a people, this principle of national dissolution was soon destroyed, by the union of the kingdoms under one head. Wessex, in the course of its manifold mutation, had two pretenders to the crown; and Egbert, one of the claimants, being defeated, was glad to flee to the court of Charlemagne, where he found a cordial welcome. The young English prince remained in this exile fourteen years, during which he acquired those high accomplishments that afterwards distinguished him as a soldier and statesman; and on the death of Brihtric, his successful rival, he returned to Wessex, where he was received with universal welcome. He was soon attacked by the Mercians, whom he signally defeated; after which he annexed the whole kingdom of Mercia to his own dominions. He then invaded Northumbria, at this time helpless from the anarchy into which it had fallen; and in a short time the inhabitants were glad to become his vassals. This event happened A.D. 825, and the sway of Egbert, generally speaking, extended from the extremity of Cornwall to the shores of the British channel and the

river Tweed. It was in a happy hour for England that this union of the kingdoms took place, for now a new enemy appeared, to task the united energy of the country. These were the Danes, whose first visit to England is said to have been made about the end of the eighth century. Their landing was in Mercia, and they consisted of only a few ships' crews, that were easily driven from the coast; but this event was the prelude of more terrible visitations. They landed again, A.D. 832, in the isle of Sheppey, which they plundered, and then withdrew. On the following year, they returned in greater numbers; and although they were driven at last to their ships by Egbert, it was after having given such proofs of their valour as dismayed the English. Their pertinacity was equal to their valour; for having formed an alliance with the Britons of Cornwall, by whom they were reinforced, they advanced (A.D. 834) as far as Hengsdown hill; but here they were met by Egbert, and routed with great slaughter. This brave monarch died soon after, and the Danes renewed their visits: they sailed up the Thames and the Medway, and plundered the rich cities of London, Rochester, and Canterbury. The English had again become disunited after the death of Egbert, but their Danish visitors taught them wisdom; they therefore combined their efforts, and after inflicting several sanguinary repulses, they succeeded in driving out the marauders for a short period. Such, however, was the ferocious bravery of the Danes, and their unsparing havoc, that, under the apprehension of their return, the Wednesday of every week was appointed as a day of prayer throughout England, that the nation might deprecate the judgment of a Danish invasion.

This people, who now occupied so important a part in English history, were to the ninth century what the Saxons had been to the fourth—the great pirates against all nations, and the dread and curse of every shore. But a closer resemblance still existed between the Saxons and the Danes: both were of the same Teutonic race, and spoke the same tongue; even the country from which they issued was the same, as the latter seem to have only occupied the void produced by the emigration of the former. Such considerations of relationship, however, could not move a Dane, so long as the English possessed such herds of fat bees and masses of tempt-

ing gold. Independently of this, the Saxons had abandoned their northern faith for Christianity—a religion which the Danes mortally hated, on account of the persecutions of Charlemagne, who had endeavoured to convert them with fire and sword; and hence the double fury with which they wasted every country in which the cross was planted, and the unsparing havoc they wrought upon churches and monasteries. In personal bravery, the Danes were fully equal to the bravest of those tribes who effected the downfall of Rome; while in military skill and equipments they were much superior. Their hands were trained to arms from the age of tender infancy; every warrior was taught to handle the oar as skilfully as the sword; and after surmounting the storms of the ocean, with which they sported in full consciousness of superiority, every sailor, on landing, was ready for the duties of a well-practised soldier, whether on horseback or on foot. For active conflict they had every kind of armour, while their favourite weapons for close fight were the double-bladed battle-axe and a ponderous iron-headed sledge-hammer, borrowed from their stormy god Thor, and which afterwards became the mace of northern chivalry; and in defensive warfare they displayed such labour and skill in erecting fortifications and securing a camp, as could only be paralleled in the wars of the Roman legions. The religion of such a people was fitted to their character, being of a darker and sterner cast than that of the other northern tribes, so that their heaven was a very shambles of massacre, and only to be attained by wading through a sea of blood; and such were even their amusements, that one of them consisted in tossing the infants of their enemies into the air, and catching them on the points of their spears. The Danish kings and nobles of the land, after providing for their immediate successors, taught the younger branches of the family that their only inheritance was to be found in the ocean; and after providing them with a fleet, or a single ship, they thrust them forth in quest of fortune or a grave, in either of which cases their destiny was fulfilled. Thus the northern seas, and their numerous bays and concealments, swarmed with Vikingr and Jarls, like the Asiatic deserts with the marauding children of Ishmael; and, like the Arabs, their hand was against every man, and every

man's hand was against them. Their only home was the hostile shore that held out the fairest prospect of plunder ; and their wealth was contained in every casket which their swords could unclasp or their axes burst asunder.

ALFRED THE GREAT.

Such were the enemies who called the full energies of Alfred into existence, and but for whom England would have been undone in its infancy. He was the son of Ethelwulf, and was born A.D. 849, being the youngest of four sons. His father Ethelwulf, the son and successor of Egbert, was desirous, according to a fashion among English kings, to make a pilgrimage to Rome ; and he took with him Alfred, the Benjamin of his old age, in the year 853, and a second time in 856. Here he tarried nearly a year ; and it is not impossible that even at this tender age the mind of the boy received its first impulses from the grandeur of the Eternal City, and the intellectual character of its society. Here also the pope anointed him with the holy oil that was kept only for royal purposes—a circumstance that excited the jealousy of his brothers, who thought, from this distinction, that he was to be preferred before them. But although the education of Alfred was that of a prince, he reached his twelfth year without being able to read ; and he might have grown to manhood, like his contemporaries, without knowing a letter, when his intellectual progress commenced in the following manner. His mother Osburgha was one day reading a volume of Saxon poetry in the midst of the family, and the young princes were delighted with the rich illuminated paintings with which the book was adorned. But Alfred, who already had shewn himself an enthusiast for the songs of the glee-men, was perhaps kindled by a nobler feeling than the mere admiration of gaudy colours ; so that when the queen declared she would give the volume to him who would first learn to read it, he alone determined to be the winner, while his seniors abandoned the task as too tedious. He therefore found a person who could teach him (probably some churchman), and persevered in conning his laborious tasks until he was able to claim the reward. Though Alfred had thus opened the door of knowledge, and possessed a mind to be tempted by the

glorious prospect that unfolded itself, he did not suffer himself to be allured into the solitary delights of an intellectual existence. Instead of this, he perfected himself in every warlike exercise, and hardened his frame by the labours of the chase, in which he soon excelled all his competitors. These preliminary exercises were not more than necessary; for when he had reached his sixteenth year, the Danes came to England, not merely to plunder the coast, but to gain permanent possession of the country. They first secured the isle of Thanet, which served them for winter quarters; and from this place, with the return of every spring, they sent out their hordes in every direction. Thus Northumbria was conquered, and York colonized; the districts of Nottingham, Lincoln, Cambridge, Norfolk, and Suffolk, were overrun; and the fortified camps of the marauders were continually extending and advancing. Alfred aided his brothers gallantly, and many engagements were fought in which the invaders were checked or discomfited; but such was their fierce pertinacity, and the numerous reinforcements they received from their countrymen, that their power seemed to increase with every defeat. While they thus swept through the land, their mode of warfare was unlike that of even the most barbarous nations; for, although savages had learned to revere certain sanctions by which their atrocities were restricted, the Danes recognised none; their route could be traced by the indiscriminate overthrow of church, fortress, and hut, and the unsparing massacre of helpless old age and infancy as well as warlike manhood. Even those solemn engagements also by which the worst of enemies were bound had no sanctions for the Danes, who were proverbially a nation of truce-breakers. Thus, they borrowed horses of the Mercians to extend their ravages, under the most solemn oaths that they would not injure the lenders; but, when mounted, they plundered ally and foe without distinction. They received large sums from different districts as the price of forbearance; but, after they had secured the gold, they renewed their demands, and bereaved the givers of all that was still left. In the midst of these wars, Ethelbert, the eldest brother of Alfred, died, and was succeeded by Ethelred, and under him Alfred fought in nine pitched battles against the Danes in the course of a single year.

In one of these, which was fought at Ashenden, in Berkshire, Ethelred was overtaken by a most unseasonable fit of devotion, so that he retired to his tent to hear mass just as the enemy was advancing; upon which, Alfred bore up with his division against the whole brunt of the onset, and mainly contributed to the victory that followed.

Ethelred died at Whittingham of wounds received in battle, and in 871 Alfred succeeded to the royal authority. But by this time it was nothing but a mockery of kingship, and threatening ruin to him who assumed it. The kingdoms of Mercia and Northumbria had seceded from the national alliance, and nothing remained for Alfred but the state of Wessex, already surrounded by the enemy, and menaced with destruction. By a partial victory at Wilton, however, he impressed the Danes with such respect for his abilities, that they forbore to trouble him for three years, during which he was indefatigably employed in preparing for the national defence. Above all, he saw that it was necessary to obtain command of the sea, without which the enemy could be reinforced at pleasure; but the Saxons, formerly such skilful mariners, had abandoned navigation when they forsook the practice of piracy. Alfred, in this case, adopted what would seem to us a startling expedient: he hired bands of the Friesland rovers to man his navy, and instruct his inexperienced subjects. These pirates, who inhabited the country of the Angles, gladly came to the assistance of their kindred; and they manned the English "wooden walls" of that period with such valour and fidelity, that their employer had no reason to regret the experiment.

In the year 876, the war was brought into the kingdom of Wessex, and an army of Danes that had wintered in Cambridge, suddenly landed on the coast of Dorsetshire, and surprised the castle of Wareham. Here Alfred reaped the fruits of his foresight, in the services of his infant navy, which routed a fleet of the enemy that was bringing reinforcements to the insurgents. The Danes, thus deprived of the expected aid, and finding their situation untenable, proposed to evacuate Wessex, on condition of a free departure. To these terms Alfred agreed, and not content with swearing them upon their bracelets (which was their most sacred oath), to be faith-

ful to the treaty, he also obliged them to renew their pledge upon the relics of Christian saints. The Danes swore readily in both fashions, for Christian or pagan oaths cost them nothing; but on the next night, they suddenly fell upon Alfred as he was riding with a small force, unsuspecting of such perfidy. After a gallant resistance, his faithful band perished almost to a man; the king escaped with difficulty; and the rovers, mounting the captured horses, galloped towards Exeter, where they expected to be reinforced by a Danish fleet. In this however they were disappointed by a second naval victory, in which the fleet of Alfred destroyed or dispersed the enemy, while the king closely invested Exeter with his forces. The Danes on learning the defeat of their brethren by sea were glad again to capitulate; and Guthrun their leader, after swearing the usual oaths of fidelity, withdrew his troops from the kingdom of Wessex, and retired into Mercia.

Of all the Danish chieftains with whom the English had as yet contended, this last-mentioned warrior appears to have been the bravest; and as he possessed that disregard of treaties which was common to his countrymen, he mustered fresh forces for a new invasion of Wessex, notwithstanding his late agreement. But having felt the vigour of his antagonist, he went warily to work, and conceived the novel idea of a winter campaign, to which both English and Danes had been hitherto unaccustomed. His warriors were secretly assembled on the 1st of January, 878, and while Alfred was holding Twelfth Night at Chippenham, in fancied security, he was roused by the sound of the Danish axes at the gate. The towns' people, taken by surprise, offered but a faint resistance, and Alfred was again compelled to fly. The plan of Guthrun was so well laid, and his forces were so numerous, that the fate of Chippenham was soon that of the kingdom of Wessex; every place yielded to this unforeseen winter storm; and Alfred, having done all that valour and prudence could accomplish, sought shelter in obscurity, and reserved himself for a happier hour. With a few attendants he lurked among the fens of Essex, until a deeper concealment was necessary, in consequence of which he passed over to Athelney, or Prince's Island, at that time covered with thick woods, and insulated by the con-

fluence of the rivers Thone and Parret, and by bogs and inundations, so that it could only be reached in a boat. In this desolate spot, the abode of wild beasts, the heroic Alfred led the life of a houseless outlaw, subsisting chiefly upon the scanty produce of hunting; and the place of his retreat was known to so few, that he was generally believed to be dead. On one occasion, perhaps from the pressure of want, as well as for the purposes of concealment, he sought shelter disguised as a menial, in the hut of a swineherd, and was there engaged for some time in the most lowly occupations. An amusing incident connected with this circumstance was communicated by Alfred to his beloved friend Asser. The swineherd's wife, ignorant that her guest was the king, ordered him one day to superintend her loaves, that were toasting upon the hearth; but Alfred, whose thoughts were far otherwise occupied, forgot the bread, until it was burnt to a cinder. When the shrewish housewife returned, and found her loaves thus neglected, she flew into a rage, exclaiming, 'You, fellow, you will not turn the bread when it is burning, and yet you are ready enough to eat it!'

After some time spent in this miserable retreat, the tidings of Alfred's hiding-place were whispered among his subjects, so that bands of his most devoted adherents repaired to Athelney, by whose aid he was enabled to fortify the little island, and make occasional incursions upon the Danes. At this period also, a circumstance occurred, that may be considered as the turning point of his fortune. Hubba, a Danish chief of great renown, in attempting a landing in Devonshire, was slain, with above 800 of his followers; but a circumstance more fatal to the enemy than even this slaughter, was the capture of their great pledge of success, their charmed banner, called the Reafan. This standard, to which the Danes attached a mysterious importance, had been embroidered in the course of a single noon-tide by the three daughters of Lodbrok. In consequence of this success, Alfred judged that he might safely resume the offensive, and therefore his friends were directed to warn his subjects of Wessex, to muster in secrecy at Egbert's stone, on the east of Selwood forest: while during the interval he resolved to make himself fully acquainted with the state and purposes of the

Danish army. This hazardous experiment he performed in the guise of a minstrel or glee-man, at that time a favoured character among all the northern tribes. With his harp in his hand, Alfred traversed the enemy's encampment; and while he delighted the chiefs with his minstrelsy, he caught with a quick ear the results of their consultations, after which he returned undetected to Athelney. The soldiers of Wessex mustered, according to orders, unconscious however that these had proceeded from their beloved sovereign, so that his unexpected appearance among them was like a rising from the dead. In the enthusiasm of such a meeting the English were irresistible, and in the battle of Ethandune, which immediately followed, the unsuspecting Danes were routed with great slaughter. Guthrun, thus surprised in turn, took shelter within his fortified entrenchments; and as these were too strong to be stormed, Alfred resolved to reduce him by famine. This plan was successful, and after a close blockade of fourteen days, Guthrun was obliged to surrender. The wise policy of Alfred, on this event, is worthy of admiration. He did not reduce an enemy to despair who might still perhaps have defied his efforts; neither did he dismiss the Danes, to swell the ranks of their marauding countrymen. Instead of this, he resolved to give them lands in England, of which there was a superabundance, and thus they would in process of time enrich and defend the country which they had laid waste. He therefore ceded to them the whole eastern country from the Thames to the Tweed, which from this circumstance was afterwards called the Danelagh. But one condition annexed to this treaty was, that Guthrun and his followers should embrace Christianity, without which it was impossible that they could become either faithful allies or peaceable subjects; and to this condition a ready assent was given. The brave Guthrun appears to have been as much subdued by the courtesy, as by the valour and skill, of his antagonist; and therefore, after this treaty, he fearlessly repaired to Alfred's camp, near Athelney, attended only by thirty of his chieftains. The royal Dane was baptized by the name of Athelstane, Alfred himself officiating as sponsor; and after enjoying for twelve days the hospitality of his new godfather, Guthrun departed, laden with rich presents. Ever after he remained

stedfast to the treaty, although it was long before his subjects amalgamated with the English, and became a peaceful and industrious people.

Alfred having thus rescued his paternal kingdom from the enemy, began the more difficult task of repairing the havoc they had wrought. But the rest of England was still open to the successive incursions of those Danish rovers who had taken no part in the treaty of Guthrun. It was now the practice of these restless invaders to examine both sides of the English channel; and if the British coast was found too well defended, they then made a landing in France, where there was no Alfred to protect it. In this manner they had made several attempts upon England, but they were defeated both by land and sea. Seven years of intermission then followed, during which peace had spread beauty and abundance over the land, when the Danes, who had been warring in Flanders, until the country was exhausted with famine, hurried across the channel, like ravening wolves, eager to devour as well as conquer. In the year 893, while all was peace and security, a fleet of two hundred and fifty ships stood over for the English coast, and landed a powerful army near Romney Marsh; another fleet of eighty ships that followed, under the command of the renowned Hasting, the chief leader of the expedition, entered the Thames; while other squadrons hovered in the distance, and menaced the English at different points, to distract and divide their forces. To add to these calamities the faithful Guthrun was now dead, and his ungrateful subjects of the Danelagh, no longer restrained by his authority, forgot their promises, and took part with the invaders.

Alfred was thus compelled to forego his beloved occupations of a legislator, and resume his military labours; but he was found equal to the emergency. Hitherto, the English army had consisted of a militia, who were bound to keep the field for a certain number of days only; but the king, knowing the necessity of being always in arms against such opponents as the Danes, divided these feudal forces into two parts, that relieved each other alternately, and thus he had always an army fit for immediate service. This was an astounding novelty to the Danes, who saw that they were to be opposed without intermission. The first measure of

Alfred, in commencing the campaign, was to prevent the two Danish armies that had landed from uniting their forces; and accordingly he threw himself between them, and fortified himself so skilfully in front, flank, and rear, that the enemy did not dare to attack him. Here therefore they remained cooped up in their respective entrenchments, until Hasting, the Danish leader, resolved to extricate himself by a bold manœuvre. He sent messengers professing his desire of leaving the kingdom; and when permission was granted, he seemed to make every preparation for departure. He even drew off his forces, and embarked them in his ships; but instead of leaving England, he only crossed the Thames, and landed in the Danelagh, upon the coast of Essex, where he took up a strong position. In the mean time the larger Danish army, that was blockaded by the rear of the English force, suddenly burst from its entrenchments, in the hope of effecting a junction with Hasting, in Essex. Alfred, who thus found himself circumvented, and without a fleet at hand to pursue the armament of Hasting, followed the land march of the enemy with great expedition: he overtook them near Farnham, in Surrey, brought them to action, and defeated them with great loss. The survivors hastily retreated before him, until they reached the isle of Mersey, where they strongly fortified themselves; but the king, who had closely followed their steps, invested them so strictly, that they were on the point of surrendering, when he was called away by a revolt of the Danelagh. The settlers of that district had raised two large fleets, with which they attacked different parts of the coast, to effect a diversion in favour of their heathen brethren. In this emergency, Alfred left a portion of his army to continue the blockade of Mersey, and mounting the rest on horses, he flew with great celerity to Exeter, which the men of the Danelagh were besieging. His arrival compelled them to abandon the siege, and fly to their shipping, after which he returned to Mersey. Here he exhibited a trait of generosity, that shewed how superior he was to the age, or his contemporaries. During his absence, the wife and two sons of Hasting had been taken prisoners; and the Thanes were earnest that Alfred should put them to death, or at least detain them as hostages, to keep the enemy in check. But the

king disdained such ignoble modes of warfare, sanctioned as they had been by general custom; and therefore he not only freed the captives, but sent them to Hasting, laden with rich presents.

In the mean time, Hasting was so much strengthened by reinforcements from the Danelagh, and from beyond sea, that he was soon enabled to assume the aggressive: he therefore sailed up the Thames, and plundered the country on either side; after which he marched to the Severn, and fortified himself strongly at Buttington. But Alfred, who was powerfully reinforced by the Welsh, was enabled again to blockade the enemy, so that the Danes at last, in the extremity of hunger, were obliged to eat all their horses. Hasting once more broke from his confinement, and after a desperate attack on the English lines, and great havoc among his followers, he succeeded in reaching his shipping, on the coast of Essex. But Alfred was unable to pursue the retreating enemy, in consequence of his losses in the last conflict, while the diminished ranks of his antagonist continued to be swelled by fresh accessions from the Danelagh. Hasting therefore maintained his superiority, and was still able to march and ravage as before. Such continued to be the history of three campaigns, composed of alternate checks and successes, in which the greater part of England was traversed by the opposing armies, and where the skill and valour of Alfred were encountered by almost equal resources on the part of his indefatigable rival. One stratagem of the former, during the second year of this trying warfare, is worthy of particular notice. During the spring, Hasting sailed up the Lea, and erected a strong fortress about twenty miles above London, and then harassed the city with perpetual incursions; upon which Alfred, who drew his forces round London to protect it, conceived the bold idea of clipping the wings of the invaders, by making their shipping unserviceable. He accordingly erected a fortress on each side of the river, a little below the Danish station; after which he drew off the waters of the Lea into the Thames, by cutting three broad channels, so that a small boat would have grounded where a fleet had lately passed; and the Danes, with astonishment and grief, beheld their whole navy stranded. Even after this afflicting disaster, Hasting continued to shew

as bold a front, and as much fertility of resources, as ever, so that he spun out the war into a third year, and might have continued it much longer, but his indomitable spirit was not shared by his desponding countrymen. They now perceived that, under the reign of Alfred, they were likely to possess no portion of the English soil, except as a place of burial; and however they might be indifferent to toil and wounds, they were too wise to covet them without the accompaniment of plunder. The Jarls, who followed the raven-banner of their great leader, withdrew successively, and set sail in quest of less dangerous enemies, while others found homes among their brethren in the Danelagh; and Hastings, with an indignant regret, like Hannibal when torn from Italy, felt himself compelled to abandon that beautiful England, which he had so fondly hoped to conquer. In a few ships, some of which were hastily constructed by his followers, and others procured from the Danelagh, he crossed over to Normandy (A.D. 897), and there obtained an humbler settlement by negotiation.

Alfred thus cleared the land of an enemy under which it had almost fallen; and such was the wholesome terror which his victories produced, as well as the efficiency to which he brought his navy, that the rovers returned no more during the rest of his reign. But his character as a warrior was the least of his well-earned reputation. He was the legislator and teacher, as well as the deliverer of England, and the labour which he underwent to instruct himself, that he might be able to humanize and instruct his subjects, was worth all the achievements that ever valour performed. Our admiration of so much worth is also heightened, when we recollect that all was accomplished within a comparatively short life, as he died at the age of fifty-three—and a life that had been embittered from his youth by the agonies of a mysterious disease, that eluded the skill, and defied the remedies, of the physician. Indeed, were it not that he forms such an authentic portion of history, we might almost imagine that so much excellence could never have existed in one individual—that his life was some beautiful fiction of inspired genius, rather than a portraiture of reality—and that it had been happily devised as a model for kings, which they might strive to imitate, without the hope to equal.

A. D. 901. Alfred was succeeded by his second son Edward, whose reign was chiefly distinguished by a civil contest which had been stirred up by his cousin Ethelwald, and the war which he carried on against the colonists of the Danelagh. This people, notwithstanding their long settlement in England, and their profession of Christianity, seem to have still looked back with fondness to their relinquished habits, and forsaken gods; and having now become numerous and powerful, they scorned their territorial limits, and aspired to the possession of the whole country. In the year 911, they advanced as far as the Severn, where they were defeated by Edward with great slaughter. He then turned his attention to the East Anglian Danes and to Mercia, and at length, by unremitting perseverance, he abolished every trace of separate government, and united all the Saxon territories into one kingdom about A. D. 924. He died shortly after, and his death was immediately followed by that of his eldest son Ethelwald. But his illegitimate son and successor Athelstane, was destined more effectually to reunite the kingdom. He conquered the Welsh, whom he compelled to pay tribute, and reduced to submission the Briton race of Devonshire and Cornwall, who had never been effectually subdued. But the great event of his reign was, the battle of Brunanburgh, in Northumbria, in which he destroyed a more formidable coalition than England had ever yet encountered. Anlaf the Dane, who had obtained a settlement in Ireland, sailed up the Humber, in the year 937, with six hundred and twenty ships; and this vast armament was aided by Constantine the Scottish king, by the men of the Danelagh, the Cumbrians, the people of Strathclyde, and the inhabitants of North Wales, while the whole land seemed to faint under the shadow of so many hostile banners. Athelstane boldly encountered them, and the battle, which lasted from sunrise till sunset, was long afterwards the pride, and chief theme, of Saxon minstrelsy. The confederates were defeated with immense loss, and five kings and seven Jarls were numbered among the slain. The important fruits of this victory were, the complete subjugation of the Danelagh and Wales; and thus Athelstane had the glory of being the second Egbert, by effecting the reunion of all England into one monarchy. The land now assumed an appearance of unprecedented

grandeur and importance, and the court of Athelstane became alternately a seminary and a sanctuary, to which princes repaired for improvement, or fled for protection. The magnanimity of the grandson of Alfred was commensurate with the extent of his power, so that when he restored Constantine to his Scottish throne, and Howel to his Welsh principedom, it was with the heroic declaration, that he would rather bestow kingdoms than enjoy them. Most unfortunately for England, his reign was brief, as he died in the year 940. Had he lived longer, he might perhaps, like his grandfather, have secured the kingdom against those calamities which so soon befell it, when the sceptre had passed into feebler hands.

The short reigns of Edmund the Magnificent, and Edred the Feeble-footed; of Edwy, the unhappy victim of Dunstan, and Edgar, whose manifold and high-sounding titles occupy sometimes a score of lines, and who was rowed in his barge on the river Dee by eight crowned kings; and his son Edward the Martyr, who was assassinated by the command of his stepmother Elfrida;—these reigns furnish no particular events in the military history of the period. Thirty-nine years only elapsed between the death of Athelstane, and that of the last-mentioned monarch, and the chief warfare in England during that period was the warfare of the church, in which St. Dunstan figured as the principal combatant. But all this was fatally preparing for the military degradation and defeat of England. During that ghostly ascendancy of the priests which was every year becoming more complete, the country was drained of its substance to enrich the church; the wealthy, who sought forgiveness of sin, were instructed to build monasteries, and the poor, who had nothing to give, were invited to fill them. This monkish humour increased, so that thousands and myriads who ought to have laboured for the national prosperity, and been prepared in the hour of jeopardy for the national defence, sheltered their sloth and cowardice under a shaven crown and monastic frock. The venerable Bede, who had foreseen the evil at an early period, predicted that, in the event of an invasion, enough of soldiers would not be found from the prevalence of this habit. The danger was now at hand, and the prophecy was fulfilled.

Edward the Martyr had been succeeded in the throne of England by Ethelred the Unready, when the Danes again made their appearance. Forty-four years had elapsed since their former visit, during which they had been conquering and plundering in other quarters; but Sweyn, a Danish prince, who was banished by his father, resolved to win, in lieu of his paternal inheritance, the rich kingdom of England; and he landed A.D. 981, at the head of a large host whom he had allured to his exiled standard. The Unready king was worthy of his title; and his counsellors and warriors, unrestrained by his feeble administration, were more occupied with their own selfish feuds, than the means of national defence. Even, too, when fleets and armies were mustered, they were too often commanded by traitors in league with the enemy; and thus the Danish career was one of almost unchecked success, while one armament after another followed in the tract of Sweyn. In this emergency, the miserable expedient was adopted by Ethelred of buying off the enemy with money, and the safety of England was purchased from 10,000 rovers by as many pounds of silver. But although one band of the enemy was thus bought off, it was only that others might be allured to so rich a market; and England was daily becoming more exhausted and helpless by fresh imposts of Dane-gelt, which such a system required. At last, in A.D. 994, Sweyn, who had succeeded to the crown of Denmark, made a fresh invasion, accompanied by Olave king of Norway, and these two arch-pirates made such dire havoc, that sixteen thousand pounds of silver had to be raised to purchase their forbearance; and again, in A.D. 1001, a fresh Danish invasion was made that required to be bought off by twenty-four thousand pounds. In the mean time, every period, whether of war or negotiation, was equally filled with Danish atrocity and pillage; the rovers saw the feebleness of the land, and all that they coveted became their own.

At last, after the English had exhausted their coffers, and wearied heaven with unavailing prayers and penances, a device for the deliverance of the land was adopted—a device that indicated the lowest stage of national feebleness and baseness. This was, to rid themselves of all the Danes in England by a sudden and universal massacre. Secret orders were sent to the

rulers of the towns and districts, for this purpose; and on the 13th of November, 1002, which was the festival of St. Bryce, the oppressors were suddenly attacked and murdered, without distinction of age or sex. The Danelagh, which was too strong for such an experiment, was left untouched; but in every other part of England the massacre commenced at the same day and hour, and those Danes who had long been colonists in the country, and had connected themselves with the natives by intermarriages, and friendly intercourse, were unsparingly confounded with the untamed murderer and marauder. Even Gunhilda, a sister of Sweyn, who had become a Christian, and been married to an English earl, was remorselessly put to death, after her husband and children had been butchered in her presence; and with her last breath she hurled curses upon her murderers, and foretold the vengeance that was at hand.

It indeed required no prophetic power to foresee a terrible retribution. The cry of blood was wafted to Denmark, and the whole nation rose at the summons. They looked upon the cause as a sacred one, and therefore an armament was assembled, not composed of a few Jarls, as heretofore, but of the whole might and worth of the kingdom; and they set sail, to revenge a deed which no gold and silver could expiate. They landed unopposed, and swept over England like a torrent. The bitterness of vengeance, among such a people, assumed a certain frightful appearance of gaiety; for in all the towns and villages through which they marched, they caused repasts to be prepared, and the inhabitants to wait upon them; and when the revelry was ended, they coolly slew the entertainers, and set fire to their houses. For two years this frightful career continued, until the Danes, starved out by the famine they had occasioned, were obliged to leave the kingdom. A respite of two years then occurred in England; but in A.D. 1006, Sweyn returned, and was bought off by the payment of thirty-six thousand pounds of silver (£108,000), and after him succeeded a large army called 'Thyrkel's host,' who besieged and destroyed Canterbury in 1011, with many thousands of the inhabitants. His departure was also effected by the payment of forty-eight thousand pounds of silver (£144,000). In the language of a modern conqueror 'the pear was now ripe,' and Sweyn re-

turned, not for a fresh bribe of English money, but to seize the kingdom itself. His course was a triumphant march, rather than a conquest; every town and province yielded at his approach, while Ethelred, that poor pageant of a king, fled with his wife and children to the court of his father-in-law, duke Richard of Normandy. Sweyn was proclaimed 'full king of England,' A.D. 1013, and had only enjoyed the great prize of his ambition for a few days, when he died; but his conquests fell into the more able hands of his son and successor, Canute. Even in this extremity, the English rallied for a dying struggle, incited, or rather dragged into the field by Edmund Ironside, a bastard son of Ethelred, and in whom the mighty spirit of Alfred seemed to have been renewed. But although the Ironside displayed surpassing valour and military skill, the fate of England was beyond the retrieval of any single hero; and after several fruitless victories, Edmund agreed to a proposal of his rival, to divide the country between them. Edmund survived this treaty only two months; and after his death, in A.D. 1017, Canute remained in possession of the whole kingdom.

After Canute had been peaceably settled on the throne, the grandeur, power, and wisdom of Charlemagne seemed to have revived in his person. He was king of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, as well as England; and the last of these countries, under his energetic administration, became peaceful, powerful, and happy. Indeed, it must be acknowledged, that for some time the English national character had become so deteriorated, especially among the higher classes, that an infusion of fresh spirit was necessary; and this was obtained by the peaceable influx of Danes into the kingdom under Canute, and his immediate successors. Canute died in A.D. 1035, and was succeeded first by Harold, and then by Hardicanute, his two sons; after which the English line was restored in Edward the Confessor, the son of Ethelred the Unready.

To Edward may indirectly be traced the chief causes of the Norman conquest of England. He had been sent in childhood to the protection of the Norman court, where he naturally acquired a predilection for the dress, habits, and language of the country; but when he succeeded to his native throne, he retained these peculiarities, to the great dislike of his subjects. Even this

would have been tolerable, compared with that subsequent folly by which he inundated the court with a throng of Norman favourites, who soon usurped every office of profit and authority in the state, the church, and the army. The French tongue and the costume of Normandy were now the predominant fashion of the courtiers, while the avarice and extortion of the domineering strangers became almost as insupportable as the former Danish exactions. In this state of matters a popular champion stepped forward, who ably advanced his own interests, by espousing the rights of the people. This was earl Godwin, who, from having been the son of a cowherd, had become the wealthiest and most powerful noble in England, and the father-in-law of his sovereign, by his daughter Editha. But this marriage, which might have bound king and earl together, only set them the more at variance, and prepared the way for the approaching conquest of England. Although Editha was good and beautiful, the king had bound himself by a monkish vow of chastity, which his hatred of her father made him by no means likely to break; and the question of who should be his successor, was anxiously considered by every English heart. A general suspicion that Edward already intended this distinction for his cousin, the duke of Normandy, made the Norman favourites still more obnoxious to the whole country.

While the popular feeling was in this state, an event, that happened in 1051, brought it to a crisis. Eustace, count of Boulogne, who had married a sister of Edward, visited his brother-in-law with a powerful Norman retinue; and as he saw French and Norman prelates and courtiers every where predominating in England, he was led to despise the natives as a people already conquered. With this feeling he returned from court, to set sail to his own country; and when he came within a short distance of Dover, he armed himself, mounted his war-charger, and at the head of his mailed retinue galloped into the city, in the fashion of a military triumph. His followers proceeded to take free quarters for the night by selecting the best houses, and ejecting the owners; an Englishman who resisted was wounded by a Norman, upon which he armed himself, and slew the intruder; but for this he was beset, and slaughtered upon his own threshold, by the arrogant strangers. After this they

galloped furiously among the crowd, and wounded or trampled down all who stood in their way; but the citizens having furnished themselves with weapons, slew several of the Normans, and Eustace, who was unable to fight his way to the port, flew back at full speed to the king, to complain of the indignity he had sustained from the men of Dover. The town was under the jurisdiction of Godwin, who was therefore ordered by the king to perform strict military execution upon the insurgents; but this the earl refused, alleging that they were condemned, unheard. In consequence of the rage of Edward on this occasion, the old earl took up arms, for the defence of the English against the strangers; but the wily politician was out-manœuvred by the king in this instance, and obliged to fly with his family to foreign countries, while his immense estates, and high offices, were doled out to Norman favourites. During this exile of earl Godwin, Edward invited the duke of Normandy to England, and he came at the invitation with a numerous and splendid train. He already saw, in the preponderance of Norman interests at court, the way prepared for his ambitious hopes, and it has been asserted that, during this visit, his succession to the English throne was secretly ratified by the Confessor. After this the scene shifted. Godwin returned; and the people who regarded him as their champion and martyr, flocked to his standard, while the Normans, who saw the helplessness of resistance, hurried from every quarter to the sea coast, and fled the kingdom. Edward, thus bereaved of his counsellors and favourites, was obliged to succumb to his victorious father-in-law. Soon after this event earl Godwin died, and was succeeded by Harold, the bravest, wisest, and best of his family; a hero endeared to the English not only by his popular qualities, and his splendid victories over the Welsh, but also by the zeal with which he had fought and suffered in vindicating their rights against the strangers.

Another important event in the drama of the English conquest now occurred. Harold had occasion to repair to Normandy, for what purpose it is impossible to ascertain, but through the unskilfulness of the mariners his vessel was wrecked, near the mouth of the river Somme. Upon this, the lord of Ponthieu, on whose coast the accident happened, seized the persons of Harold and his

followers, and threw them into prison, for the purpose of extorting a large ransom for their liberty, according to the barbarous usages of the age. The duke of Normandy heard of this circumstance, and resolved to convert it to his own advantage; he therefore compelled the count to release his prisoners, and forward them to the Norman court. When Harold arrived, he soon perceived, notwithstanding the smooth courtesies of the duke, that he was more a prisoner than before. William announced to Harold his hopes of succeeding Edward, and desired the other's co-operation; and Harold promised every thing. But still the duke was not satisfied, and he was resolved to extort oaths, as well as promises, from his helpless rival. For this purpose he assembled his chiefs and nobles in full court, and having secretly gathered the bones and relics of saints from all the churches in the country, he deposited them in a huge cask, which was covered with a cloth of gold, that gave it the appearance of an altar, while the whole was surmounted by a missal, open at the Evangelists. Harold was then brought in, and duke William, who was seated in his chair of state, with a golden diadem on his head, and a rich sword in his hand, rose and said, 'Earl Harold, I require thee before this noble assembly to confirm by oath the promises thou hast made me;—to wit, that thou wilt aid me in obtaining the kingdom of England, after king Edward's death; that thou wilt marry my daughter Adela; and send me thy sister, that I may give her in marriage to one of my chiefs.' The son of Godwin, who was unable to retract, advanced with a reluctant step; and laying his hand upon the missal, he swore to the performance of these conditions. At a signal from William the cloth of gold was then lifted up, and Harold saw with a shudder the ghastly heap of sanctity upon which he had pledged himself. In those days of loose morality and perverted religion, an oath might be easily eluded, however the Divine Being might have been attested; but to swear upon the thumb or the toe of a departed saint was a sanction not to be violated.

Some time after this event, Edward sickened, and was laid upon his death-bed, and his last hours were haunted with the terrible consequences of his foolish monastic vow. The crown of England would soon be

the object of a fearful struggle between two rivals, each too proud to yield; and while the monarch foresaw the torrents of blood that would be shed, he incoherently repeated in his dying agonies those passages of scripture that announce woe and desolation to guilty kingdoms. He died on the 5th of January, 1066, but his choice of a successor is still a mystery. The Norman party declared that he elected their duke; but no will or document was even *forged* for the purpose, when such a testimony would have been availing. On the other hand the English asserted, that the Confessor in his last illness had appointed Harold to succeed him, with the declaration, that none was so worthy to wear the crown as the great son of earl Godwin. Be that as it may, the right of Harold was certainly superior to that of his rival, inasmuch as he was raised to the throne by the choice of the nation; and hitherto, England had been more an elective than an hereditary monarchy. So eager was the popular feeling in behalf of the man of its choice, that one and the same evening celebrated the obsequies of Edward, and the coronation of Harold.

Had William been as able as he was willing to invade England immediately after this event, the probability is, that a Norman dynasty would never have been settled upon the English throne. But events rolled onward to the accomplishment of this purpose with a mysteriousness that defied human calculation, and with a power that nothing could resist. While the duke of Normandy was employed in long and anxious preparation for the future conquest, an English traitor was preparing the way for him, by stirring up other enemies against his native country. This was Tostig, the brother of Harold, who had been deposed and expelled his earldom of Northumberland on account of his oppression and cruelty. Harold's love of justice would not permit him to recall the oppressor, and Tostig became as fierce an enemy of his royal brother as duke William himself, whom he instigated to the invasion; and not content with this, he attempted by himself a hostile landing in England, but was soon driven to his ships. He then fled to Denmark, to instigate its king against England, but the Danes were now ceasing to be a nation of adventurous pirates; upon which he repaired to Hardrada, king of Norway, who listened to the proposal with a more

willing ear. This, the last of the terrible sea-kings, was persuaded by the traitor that he could easily exchange his barren Norway for fair and fertile England. He therefore raised an immense armament, consisting of two hundred war-ships, and three hundred store-ships and vessels of smaller size, in which the flower of his kingdom was embarked: he landed in England, near York, and at first swept all opposition before him. Harold, who had taken post with his forces upon the southern coasts, to prevent the landing of William, was now obliged to break up his encampment hastily, that he might march against his new Norwegian rival; and this he did with such promptitude and skill, that Hardrada was surprised within a few miles of York. It is even said in the Runic songs that the Norwegians, who had been only a few days landed, were without their cuirasses, and that nearly half their forces were still with the ships. But Hardrada immediately despatched messengers to the rest of the army to hasten their coming, while he drew up his surprised troops at Stamford bridge, on the Derwent, to abide the brunt of the onset. He arranged his army in a circle: the front soldiers were ordered to plant their spears upon the ground, with the points presented to the enemy, while the second rank held their weapons breast-high, and pointing forward; and in this way he hoped to repel the English horsemen, as he had very few cavalry. As he rode among his lines, and chanted a war-song, his horse stumbled, and he fell; but starting up unhurt, he exclaimed, that this was a good omen. But the event was interpreted differently both by his followers and the enemy. Harold asked his people, who that stately warrior might be, with the golden helmet, and blue mantle, who had just fallen. and on being told that it was Hardrada, he said, 'He is a tall and strong person; but I see that fortune has forsaken him.'

Before the battle joined, a generous attempt was made on the part of Harold to recall Tostig to his duty. Completely concealed from head to foot by his mail, and followed by a score of mailed horsemen, the king galloped to that part of the Norwegian army where the banner of Tostig was flying, and demanded if the English earl was there. 'You know he is here,' cried Tostig, stepping forward, and answering for himself. The dis-

guised horseman then, in the name of his brother, promised him peace, and the fair earldom of Northumbria, if he would return to his allegiance. 'And what territory will you give,' said the other, 'to my ally, Hardrada, the king of Norway?' 'Seven feet of English earth,' cried the other boldly; 'or, since he is taller than most men, he shall have a little more.' 'Ride back, ride back,' said Tostig, 'and tell Harold to prepare for battle. When the northmen tell the tale of this day, they shall never say that Tostig forsook Hardrada, the son of Sigurd.' The English earl knew that he had parleyed with his brother; but although sufficiently ready to slay him in the fair shock of battle, his rude sense of honour made him as incapable of hindering his safe departure, as of abandoning the cause of the king of Norway. The battle that ensued was long, fierce, and sanguinary, and even when the northmen were overpowered, their countrymen from the ships arrived, and renewed the combat. But at last the victory was decided in favour of Harold, by the death of Hardrada, Tostig, and every Norwegian chief of consequence, and the destruction of nearly the whole of their army. The fleet of the enemy also fell into the hands of the conqueror; but he generously permitted Olave, the son of Hardrada, to gather the mournful relics of the invaders, and depart with them in twenty-four ships to Norway.

This great battle, which was so glorious but fatal to England, was fought on the 25th of September, 1066, and four days after, during the rejoicings of the English, intelligence was brought to Harold that duke William of Normandy had landed without opposition on the coast of Sussex. The king, elated by his recent victory, hastened from York with his diminished forces, and, without waiting for reinforcements, determined to give battle to his formidable opponent. At London he showed a still greater infatuation, in weakening his army, by manning seven hundred ships to hinder the escape of William, so confident was he of success. Thus strangely did friend and enemy conspire to work out that event which was to put an end to the Saxon line, and to place the Norman dynasty upon the throne of England. The account of the memorable battle of Hastings, and the death of Harold, will be found fully detailed in the life of the Conqueror.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

This great founder of the dynasty of the Normans in England was the son of Robert, duke of Normandy, commonly called Robert the Devil, by a young girl of humble rank, named Harlotta, or, the well-beloved.* One day the duke, as he returned from the chase, saw this maiden washing linen in a brook, with her companions, near Falaise; and being smitten with her beauty, he determined to make her his mistress. For this purpose he sent proposals to her father, who was a tanner, by one of his most discreet knights. The tanner was unwilling to grant, but afraid to refuse, the wishes of his lord; and in this perplexity he sent to his brother, who was a hermit, to have his scruples resolved. The answer of the holy man was, that the will of a powerful man should be done in all things; upon which Harlotta was given up to the will of duke Robert, and became the mother of William. The infant was cherished as if he had been the son of a wife; and when he was only seven years old, his father resolved, according to the prevalent fashion, to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, for the remission of his sins. The idea of this journey, however, dismayed the Norman chiefs, who represented to the duke, that it was not well to leave them without a chief; upon which he answered, 'By my faith, sirs, ye say well: here I have a little bastard, who, please God, will grow bigger: choose him for your duke, and I will appoint him my successor.' The Normans relished the proposal, because they found it convenient; and they placed their palms between the hands of the boy, according to the northern fashion, and swore that they would be his men; after which ceremony duke Robert departed. He never returned, and therefore William, even from his early years, was involved in continual wars against those who envied his good fortune, or objected to his illegitimacy. But the youth, by the aid of the king of France, triumphed over all opposition, and as he grew to manhood, he exhibited

* The English, in their hatred of every thing pertaining to the Conqueror, soon changed this name into one of very different meaning.

a character which his fiercest maligners were compelled to respect. He was one of the strongest and bravest men which that warlike age had produced ; his military skill was superior to that of any contemporary ; and his political sagacity, sharpened and matured by the troubles of his youth, enabled him to succeed in those great enterprises where military qualities alone would have been of little avail.

Mention has already been made of the relationship that subsisted between William and Edward the Confessor, and the visit which the former made to the English court. So much was the Norman's hope excited from these circumstances, of becoming one day king of England, that some historians have actually imagined that a secret compact to this effect had been ratified betwixt him and Edward. When Harold was so shamefully circumvented at the court of Normandy, as has been already described, the hopes of William must have been greatly strengthened, and, therefore, it was with astonishment and chagrin that he received tidings of the coronation of his rival. He was trying a new bow and arrows in his park, near Rouen, when the news arrived, upon which he immediately repaired to the city, entered his palace, and walked to and fro in great agitation. His attendants were eager to know the cause of this disquietude, and interrogated the duke's favourite officer ; but as he was equally ignorant, he repaired to his master for information. When he had heard the cause, he comforted William with these words : ' Do not be angry about what cannot be amended : for Edward's death there can be no remedy, but for Harold's wrong there is. Yours is the good right—yours are the good soldiers. Undertake boldly ; what is boldly undertaken is half accomplished.' William, in the first instance, tried the effect of negotiation, and sent a messenger to Harold, to remind him of his oath. He was not so ignorant as to imagine that, from such an argument, Harold would descend from his throne, and comply with the conditions of the treaty ; but from the refusal which he anticipated, he perhaps hoped to make the new king odious in the eyes of all superstitious men, and thus to vindicate the contemplated invasion of England. Harold, with some show of justice, replied, that he had sworn upon compulsion, and,

therefore, was free of the oath. As for the royal office, he had received it from the country, and by the same authority only he would lay it down again. 'I cannot take a foreign wife,' he added, 'without the same permission; and as for my sister, whom he claims, to marry her to one of his chiefs, she has been dead within the year: would he have me send her corpse?' William afterwards demanded that Harold should, at least, marry his daughter; but the latter, who perhaps thought that the recognition of this part of the treaty would be an acknowledgment of the whole, returned a positive denial, and soon after he terminated all farther negotiation by marrying a Saxon lady, the sister of Edwin and Morcar, the two powerful chiefs of Northumbria and Mercia.

The only arbitration of the quarrel that now remained was by the sword, and a parliament of the Norman chiefs was assembled, to supply their liege with the means of vindicating his claim to England. A stormy debate followed, for the Normans were as yet a free people; and they thought it enough to pay their feudal dues, without helping their duke to foreign conquests. They also thought that their own liberties would be compromised if William obtained the crown of England. They therefore appointed for their representative William Fitz-Osbert, to announce and excuse to the duke their inability to aid him in the invasion; but Fitz-Osbert, when he appeared before William, instead of delivering their sentiments faithfully, used a wholly different language: 'You know,' he said, 'the helps they have furnished, and the great services they have done you: well, they now wish to do more; they wish to serve you on the other side of the sea, as well as on this. Go on, and spare nothing that they can do; he who has furnished you with two good horsemen, will be at the expense of double that number.' 'No, no!' cried the astonished Normans, who followed Fitz-Osbert, 'we did not bid you carry such an answer. It cannot be!—it cannot be!' The wrath of the members every moment becoming louder and warmer, at last threatened a tumult, and William dismissed the assembly. He now adopted a practice which was used some centuries afterwards in England, by his descendants, when they encountered a similar opposition. He called the chiefs one

by one into his presence, and by soft words, and many promises, overcame their opposition ; for separately, every one was either won over by his flattery, or afraid to oppose his lord. In this way, ships, men, and military stores, poured in from every quarter of Normandy ; but as these were still far from being sufficient for the conquest of such a country as England, William published his proclamation of war in all the neighbouring lands, with the promise of pay and plunder to every soldier who would join him. ‘Then,’ says the Norman Chronicle, ‘a multitude came by all roads, from far and near—from the south and from the north—from Maine and from Anjou, from Poitou and from Brittany, from the French country and from Flanders, from Aquitaine and from Burgundy, from Piedmont and from the banks of the Rhine.’ Of this motley but formidable host of adventurers, some asked regular pay, others whatever plunder they could win ; some were eager for lands, houses, or castles in England, while others limited their modest wishes to some rich English bride. William rejected none, and gratified all with promises. While he thus received military aid from every quarter, the church was not idle. It was thought, according to the policy of Rome, that a usurper would be more subservient to ghostly authority than a lawful king, and therefore the pope, Alexander II., espoused the cause of William. Harold was proclaimed by the pontiff a perjured person, and a traitor, and the duke of Normandy the lawful sovereign of the country. A bull also was sent to the Norman granting him authority to take possession of England ; and with the bull, was a consecrated standard, and a ring containing, within a rich diamond, a hair from the head of St. Peter. William, thus furnished with all kinds of right, according to the opinion of the times, hastened his preparations during the whole of the spring and summer. The place of meeting for the ships and warriors was at the mouth of the Dive, but when all was ready, the fleet was detained for a month in port, by contrary winds, and the men, little knowing that all this delay was indispensable to the success of their expedition, broke into indignant murmurs. ‘That man,’ they cried, ‘is foolish, he is very foolish, who seeks to possess himself of another man’s land : God is angry at such designs, and shows

his displeasure by refusing us a fair wind.' William attempted to soothe them by adding strong liquors to their provisions, and causing the relics of St. Valery to be carried in procession through the camp. On the next night the wind changed, and the whole fleet, consisting of about three thousand vessels, left the port on the following morning. On the next day the ship of William, which led the van, had far outsailed the rest, so that he was obliged to cast anchor, and wait their coming up. On the 28th of September, 1066, the whole armament landed unopposed at Pevensey, near Hastings, just three days after Harold's victory over the Norwegians. William was the last man of the army who stepped on shore, in doing which he stumbled, and fell on his face. His followers began to murmur at the evil omen, but William, who had started immediately to his feet, showed them his hands filled with mud. 'What is the matter?' he gaily exclaimed; 'I have taken seisin of this land; and, by the splendour of God, so far as it extends, it is mine—it is yours.' The army marched towards Hastings, near which an encampment was drawn out; and three wooden castles, that had been brought over in pieces, were set up, and victualled, that they might serve as a retreat, or rallying point, in case of emergency.

In the mean time Harold, who was at York, and still smarting with his wounds, no sooner heard of the arrival of the duke, than he hoped to surprise him, as he had done Hardrada, by a sudden onset; he, therefore, made such hasty marches, that he was at hand long before William could have expected his coming. But the Norman army was defended by strong and numerous outposts, and these falling back as Harold advanced, gave timely notice of his approach. The English king, therefore, altered his plan, and halted within seven miles of the enemy's camp, where he entrenched himself behind palisades and ditches. He then sent spies to survey the Norman encampment, who, on their return, declared, with astonishment, that there were more priests in the army of William than soldiers in their own. It was the fashion of the Normans to shave their beards, and cut their hair close in the form of a clerical tonsure, leaving only the moustaches; while the English, on the contrary, let their hair and beards grow to

their full length. Harold smiled at the mistake, and replied, 'Those whom you have seen are not priests, but good soldiers, and they will make us feel what they are.' William now renewed his negotiations, giving Harold the choice of three alternatives: these were, to resign his crown in favour of William—to refer the question to the arbitration of the pope—or decide which of the two should be king by the issue of a single combat; but to all these proposals Harold gave an abrupt refusal. William again sent his messenger with the offer, that all the country beyond the Humber should be left to Harold, if he would acknowledge the other's claim, 'otherwise,' added the duke, 'tell him before all his people, that he is a perjurer, and a liar; that he and all his supporters are excommunicated, and that the bull to that effect is in my possession.' When the message was delivered, the English started at the word *excommunication*, and looked at each other in silence. But when they remembered that the Norman had already parcelled out their houses and lands among his followers, they determined to fight stoutly, and conquer or die in their defence. On the night that preceded the battle the foreign priests and monks, who had followed the army of William in multitudes, in the hope of booty and promotion, uttered prayers and chanted litanies for the morrow's success, shrived the soldiers, and administered the sacrament; after which there was a solemn silence for the night. But in the English camp it was far otherwise. There, the soldiers passed the interval in military glee, shouting, singing their national songs, and quaffing huge horns of ale and wine, like men preparing for victory, or, at least, determined to enjoy their last hours in mirth and revelry.

At length the day dawned—the day so pathetically bewailed in the ancient chronicles of England as being 'so deadly, so bitter, and so stained with the blood of the brave.' On the morning, the bishop of Bayeux, the son of William's mother by a citizen of Falaise, celebrated mass in the Norman camp, with a rocket over his armour; after which he threw aside his clerical vestment, mounted a war-horse, and marshalled his brigade upon cavalry with a truncheon. William was mounted upon a Spanish steed; the holiest of the relics upon which Harold had sworn, were suspended from

his neck in a casket, while by his side rode Toustain the Fair, bearing aloft the banner that had been blessed by the pope; and when the soldiers were prepared for battle, he thus addressed them: 'Remember to fight well, and put all to death; for if we conquer, we shall all be rich. What I gain, you will gain; if I conquer, you will conquer also; if I take the land, you will have it. Know ye also that I have not come hither merely to obtain my right; but also to avenge our whole race for the perjuries and treacheries of these English. They murdered our kinsmen the Danes, men and women, on the night of good St. Bryce. They decimated the companions of my kinsman Alfred, and took his life. Forward then, and with God's help let us punish them for these iniquities!' The Norman army then set up a shout, and advanced within arrow-shot of the English, who were strongly posted behind their palisades and trenches; the numerous archers and cross-bow men of the invaders sent a shower of arrows among their antagonists, most of which were deadened by the breastwork, and a furious charge of Norman cavalry and foot succeeded, who endeavoured to force the redoubts. But the English, who were on foot, and in a solid, compact mass around their standard, received the onset with their ponderous battle-axes, which, wielded with both hands, shattered the long spears of the enemy, and hewed their shields and hauberks asunder. The Normans struggled desperately to tear up the palisades, and make good their entrance; but, exhausted and unsuccessful, they were driven back upon the division which William commanded. The duke then ordered his archers to advance again, and instead of shooting with a level aim, to discharge their arrows with their utmost force into the air, that they might fall upon the heads of the English; this was done, and the deadly shower wounded many in the face. Harold himself lost an eye by an arrow, but he still continued to fight, and give directions with undaunted vigour. Another terrible attack of horse and foot was now directed, like a tempest, against the entrenchments, and the Normans came on with the cry of 'Our Lady to help! God be our help!' But they were encountered by the English, who shouted, 'God's rood! Christ's rood!' while their axes did such fearful execution, that their enemies were driven back to a great ravine, into

which horses and men tumbled pell-mell, and many were slain or smothered. Confusion now spread through the ranks of the Normans; the cry arose that William himself had been slain, and whole ranks began to fly at the alarm. The duke immediately threw himself before the fugitives, shouting, and striking them with his lance. 'Here I am,' he cried—'look at me—I live, and will conquer with God's help.' Again his splendid cavalry returned and charged up to the redoubts, but the close phalanx and indomitable valour of the English made this onset as ineffectual as the former. The duke now resolved to allure the enemy from their defences, and for this purpose he ordered a thousand horse to advance, as if for an attack, and then suddenly to turn round with an appearance of flight. The stratagem succeeded. The English, eager to pursue, slung their heavy battle-axes round their necks, and rushed from their entrenchments; but they were instantly assaulted on all sides by horse and foot, with spears and swords and arrows; their ranks were broken asunder and exterminated in detail, and the entrances to their camp being now undefended, the Normans entered pell-mell among the fugitives. All beyond this was a hopeless, but terrible death-struggle on the part of the English: they now grappled hand to hand with the enemy in the fury of despair. William had his horse killed under him; but Harold, who had gallantly fought in front of the men of Kent from morning till evening, fell dead at the foot of his standard, while his two brave brothers, Gurth and Leofwin, perished by his side. The banner was then plucked from the ground, the consecrated standard was planted in its room, and the English, who prolonged the conflict till it was so dark that they could only recognise each other by speech, sought safety in flight. The Normans ventured to pursue, but in many instances the English turned upon them, and inflicted a severe though unavailing vengeance for the slaughter of their countrymen. The invaders passed the night on the field of battle, and at sunrise William caused the roll to be called of the names of those chiefs who had followed him across the sea. But multitudes did not answer: they lay among the dying or the dead. The English wives, mothers, and children, wandered over the field, in quest of their kindred, after having implored permission of the conquerors.

The monks of Waltham also came to search for the body of Harold, and having paid ten marks of gold to William for permission, they sought over the ground, but in vain—for the corpse had been so much mutilated with wounds, that they were unable to recognise it. It is said, that in this extremity they had recourse to Editha, surnamed the swan-necked, who had lived with Harold as his mistress before he became king, and that her affection enabled her at last to discover the defaced body of the man she had loved.

William, instead of advancing towards London, after this decisive victory, fell back upon Hastings, where he waited for some time, in the hope that the people would make a voluntary submission. But no one came to him; and after having received reinforcements from Normandy, he proceeded to ravage the coast, and destroy the town of Romney. The conqueror well knew that the real strength of England, so far from being prostrated, was but slightly injured by the battle of Hastings, and he therefore advanced with slow and cautious steps. From Romney he proceeded to Dover, the fortress of which he took and garrisoned; and after passing eight days there, he began his march towards London; and passed through the county of Kent. Surrey, Sussex, and Hants, were in like manner traversed, while the path of the Normans was indicated by burning villages, and their massacred inhabitants. But in the capital there was still no word of surrender; on the contrary, forces were raised that would have stood a fiercer conflict than that of Hastings, had Harold still lived, or even left a successor to command them. But unfortunately that spirit of division—that curse of ancient England through which every enemy successively triumphed, prevailed on this critical occasion. The brave brothers of Harold had died by his side; his sons were too young to head the English; and in this difficulty, Edgar the Atheling,* a nephew of the Confessor, a weak young man, whose claims had scarcely been thought of when Harold was elected, was dragged from his obscurity, and after much time lost in useless debating, he was proclaimed king of England. Edwin and Morcar, the brothers-in-law of the late monarch, were indignant at this choice; and as they

* Atheling or Ætheling means *illustrious*.

were by far the most powerful of the English chieftains, instead of heading the national resistance against William, as they agreed to do, they retired to their governments with their numerous followers, thinking they could defend the north of England, even if the rest should be conquered. Amidst all this selfishness and vacillation, the course of William was unchecked, so that he advanced upon London ; but finding himself still not strong enough to venture upon a siege, he encamped at Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire, and cut off all supplies from the metropolis. London at last was starved into surrender, and a deputation of the chief nobles and prelates, with the Atheling at their head, repaired to William with offers of submission and allegiance. Next day, the duke in consequence broke up his encampment, and marched towards the metropolis ; but instead of entering it, he fortified himself without the city, and erected a fortress, on the spot where the Tower now stands. His coronation was fixed to take place at Christmas, which was only a few days after, and even upon this solemn occasion, an event occurred that was ominous of a reign of blood. The new abbey of Westminster, in which the victor was to be crowned, was filled with two hundred and sixty of his bravest chiefs, a numerous throng of priests, and many of the English nobles and prelates, who had been persuaded to form a part in the pageant ; and when both Normans and English had expressed their assent that William should be king of England, all raised a joyous shout, indicating the heartiness of their choice. But the foreign cavalry stationed near the abbey being startled at the din, and supposing or pretending that this was the signal of insurrection, begun to fire the neighbouring houses, whilst others rushed to the abbey with drawn swords, to rescue the duke. Those within the building, Normans as well as English, were terrified at the sounds of this sudden tumult, and hurriedly fled from the scene, while William, trembling in every limb, was left with the archbishop of York, and a few terrified priests. Under these circumstances, the ceremonies of the coronation were hurried over as rapidly as possible ; and the new sovereign, in addition to the usual oaths of the English kings, added, of his own accord, that he would treat the people as well as the best of their kings had done. William's first measures, after this

event, were marked by a show of great moderation. Edwin, Morcar, and the chief nobles of England, were left in undisturbed possession of their estates and offices; Edgar Atheling was cherished as a peculiar favourite; and in a progress which William made through such parts of England as were now his own, he every where studied to conciliate the people by the affability and justice of his proceedings. The land was yet far from being conquered; the eastern and western coasts, and the midland counties, were still untouched, and in the event of a revolt, might have crushed his unconfirmed sovereignty. But this promising state of matters soon changed. When the land had been bridled in every direction with fortresses, which was done in the course of a few months, England was then made to feel the bitter fruits of the conquest. And first an enormous war-tribute was imposed upon the people; and afterwards the estates of those Englishmen who had fallen at Hastings, were conferred upon the Norman warriors. Then followed the lands of those who had survived the conflict; and lastly, those men who had taken no share in the battle, were stripped of their possessions, because they had *intended* to resist the Normans. And now the promises which William had so largely made both to his Norman subjects and foreign auxiliaries, were executed to the full, and lordship-tenures, castles, and estates, were bestowed upon captains, while those who had stipulated for Saxon brides received the well-dowried widows of those Englishmen who had fallen in the battle. The church property, too, was doomed to similar spoliation, and the swarms of monks and priests who had accompanied William's army were gratified with rich bishoprics and monasteries. 'Low-born squires, and filthy vagabonds,' say the English writers of this period, 'disposed at their will of young women of the best families, leaving them to weep, and wish for death. Infatuated wretches! they wondered at their deeds, and went mad with pride and astonishment, at finding themselves so powerful, and having servants with greater wealth than their fathers had ever possessed. Whatever they willed, they thought they had the right to do; and they shed blood in wantonness, snatched the last morsel from the mouths of the unfortunate, and seized every thing—money, goods, and land.'

Six months after William had landed at Pevensey, he set sail from the same port, for the purpose of visiting his native Normandy. Historians have been unable to account for this movement; the common supposition is, that he purposely absented himself, in the hope that his soldiers, unrestrained by his presence, would madden the English into rebellion, and thus justify his future oppressions. He took with him, besides his Normans, a multitude of the English nobles, and on arriving in Normandy, his own subjects and the French were dazzled with the display of the rich spoils of the conquest; and while all thronged to congratulate him, none were dismissed unrewarded. If William's intention had been to goad the English into rebellion during his absence, his choice of viceroys was well fitted for the purpose:—these were Odo, the proud bishop of Bayeux, who had borne a distinguished share in the victory of Hastings, and William Fitz-Osbert, the seneschal of Normandy, of whom mention has been already made. These men so much exceeded the oppression even of William himself, that the English, in despair, had recourse to an old enemy, to deliver them. They accordingly sent to that Eustace, count of Boulogne, who had made such havoc in Dover during the reign of the Confessor; but now he was only remembered as the relation of king Edward, and the enemy of William, besides being a brave and skilful warrior. Eustace readily embarked at the summons, and landed with a powerful force; but in attempting to surprise Dover castle, his second adventure at this quarter was more untoward than the first. The Norman garrison made a stout resistance, and a false alarm being raised that Odo was coming in full force to its relief, Eustace retreated so hurriedly to his shipping, that many of his followers, in their haste, fell from the cliffs and perished. This insurrectionary movement was but a prelude to others, that began to extend through all the parts of England that were still unsubdued: upon which William, finding the time ripe for his return, embarked at Dieppe, in December (1067), and came to England. In London, he soothed the people with proclamations, and by his promises of preserving the laws of the Confessor inviolate he separated the peaceful English from the insurgents; after which, he set off to subdue the unconquered provinces. Exeter fell, chiefly

through the cowardice or treachery of the English leaders, after a brave resistance; Devonshire was then reduced to subjection; and soon afterwards, the wastes of Somerset and Gloucester were conquered, and parcelled out among the Normans. The northern provinces still remained free, and thither multitudes of the persecuted natives repaired for shelter from every part of England; while Edwin and Morcar, having formed an alliance with the Welsh, resolved to maintain the national independence over the country beyond the Humber, with the city of York for its chief bulwark. In the mean time William continued his progress of conquest, and the towns of Oxford, Warwick, Leicester, Derby, Nottingham, and Lincoln, fell into his hands. On the last of these captures, the Norman army advanced to the debateable land, and after overwhelming the confederated English and Welsh by superiority of numbers, they stormed the city of York, and put all the inhabitants to the sword. A strong Norman garrison was then placed in the city, while the dispirited patriots retired before the conquerors, or fled for refuge to Scotland. York, however, continued to be the advanced post of the conquest for a considerable time, and a post of uncertain tenure, until William threw forward a strong force under Robert Comine, to extend his line as far as Durham. The Norman leader marched unopposed; he even entered Durham, and took up his quarters in the midst of fancied security. But at night, the banks of the Tyne and the neighbouring heights were lighted with watch-fires, by which the men of Northumberland were assembled, and at day-break they burst into the town, and assailed their enemies from every quarter. The surprised Normans made a desperate resistance in the streets, of the turnings and intricacies of which they were ignorant, and among the burning houses, that were fired over their heads; but at last the conflict ended in the death of Comine, with 1200 men-at-arms, and at least five times that amount of foot-soldiers and attendants. This blow struck such terror into the Normans, that a larger force, which was sent to revenge the slain, stopped short half-way between York and Durham, and refused to proceed. The English declared that good Saint Cuthbert had benumbed them with supernatural terrors, in defence of his favourite city that contained his relics and his tomb.

Amidst the strange mutations of fortune, those who had been the fiercest enemies, were now considered the chief hopes of the English. After this last exploit of the hardy inhabitants of the Danelagh, a fleet of two hundred and fifty ships, under the command of two sons and a brother of Sweyn, king of Denmark, came to attempt the deliverance of England, for the sake of their kinsmen of Northumbria. But the coast was more strongly guarded now than in the days of their fathers, so that they were beaten off by the Normans from every point at which they attempted a landing. They then entered the mouth of the Humber, where they were welcomed and joined by multitudes of the English, and all pressed forward to York, the siege of which they immediately commenced. On the eighth day of the siege, the Norman garrison, apprehensive that the suburban houses would be used by the English and Danes for filling up the trenches, imprudently set fire to them; the flames communicated to the town, and opened a way for the besiegers, who carried the place, and slaughtered several thousands of the Normans; after which, the fortifications were razed to the ground. Edgar the Atheling, who had fled to Scotland with the refugees, was now made king at York, and his sway extended over the whole country from the Humber to the Tweed. Thus England was at present divided into two kingdoms, with two rival and independent sovereigns. But it required no uncommon prescience to foretell which of them would be the victor. William swore a tremendous oath, that he would not rest until he had massacred all the Northumbrians; and he commenced preparations to accomplish his vow. He first tampered with the Danish leader, whose departure from England he purchased with a large sum; he then so effectually cajoled the English of the conquered districts, that they were persuaded to remain neuter in the approaching contest; and having thus deprived the insurgents of every ally, he suddenly appeared before York with a large army, just as the Danish fleet had taken its departure. York was taken after a terrible slaughter of the English, and Edgar Atheling, with all who survived the storm, fled to the court of Malcolm Canmore. William now fulfilled his vow with remorseless fidelity, for Northumbria was laid waste, and converted into a desert, and the inhabitants were

massacred without distinction of age or sex. Cumberland and Westmoreland after this period were conquered, and occupied by William's captains, and the English leaders, who had struggled to the last, were now obliged to acknowledge the hopelessness of resistance. Waltheof, Gospatric, Morcar, Edwin, and even Edgar himself, the last of the royal Saxon line, and the darling of the English, threw aside their swords in despair, and swore fealty to the Conqueror. The only relic of English independence was the town of Chester, and its surrounding district, which as yet had remained unvisited by the Norman soldiery; but even this small portion was speedily annexed to the conquest. William crossed the chain of hills that extends from south to north by ways hitherto reckoned impracticable for cavalry, and after surmounting such difficulties, Chester easily fell into his hands. Thus, by the year 1071, the whole of England from the Tweed to the Land's End, and from the English Channel to the Severn, was reduced to the Norman yoke. And miserable was now the condition of the wretched English. The lands and possessions which they had inherited from a long line of illustrious ancestry were given to the counts and knights who had aided in the conquest, so that while base foreigners and men of low degree were suddenly elevated into rank and wealth, the lords of the soil were converted into serfs, and their wives and daughters became the degraded menials of the victors. And still it was useless for the sufferers to complain, for William either would not or dared not check those oppressors, upon whose swords he still depended for the secure possession of England. All therefore who preferred expatriation to bondage, and who still possessed the means of escape, fled to Wales, to Scotland, or the Continent; and a large body of English, under the conduct of Siward, emigrated to Constantinople, where, having offered their services to the Greek emperor Alexis, they were enrolled as his body guards, under the name of Varangis, and gained a high name for fidelity and valour. Many others of the dispossessed retired with their dependants into the forests, and under the name of Outlaws subsisted upon the plunder of the Normans, which had once been their own property. In this way, numerous bands arose in the 'gay greenwood' of merry England—men who spoiled the rich Normans, and shared

the booty with the famishing Englishmen. These outlaws, although they were called robbers by the tyrants, were dear to the recollections of the English, so that such men as Robin Hood received a celebrity equal to that of the great national heroes. As yet there was also a little camp at Ely, where Hereward le Wake had established a sanctuary for the few remains of English freedom; and to this place many repaired who felt the dominion of the foreigners intolerable, and thought it better to die resisting, than to linger out their lives in bondage. But this last hope of the English was destroyed by the capture of Ely, and the surrender of Hereward, after which William crossed the Tweed, and pursued the English who had taken shelter in Scotland, with the hope of still making head against their enemy. Malcolm Canmore was too weak to resist this invasion, and he accordingly agreed to abandon the cause of the English exiles, and live in alliance with the Conqueror.

When thus all fear of resistance was at an end, William once more crossed the sea, to take possession of Maine, which had been bequeathed to him by the late Count of that province; and, to enforce his claim, he carried with him an army of Englishmen, whom he had persuaded to march under his banner. These men, in the bitterness of their hearts, considered the inhabitants of Maine as Normans, from the similarity of their language; and in this idea, as soon as the resistance of the province commenced, they wasted the country with fire and sword, until they made it as wretched as England itself. But while William was warring successfully abroad, a conspiracy was forming in England, that threatened the loss of all his acquisitions. Roger, lord of Hereford, the youngest son of that Fitz-Osbert who had incited William to the conquest of England, had contracted a marriage for his sister with the earl of Norfolk; but this alliance displeased the king, and he sent an order from Normandy that the agreement should be annulled. But the son of Fitz-Osbert, setting this prohibition at nought, assembled a large party of Normans, Saxons, and Welsh, at the town of Norwich, to grace the marriage festival. There the wine flowed freely, and the heated guests began to speak indignantly of William's mandate, till from this topic they soon proceeded to more general grievances. The Nor-

mans branded their lord as a bastard unworthy to bear rule, and a tyrant to those who had helped him to his throne; the Bretons charged him with poisoning their beloved count Conan; the Saxons proclaimed him a usurper, who had put their lords to death, or driven them into banishment; and all at last agreed, that the ruin of their common enemy would be a most desirable event. Normans and Saxons were now inspired with one feeling of hatred against the Conqueror, and a conspiracy was formed by both parties to exclude him from the throne of England. Waltheof, of Northumbria, who had been reconciled to William, and had received the hand of Judith, the king's niece, became the head of the English party in this conspiracy, and agreed to join the lord of Hereford, and the Norman barons, with all the followers he could muster. But the good fortune of the absent William still prevailed. When Hereford had collected his forces, and set out to meet the other conspirators, he was completely checked in attempting the passage of the Severn by a strong army, chiefly composed of Englishmen, who were now ready to fight in the cause of William. In another quarter, the earl of Norfolk, the most aggrieved of the conspirators, who had assembled an army chiefly consisting of English soldiers, was attacked and completely defeated at Fagadon, by Odo, bishop of Bayeux; and the conquerors cut off the right foot of every one of their prisoners, whether English or Norman. After these events, William returned to England to pass judgment upon the conspirators. Norfolk, who had fled the kingdom, was deprived of all his English possessions, and Hereford, who was a prisoner, was condemned to lose all his lands, and be confined for life in one of the royal fortresses. The fate of this person, to whose father William was so greatly indebted, is of peculiar interest. Upon an Easter, William sent the captive a splendid suit of raiment, according to the custom of the Norman court, as if he had been still free; but Roger of Hereford having examined the rich apparel, piece by piece, ordered a fire to be made, into which he deliberately threw the whole present. 'By the splendour of God,' cried the king, when he heard how his gift had been received, 'that man shall never more see the light of the sun.' The English exulted in the ruin of the son

and son-in-law of William Fitz-Osbert, the man from whom the Norman invasion had chiefly originated, and who was, therefore, accounted the main source of all their national miseries.

The fate of Waltheof, the son of the great Siward, the conqueror of Macbeth, and now the last hope of England, was of a still more melancholy description. Although he had been privy to the late conspiracy, he had not taken part in the rising, and therefore he was spared for the present. But his doom was not the less certain because it was delayed; and soon after (A. D. 1074), when a Danish fleet appeared upon the coast, without daring to hazard a descent, Waltheof was accused of having invited it to England. It was in vain that the earl repelled the accusation: the charge was supported by his shameless Norman wife, Judith, whom he had received as the pledge of the king's friendship. He was confined for nearly a year; and then, after a hurried trial, sentence of death was passed upon him, chiefly by those who coveted the three counties over which he ruled. So much, however, was he beloved by the English, that the sentence was executed in the town of Winchester, at the earliest dawn, while the inhabitants were still asleep; and the people, who were too late to save him, regarded his death as a martyrdom, and enrolled him among their saints. So perished the last chief of the English race by a Norman executioner. As for the infamous Judith, she was confirmed in the possession of all her murdered husband's extensive domains; but when she was about to choose for herself a second mate, one for the love of whom she was supposed to have sacrificed the virtuous Waltheof, she found that the king, her uncle, had anticipated her purpose. There was one Simon of Senlis, a brave soldier, but lame and ill-made, whom William intended to enrich with the widow and possessions of Waltheof; but when the lady heard of this purpose, she treated both it and the proposed partner with immeasurable disdain. William, indignant at her refusal, deprived her of all her husband's estates, with which he endowed Simon of Senlis, upon the easier tenure of furnishing shoes for the king's horses; while Judith, suddenly reduced to poverty, lingered out her life for years, amidst the scorn and abhorrence of all parties.

William had now conquered England, tamed the Welsh, and suppressed the Scots; but it was amidst all this power and prosperity that circumstances arose by which the rest of his life was to be embittered. On his first departure from Normandy, his hopes of winning England had been so strong, that he had promised the succession of the duchy to his eldest son Robert, to the great satisfaction of the inhabitants; but when the kingdom of England was fully won, William showed no inclination to relinquish his Norman possessions, although Robert was now grown to man's estate; and the young prince, who was brave, high-spirited, and ambitious, on demanding the promised dukedom of his father, received this homely and decisive reply—'Son, I do not purpose to throw off my clothes till I go to bed.' The disappointed Robert digested this answer in moody silence, until a trivial circumstance produced the crisis. One day, when William and his nobles were staying in the town of L'Aigle, in Normandy, the two younger sons of the king took possession of Robert's lodging, and as he was passing in the court below, they threw a bason of water upon his head, in thoughtless sport. The prince, in a rage at what he considered a premeditated insult, drew his sword, and ran up stairs, vowing a bloody revenge upon his brothers, and the king had much difficulty in calming the tumult. Robert indignantly left the court the same night, crossed the border of Normandy, and found refuge with his father's enemies; but, after a short period, he was persuaded to return by the solicitations of his mother. But the discontented followers of William rallied round the young prince, and stirred him up against the king, whom they represented as an avaricious old man, resolved to keep all within his own grasp; and instigated by these evil counsellors, Robert again demanded the dukedom of Normandy, which was still refused, with the admonition to dismiss his associates, and adopt the good and wise archbishop Lanfranc for his adviser. 'Father,' cried the youth fiercely, at this advice, 'I came to demand my right, and not to hear you preach: I had homilies in plenty, and long ones too, when I was learning my grammar.' He repeated his question, whether he should be allowed the duchy of Normandy, or, at least, an independent government over some part

of England ; but when William peremptorily answered, ' that he would neither resign his own patrimonial territory, nor yet a portion of his hard-won conquest,' the prince finally exclaimed, ' Well, I will go and become a soldier among strangers : from them perhaps I shall obtain the justice which my father refuses.' He immediately flung away from the royal presence, and began to execute his threats, wandering from county to county, and from province to province, every where complaining of his wrongs. After some time had been spent in this kind of errantry, his cause was espoused by Philip, the king of France, who established Robert in the castle of Gerberoy, upon the borders of Normandy. Adventurers, who lived by the lance and sword, now flocked to the prince, as they had flocked in former years to his father, while throngs of Normans, the friends of William, and even many of his own household, repaired to Gerberoy, and swore allegiance to Robert. This act of desertion cut the Conqueror to the heart, and aggravated the guilt of his son. ' The traitor !' he exclaimed—' he has seduced my men—my own scholars, whom I taught to fight ; whom I fed with my bread, and clothed with knightly armour.'

The most active measures were now required, to save Normandy from falling into the hands of Robert and the French king ; but amidst the general treachery that prevailed, William was obliged to raise an English army, to make war upon his rebellious son. He crossed the channel with his usual activity, and invested the castle of Gerberoy ; but the siege was protracted, in consequence of the stubborn resistance of the garrison, and many of his soldiers were killed in various sorties. Upon one of these occasions an incident occurred that reminds us of the romantic character of the age. Robert, who was a gallant knight, happened, in the heat of conflict, to engage a warrior of the other party. Both combatants were equally strong and determined, and both completely concealed in the panoply which they wore ; but after a fierce combat, the prince wounded and unhorsed his antagonist. The fallen knight shouted to his companions for aid, and Robert discovered from the voice, that it was his father he had overthrown. He dismounted immediately, raised his parent, and craved pardon upon his knees, with tears, at the same

time supplying him with his own horse ; but William, unmoved by this penitence, discharged a bitter curse upon his son's head, and rode off. The king was obliged to raise the siege, and retire to Rouen. Here however his wife, his friends, and the Norman bishops, laboured to procure a reconciliation between him and the prince, and after long importunity he gave a reluctant assent. Robert was admitted into the royal presence, where he asked pardon upon his knees, after which he accompanied the king to England. But no return of affection was manifested upon the part of the iron-hearted William ; and Robert, suspicious that the reconciliation was insincere, fled for the third time, followed by the curses of his father, whom he never saw again.

Domestic calamities still continued to imbitter the last years of the Conqueror, notwithstanding the absence of his eldest son. Odo, bishop of Bayeux, William's uterine brother, who had fought so bravely at the battle of Hastings, and aided the work of the conquest, had been made earl of Kent, and was the most powerful subject in England ; but not content with this, he aspired at a separate dominion, by intriguing for the popedom. The king, who detected this conspiracy (A. D. 1082), arrested the warlike prelate, and imprisoned him in a dungeon in Normandy. Shortly after this affair, Matilda, the wife of the Conqueror, to whom he was fondly attached, paid the debt of nature ; and his sense of this bereavement was exhibited by increasing moroseness of temper, and deeper distrust of his captains and counsellors. As if the alienation and absence of his first-born had not also been sufficient, his two remaining sons, William and Henry, became jealous of each other, and brawled about the succession while their father was still alive. But the most tragical domestic affliction which William sustained, arose from one of his worst acts of oppression. Like the other rough, unlearned potentates of the period, he was so addicted to hunting, that he was said, by the English, to love the wild beasts of the chase as if he had been their father ; and to enjoy this sport in perfection, he had dispeopled and laid waste an immense portion of Hampshire, which was converted into a hunting ground, and stocked with all kinds of game. In this place, called the New Forest, his second son, Richard, while engaged in hunting, was gored to

death by a stag. The English annalists have exulted in this incident, as the first of a series of judgments inflicted in the same place upon the descendants of the tyrant, for such a wanton act of oppression.

The close of William's career was now at hand. The country called Vexin, situated between the Epte and the Oise, was ground equally claimed by Philip of France and the king of England; and the latter, who had crossed the sea with a large army, at the end of the year 1086, for the recovery of the disputed territory, first tried the effect of a negotiation with his rival. During the course of the treaty, William, who of late years had grown corpulent, notwithstanding his love of hunting, was confined to his bed with sickness; and Philip, upon this occasion, observed that his cousin of England was a long time lying-in, and no doubt would have a glorious churching when he had brought forth. This coarse joke stung William to the quick, and he swore by the splendour of God that he would hold his churching at Nôtre Dame, in Paris, with ten thousand lances instead of tapers. But, in spite of this boast, he was unable to rise till the end of July in the following year; and then he marched forward, burning and destroying the whole country, until he came to the town of Mantes, which he soon took, and ordered to be set on fire. The vindictive tyrant then rode up to the walls to feast his eyes with the conflagration; but his horse having stepped among some hot ashes, plunged with the pain, and William was sorely bruised by the pommel of the saddle—an accident which his gross habit of body made fatal. He soon felt that he must die, and therefore he caused himself to be carried to the monastery of St. Gervas, that he might make his end in a holy place, while priests and monks were summoned to his bedside to smooth his passage into eternity. He ordered the churches of Mantes which he had destroyed to be rebuilt; he appointed large sums of money to be sent to churches and monasteries in England; and caused his Norman and English captives to be set at liberty, some of whom had languished in prison for more than twenty years. A day or two before he died, there was a mustering and thronging of his sons and nobles to learn his will upon the succession. The still absent Robert was confirmed in the duchy of Normandy, and his son William was to

succeed him as king of England ; while to Henry, the youngest, he bequeathed five thousand pounds of silver. Prince William immediately left the couch of his dying father, and posted off to England ; while Henry departed at the same time, to weigh his silver, and provide himself with a strong chest to keep it safe. As soon as the forsaken father breathed his last sigh (which was on the 9th of September, 1087), the event was the signal for universal desertion—nobles, knights, priests, physicians, all fled from the lifeless clay to join in the new scramble for place and profit, while the servants, to fill up the measure of ingratitude, plundered the royal apartment of every thing it contained, and then fled like the rest, leaving the dead body lying almost naked upon the bare boards. At last, some of the priests, either through shame or charity, bethought them of the dead about three hours after ; but when arrangements were proposed about the burial, not one of all the kindred and friends of William was at hand to undertake the charges of this last office, until a poor knight of the neighbourhood undertook to bear them for good-will and the love of God. The body was then removed to Caen for sepulture ; but just as the procession had commenced, a sudden fire broke out in the town, and so many of the train ran to extinguish it, that only a few monks were left to follow the corpse. Even yet this terrible sermon to kings and conquerors was not ended. When at last the body had been carried to the grave, and the mass performed, just as the corpse was about to be lowered, a voice from the crowd exclaimed—‘ Hold ! this ground is mine : the dead king took it from me by violence, and in the name of God I forbid you to bury him in my glebe.’ The by-standers confirmed the man’s declarations, and sixty shillings were immediately paid for the grave. But when they proceeded to use it, they found that it had been made too narrow, a fault that could not now be repaired, as it was constructed of mason-work ; and in their hasty efforts to accomplish the act of burial, the body, which was without a coffin, burst asunder. The spectators and attendants fled in horror, and the priests, after a few maimed prayers and a plentiful burning of incense, hurried over the ceremony and fled with the rest.

The character of him who accomplished so important and permanent a conquest, and whose descendants still

occupy the throne of England, is worthy of attention. The Conqueror was of lofty stature, and possessed such strength that none but himself could bend his bow; he was unmatched in every warlike exercise, and there was a sternness in his countenance upon which few could look without awe. Without these qualities, it would have been impossible in such an iron age to obtain an ascendancy in society. But with these mere physical advantages, William, as we have seen from his actions, possessed a wonderful depth of political sagacity as well as military skill, that placed him beyond the competition of his age; so that his art in controlling and persuading men often made him victorious where arms would have failed. Still, however, it must be acknowledged, that few conquerors have owed more to fortune. In attempting the invasion of England, success or destruction was the only alternative; and the adventure depended upon numerous contingencies, a failure in the least of which would have ensured his overthrow.

William was also a devout man, according to the devotion inculcated in that age; so that, however busied he might be with deeds of fraud and massacre, he endowed monasteries, and heard mass every morning. But the energetic stand which he made against papal encroachment, was one of the few events in his history that merited the gratitude of England. Hildebrand, afterwards Gregory VII., one of the ablest of those who have filled the chair of St. Peter, imagined, that as the pope had sanctioned the Norman invasion, therefore England should be considered a fief of the Holy See. In this idea, he demanded of William, not only the payment of Peter's pence, but also feudal homage for the possession of the kingdom. The answer of William, at a time when kings and emperors were ready to hold the papal stirrup, was stern and decisive. The tax he was ready to pay, because it had been of long establishment; but as for the homage, no king of England had ever rendered it, and therefore he would not. This reply formed so inspiring an example to future English sovereigns, that they held out against this ghostly tyranny when other monarchs had succumbed, and thereby they paved the way for that glorious Reformation by which England became completely free.

HEREWARD LE WAKE.

We gladly turn from the example of successful ambition, exhibited in the history of William the Conqueror, to one of generous and devoted, though unsuccessful, patriotism, as illustrated in the life of Hereward le Wake. This gallant hero, who so bravely resisted the Norman usurpation, and whose name was for ages so fondly cherished by his countrymen, only needed more ample means to have become the Bruce or the Tell of his enslaved country.

Hereward was the son of Leofric, lord of Brunne, in Lincolnshire, a nobleman of warlike reputation; and in his boyish days, which were passed under the reign of Edward the Confessor, he exhibited such traits of character as were frequently deemed essential for heroes in that early age. He was distinguished beyond his contemporaries for strength, stature, and beauty; he delighted in all active and military exercises; and such was his enthusiasm for superiority, that he often drew his sword upon those whom he was unable to overcome in sportive conflicts. On account of this ferocity, the youths of his own age dreaded and shunned him; and, in consequence of their loud complaints, Leofric, his father, went to the court of Edward, and procured an order for Hereward's banishment from England. Upon this, the young Anglo-Saxon, in the true spirit of the period, set off in quest of adventures, in the course of which he visited Ireland, and afterwards Flanders. As conflicts were in abundance wherever he came, he never failed to be a partaker; and such was the bravery he displayed on every occasion, that his name was widely lauded as a hardy and successful warrior. At length, he married in Flanders a noble lady called Turfrida, by whom he had a daughter; and as his deeds of prowess were now the chief subjects of English songs, the dislike of his parents, friends, and kindred, which had formerly been so strong against him, was exchanged for the most ardent affection.

It was during this interval that the events of the Norman conquest took place, and many of the English amidst their miseries turned a longing eye towards

Flanders, the residence of their favourite hero. Several of the emigrants fled to him, and informed him not only of the general sufferings, but also that his father was dead, that his paternal property had become the spoil of a Norman nobleman, and that his aged mother was driven out and exposed to the insults of the domineering strangers. Hereward, at these tidings, returned to England in secret, mustered a band of his friends, and inflicted a terrible retaliation upon those who had invaded his inheritance and insulted his mother. As he had thus boldly proclaimed war against the enemy, it was necessary to continue it in self-defence; he therefore carried on a flying warfare in the neighbourhood of his residence, and defeated several strong bands of the Norman knights and noblemen that ventured to oppose him. These deeds delighted the English insurgents who had taken shelter in the islands of Ely and Thorney, so that they invited the successful adventurer to become their leader. Hereward acceded to their request, and repaired to their place of refuge with his followers; but before he could assume so important a command, it was necessary that he should receive the order of knighthood, with which he had not yet been invested. He therefore obtained this honour according to the institutions of Anglo-Saxon chivalry. He repaired to the abbey of Peterborough, in the neighbourhood of the isle of Ely, where his uncle Brand, the abbot, confessed and absolved him; after which he passed a night of vigil in the church, and on the morning heard mass, and laid his sword upon the altar, where it was blessed by the priest, and solemnly bound round his neck with sacred benedictions. Thus Hereward le Wake, in the language of his countrymen, was made a 'legitimate soldier,' and privileged to command in any rank. This religious form of investment was sneered at by the haughty Normans, who declared that no man whose sword had been girt by a long-gowned priest could be a true knight.

The abbot Brand died a short time after this event, and thus escaped the punishment with which he would have been visited for having knighted a rebel. At this period there was in England a fierce Norman abbot, called Torauld of Fescamp, who ruled his monks by

martial law, and attacked them at the head of his men-at-arms when they demurred upon any point of convent discipline. As Peterborough, from its neighbourhood to the isle of Ely, was an outpost of great danger, William, who had heard of this warlike priest, resolved that he should enjoy sufficient opportunities of fighting, and promoted him to the vacant abbacy. But Torauld knew that it was safer to make war upon monks than soldiers, and therefore he approached the neighbourhood of the terrible Hereward with fear and trembling, at the head of a hundred and sixty well-armed Normans. To his great delight, he reached the abbey unharmed, and was admitted by the inmates; after which, he entered into an agreement with his neighbour, Ivo Taillebois, lord of Spalding, to form an expedition against le Wake. They mustered their forces, and set out accordingly; but the priest cautiously kept in the rear, while the vanguard under Taillebois plunged into a forest of willows in search of the enemy. In the mean time, Hereward, who had seen the whole arrangement from his hiding-place, emerged from the wood on the other side, and fetching a short compass, he suddenly darted upon the abbot and his whole company, carried them off prisoners, and kept them in the fens until they had paid three thousand marks for their ransom.

After this, William having suppressed his other enemies, resolved to bend his whole force to the reduction of Ely, and therefore he invested the Saxon camp on every side, both by land and water. He threw dykes and bridges over the marshes, and one great work in which he particularly trusted was a raised causeway, three thousand paces in length, over lakes covered with flags and rushes. As its formidable approach threatened ruin to the besieged, Hereward checked it by daily and hourly attacks; upon which Taillebois, finding that he could not protect it by his soldiers, resolved on a more effectual means of defence. He sent for a noted witch, who was solemnly mounted on a high wooden tower in front of the work, from which, like Balaam, she could behold and curse the whole Saxon encampment. But Hereward, who watched his time, suddenly set fire to the dry reeds, and in a few moments the wooden tower, the witch, the workmen, and the Norman guard, were consumed in the flames.

After this success, the defence of Ely was maintained for several months, and more than one defeat held the numerous enemies of the intrepid English at bay. But the small numbers and scanty resources of the patriots could only retard, without effectually preventing, the advance of the overwhelming forces of the Normans, conducted as they were by the choicest military science of the age, and the little island was soon so closely blockaded that no supplies could enter. The severities of famine were therefore added to the other hardships of the English; and, at last, their ruin was accomplished by traitors belonging to their own encampment. In Ely, there was, unfortunately, a convent of monks, to whom the want of provisions was more serious than the loss of liberty; and to free themselves from such penance, they privately offered William a safe entrance into the camp, on condition that their property should be respected. The Norman gladly closed with this proposal, and their treasonable design was fulfilled. The forces of William entered unexpectedly by a secret passage which the monks had pointed out, slew a thousand of the English, and followed up their success so quickly, that the garrison was compelled to surrender. Even then Hereward refused to lay down his arms. After resisting to the last, he retreated with a few of his brave companions through marshy and dangerous paths, where the enemy did not dare to follow, and at length reached Lincoln in safety. In the neighbourhood there was a Norman military post, and this Hereward was determined to surprise. A Saxon fisherman, who had been accustomed to supply the garrison and count Guy, their commander, with fish, received the hero and his brave companions into his boats, covered them carefully over with straw, and then rowed to the usual landing-place. The soldiers received the boatmen without suspicion, and afterwards went to feast in their tents, when Hereward and his followers suddenly started from their ambush, rushed upon the enemy with their battle-axes, and slew nearly the whole of them on the spot.

The fate of the brave defenders of Ely who had fallen into the hands of the enemy, was such as might have been expected from the Conqueror. Some had their

limbs mutilated, after which they were suffered to wander at large in derision ; others were imprisoned in various castles in England ; the venerable bishops, and Stigand, their heroic primate, who had abode by the falling fortunes of their people, and found protection in the camp of Hereward, were imprisoned for life, as pirates who had disturbed the public peace. As for the traitor monks of Ely, they also had their reward. In spite of their previous stipulation, a military garrison was quartered upon them ; and when they complained of this violation, they were coolly told that Ely must be guarded. At length, they proposed to purchase exemption from the maintenance of the soldiers with the sum of seven hundred marks ; but, after they had stripped their church to make up the amount, the Norman lord, on weighing the money, found that it fell short by a drachm, upon which he condemned them to pay three hundred marks more as an atonement. Even after they had paid a thousand marks, they were so far from being suffered to sit down in peace, that royal commissioners were sent to strip the convent of whatever it still possessed, and divide the abbey land into military fiefs, while the houseless and bereaved monks found none to pity them, either among their countrymen whom they had basely sold, or the enemy to whom they had betrayed them.

In the mean time, the indomitable Hereward, still free and still struggling for the deliverance of England, continued his warfare against the Normans. With his flying party, he rapidly traversed the country, falling upon the enemy when least expected, and cutting off their parties in detail. But, although many brave men, to whom the liberty of England was dearer than life, continued to repair to his standard, no army could be assembled to strike a decisive blow ; and he was at length convinced, that it was not by a mere partisan warfare that such enemies as the Normans could be vanquished. William, also, who could shed the blood of ordinary men in torrents without remorse, was charmed with the sight of a valour and perseverance so much like his own, and he accordingly offered such terms as the brave patriot was justified in accepting. Hereward le Wake, therefore, abandoned his resistance, and ob-

tained not only the royal pardon, but his paternal inheritance; and after this, he continued to live feared and respected, and died in peace.

From the multitude of songs made in praise of Hereward, not only by Saxon, but even Norman minstrels, and the number of victories he gained over such powerful enemies, we can learn, even though the outline which history has left is so defective, that he was a hero of no common stamp. In him, the most heroic daring seems to have been combined with a circumspection that ensured success to the most difficult of his efforts; and, with more enlarged resources, it is easy to imagine that he might have become the universal rallying point, and at last the successful deliverer, of his enslaved countrymen.

CHAP. III.

From the Accession of William Rufus to the Death of Henry the Second.

OF all the warlike nations distinguished in the middle ages, the greatest and most renowned were incontestibly the Normans. In their earliest history, we find them only a horde of piratical Danes, cruising the seas in quest of plunder; and afterwards, a tribe of invaders, seeking settlements in more congenial climates than their own. In this latter capacity, we have had occasion to notice their landings in England during the government of the Saxon monarchs, and the wild destruction with which their course was accompanied. That portion of the marauders which settled in Normandy soon felt the effects of the civilization of France, and made a generous attempt to rival it; and, for this purpose, they abandoned not only their native dress and manners, but even their language and religion. They adopted the French tongue and the Christian faith—the speech of courtesy, and the creed of humanity and love. This sacrifice, so new in the history of a people, was followed by its reward. Their spirit of fearless, energetic enterprise, instead of being diminished, was elevated and confirmed, so that they soon outstripped their instructors; and, at the period of the conquest of England, their deeds had made them famous as a nation of con-

querors. Even in those countries into which they came as wanderers or as exiles, they soon vindicated their natural superiority, and became the leaders and princes of those people from whom they had sought protection and a home.

Such a race was particularly needed in England, not only to infuse a fresh spirit into the population, but to form a talented and high-spirited aristocracy for the country. The truth of this is apparent from the history of the Anglo-Saxons. With all their hardihood and bravery in war, they were almost continually defeated or subdued, unless an Alfred or an Athelstane happened to be at their head. But it more frequently happened that their kings were imbecile or cowardly, and their councils weak or divided; and that their chiefs were more ready to purchase an inglorious peace than to win it in the field at the head of their hardy followers. Nothing, indeed, could be more besotted and contemptible than the character of the Anglo-Saxon thanes for more than a century before the Norman invasion. It was full time, therefore, that such leaders should be supplanted; and when their honours and possessions passed into the hands of foreigners, it was a transference to those who were far better able to maintain them. The sufferings occasioned to the people at large, during this process of transference, until the Normans and Saxons were fused into one people, were inevitable evils resulting from so great a change as the conquest and regeneration of a whole kingdom.

When William conquered England, the land, according to the established law of conquest, became his own property; and as he had promised, at his landing, that it should belong to his followers as well as himself, he fulfilled his promise according to the principles of the feudal system. The chief lords and barons who had aided him in the conquest were gratified with a share of the spoils, in the shape of rich manors and broad territories; for which, however, they were bound to render him obedience and military service. These magnates, thus exalted into barons and princes, rewarded their personal followers in the same manner, by bestowing upon them knighthoods, farms, and immunities, according to their rank, for which they were to render military duty to the giver. Thus the soil of England was gra-

dually divided and subdivided, all the holders recognising the king as the primary object of allegiance; and when the royal standard was set up, the earls, the barons, and the knights, all summoned their respective military contingents, and repaired with their followers to the royal muster. As each great lord could on this principle assemble a formidable army of his own retainers, it was necessary that the royal power should always possess the means of permanent authority to repress any ambitious and overgrown vassal, and therefore William retained as his own share of the conquest 1422 manors, and the principal towns of the kingdom. It was also with offices as with property: the king had his seneschals, constables, marshals, and chamberlains, who were rewarded with imposts and salaries; and a similar establishment was formed by the chief barons, whose domestic officers, in consideration of tolls and other feudal privileges, were bound to follow their superior to the field, or aid in the defence of his castle at home. Thus, in an aggressive war, the king summoned his nobles, and the nobles their feudal inferiors, and every fighting man was mustered under his respective leader, armed according to his station, and ready to do military duty for forty days; while, in the event of an invasion, every county, town, and village, was garrisoned by its military establishment and feudal superior.

The Norman conquest, besides introducing this provision for the national warfare, made important changes also in the modes of fighting, and the weapons of the English. We have seen that the latter were chiefly a nation of foot-soldiers, while their favourite weapon was the heavy battle-axe. But in consequence of the chivalrous habits of the Normans, a splendid cavalry was now considered the main arm of the national array; and this force was composed of those who held a knight's fee, of which there were above 60,000 in England, as appears by the Domesday-book. As for the commons, or native English, the conquerors armed them with the long bow, a weapon whose deadly efficacy was shown at the battle of Hastings; and in the use of which they made such proficiency, that most of the important battles in which the nation afterwards engaged, were gained by the 'cloth-yard shaft.' The English indeed seem to have readily adopted the change—and not the less, per-

haps, because their arrows could bring down the king's deer, or even transfix the mailed breasts of their Norman oppressors. Thus the best archers of the land were to be found in the royal forests, among the Robin Hoods of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Nothing could be more careful also than the training of the yeomanry in the practice of archery. The boy at seven years old was furnished with a bow and arrows proportioned to his strength; as he grew older, these weapons were replaced by heavier; and thus at manhood, he could manage with ease a bow which others were unable even to bend, and discharge the arrow with a force and precision, and to a distance, that would appear impossible to modern toxophilites. Every village, in process of time, was furnished with its shooting ground; days are set apart for exercises and competitions in archery; and while all the male inhabitants above a certain age were required to attend and practise at these musters under a heavy penalty, prizes were bestowed upon the most skilful.

The Norman invasion was productive of great benefit not only to England, but to the neighbouring kingdom of Scotland; and the advantages which the latter enjoyed were not only more immediate, but also unmixed with the evils of conquest. The Anglo-Saxons fled northward in thousands, and found shelter and homes upon the Scottish plains, under the wise administration of Malcolm Canmore; and throngs of Norman knights and barons, who were discontented with the oppressive exactions of William, renounced their allegiance, and sought service in the court of Malcolm. The Scottish king received these experienced warriors gladly, and gave them lands and possessions in the north; and thus they became the founders of those illustrious families who, for centuries after, defended the country against the Norman aggressors of the south. In this way also originated that bitter hostility between the English and Scots, although children of the same parents, which whole centuries could scarcely efface. While a Norman aristocracy and Anglo-Saxon peasantry colonized the lowlands of Scotland, the bond between these rival races was of a far different character to that which subsisted in England. Both had entered Scotland as fugitives, after smarting under a common tyranny; the Norman chiefs gained their land, not by conquest, but meritorious ser-

vices; and therefore, while the English of the south preserved for ages their rancorous feelings against the remotest descendants of their Norman masters, and were ever ready to rebel against them, the Scottish lowlanders loved their landlords with a depth of affection that became proverbial, and this devotedness formed the strongest defence of the country in war, and the surest safeguard against royal tyranny in time of peace.

We have already noticed the indecent haste with which William, surnamed Rufus, or the Red, flew from the bed of his dying father. He hurried to England, and was crowned at Westminster, on the 26th of September, 1087; and his first act of authority was to imprison anew the English nobles whom his father had ordered to be set free. But the chiefs of Normandy, indignant that a younger son of the Conqueror should be preferred before their own duke, maintained the superior right of Robert to be king of England; and Odo, who headed their faction, excited the Anglo-Norman nobles to join in their hostility. William Rufus, who inherited many of his father's qualities, was not to be daunted by this conspiracy. He turned from the doubtful faith of his own countrymen to the fidelity of the oppressed English, and by promises of better laws, and large immunities, he rallied a powerful force of the natives around his standard. Thirty thousand armed Englishmen, who served on foot, were joined by the new king with a force of Norman cavalry, and the siege of Rochester, in which Odo had fortified himself, was commenced. The English, who fought with all the ardour of intense hatred against the prelatie tyrant, and their Norman oppressors, would soon have taken Rochester; but William's chiefs perceived that this would ultimately weaken their own cause, and therefore they proposed an accommodation between the parties. Odo and his followers were allowed a free egress from the town, with their arms and horses; but when they also stipulated that the music of the besiegers should not sound in triumph, at their departure, William swore that he would not lose this privilege for a thousand golden marks. The garrison therefore came forth, and the trumpets blew; but no sooner did Odo appear, than the music was drowned amidst the clamours of the English—'Ho! bring us ropes,' they shouted; 'bring us ropes to hang this traitor of a bishop, and all his fol-

lowers !' The humbled prelate, in this disgraceful fashion, was dismissed from the country which he had so ably helped to conquer, and to which he never returned. After this, Rufus crossed the sea with an army, but a treaty was entered into in 1091, in which it was agreed by Robert and William, that they should retain their respective possessions, and that whoever survived the other should possess both Normandy and England. Thus the interests of the native English were sacrificed to those of the foreigners, and the promises and concessions which William had made to the former were revoked when the danger had ceased.

In the above-mentioned treaty, the interests of another party were also sacrificed, in the person of Henry, the youngest son of the Conqueror, who had purchased the Cotentin from Robert, with a part of his patrimonial treasure. The agreement of his eldest brothers would have stripped him even of this small possession, which he was little disposed to resign, and therefore he seized and fortified mount Saint Michael, in the determination to hold out both against Normandy and England. The brothers Robert and William soon reduced the Cotentin, and then invested mount Saint Michael with their united forces. During the siege, which was distinguished by several desperate skirmishes, the red king was unhorsed, and almost slain by a common soldier. At last, the garrison was so closely pressed, that the defenders were in danger of dying from hunger and thirst. Henry, in this strait, appealed to the compassion of his brothers, and Robert generously allowed him a supply of water for his own use. When William blamed the duke for what he reckoned a ridiculous act of weakness, the other nobly replied, ' If we allowed our brother to perish of thirst, where could we get another ?' At last Henry was obliged to surrender his last possession, after which he wandered about a landless adventurer, attended by a few impoverished followers.

In the mean time, William's love of territorial acquisition seemed to grow stronger than ever ; and while he endeavoured ineffectually to make conquests in Wales and Scotland by arms, an opportunity occurred of increasing his dominions more effectually by purchase. The crusading spirit had commenced ; and Robert, who caught the prevailing enthusiasm, offered to mortgage

the duchy of Normandy to his brother of England for five years, on the receipt of ten thousand marks, to furnish him for the expedition. In 1096, William wrung the amount from the English clergy, and was put in temporary possession of the dukedom. This new position involved him in wars with his neighbour the king of France, but without any decisive results, except the conquest of Maine in 1099, which was attended by circumstances that showed the fiery character of William. The king was hunting in the New Forest, when he was told that the capital of Maine had been surprised, upon which, without waiting for his forces, he instantly galloped to the sea-side to embark. The wind at that time was high, and the sea strong, so that the mariners were afraid to hoist sail; but William fearlessly exclaiming, 'Heard ye ever of a king who was drowned?' commanded them immediately to launch. He joined his army in Normandy, and then burst upon his enemies like a thunderbolt. The siege of Maine was soon raised, and the province recovered.

In the following year, the duke of Guienne resolved to join the crusade; but to muster an army for such a distant expedition, required more resources than he possessed. In this difficulty, he applied to the wealthy king of England, with an offer similar to that of the duke of Normandy, and William caught at the proposal. The money was prepared to purchase, and the army to take possession, but a mightier monarch had counteracted the bargain. Just two months previous, the New Forest had exacted a fresh debt of vengeance against the offspring of the Conqueror, by the death of Richard, son to Robert of Normandy, who was killed accidentally by a random arrow; and on the second of August (A.D. 1100) William perished in the same place, and by a similar fate. On the morning of that day, he gave a plentiful repast at the castle of Winchester; after which the whole company, probably confused with wine and revelry, repaired to the forest, to hunt. Among them was the king's brother, Henry, who was now reinstated in the royal favour. William drew his bow at a large deer, but the string snapped: he then cried impatiently to Walter Tyrrel, his favourite, who was standing near; 'Shoot, Walter—shoot in the devil's name!' Walter did shoot accordingly; and either his arrow rebounding

from a tree, or the shaft of some other person, entered the king's heart, who instantly fell dead. Walter mounted his horse in terror, and fled to Normandy, so that he was accused as the agent of the murder, although he steadfastly persevered in denying it. Some poor charcoal-burners found the body, and having wrapped it in coarse linen, and laid it in their cart, they conveyed it in this humble state to the castle of Winchester. But Prince Henry was already at the gates of this royal residence clamouring for the keys of the king's treasury; and while the keepers demurred, he drew his sword, and with the aid of the by-standers took possession by force. Having thus obtained the choicest figures of persuasion, as well as the sinews of war, the claims of the absent Robert were easily set aside; and on the 5th of August, 1100, just three days after the death of Rufus, Henry was crowned at London.

When Henry, surnamed Beauclerk, from his scholarship (which was remarkable at a period when few princes could sign their own names), had ascended the throne, he was conscious not only of the defectiveness of his title, but the uncertain fealty of his nobles; and the return of Robert from Palestine, where he had already acquired a very high reputation among the crusading warriors, was an event to be daily expected. To provide therefore against the coming storm, the new king had recourse to the plan of ingratiating himself with the natives of England. They had been already crushed to the earth, during the two preceding reigns; but although repeatedly disappointed by kingly promises, they were still as ready to be deceived as ever. Indeed, the accidental circumstance of Henry having been born in England, endeared him more highly to the people than any of the sons of William the Conqueror; his promise to restore the laws of Edward the Confessor gave them hopes of a more just and equal administration; but his marriage with Maud, the daughter of Malcolm Canmore, and the female representative of the royal Saxon line, was the crowning stroke of his conciliatory policy. These measures were not more than necessary, as Robert returned from the Holy Land only a month after Henry's accession, to assert his right to the crown. An invasion from Normandy for this purpose was menaced, and on the 19th of July (1101) Robert landed with

a powerful force at Portsmouth. Henry, who had raised an army chiefly of English, hastened to meet him, but the rival forces, instead of engaging, faced each other as if awe-struck for several days. A treaty was then proposed; and here, the brave crusader was no match for the astute Henry; for he was persuaded to resign his claims upon England for an annual pension of three thousand marks, with the vague condition, that if either brother died without legitimate male issue, the other should be his successor. After this compact, the twice-befooled Robert retired to Normandy; and Henry, being freed from farther danger, proceeded to punish those nobles who had taken part against him, in the late invasion. He succeeded so effectually, that the most powerful of their number under various charges and pretexts were reduced, ruined, or banished. Robert came over from Normandy in 1103, to interpose in behalf of his old friends; but finding himself closely watched, and becoming apprehensive of the loss of his own liberty, he not only was unable to effect any thing in their favour, but was even glad to resign his pension as an act of courtesy to the young queen. Thus baffled in every quarter, he hurried out of England, and returned to Normandy, to conceal his disgrace and shame.

Normandy was now a country of misery and bloodshed on account of the weak rule of Robert: his courage, which was matchless in the throng of battle, was inadequate to repress his rebellious barons, or encounter the hourly emergencies of government; and therefore while the rude chieftains slighted his authority, they made war upon each other, and involved all in confusion. In this crisis, those nobles of Normandy who loved peace, invited Henry to come over and become their arbitrator, a summons with which he gladly complied. In 1104, about Midsummer, he crossed the sea, and ingratiated himself with the Norman chiefs, and after reproaching Robert in no very gentle terms for the indolence and disorder of his government, he extorted from him the cession of the county of Evreux. This was but the commencement of a system of aggression; for in the spring of the following year, Henry again crossed to Normandy, where being joined by many of its lords, he took the field under pretence of redressing the country's grievances; and after gaining

Bayeux and Caen, he returned to England to prepare for a fresh campaign. His aim was now the total reduction of the duchy, and a battle was fought between the rival brothers at Tinchebray, on the 28th of September (1106), in which Henry prevailed by superiority of numbers, and Robert and many of his nobles were taken prisoners. Among these captives also was no less a personage than Edgar, the Atheling. This unworthy representative of the old English monarchy had, at one time, been proclaimed king of England; but, as we have seen, he was a mere 'king of shreds and patches,' who, at last, preferred a pension from the tyrants, and a place at their board, to more heroic alternatives. He had followed Robert as a vassal, to the crusade; he now fought under his banner, and shared in his captivity; and after this period he disappears, as he well deserves to do, from the page of history. The ungenerous Henry confined his brother to prison—a man whose chief fault is naïvely stated by old historians to have been, that 'he forgot and forgave too much,'—and when the duke one day managed to procure a horse, and galloped from Cardiff castle, he was overtaken, brought back, and deprived of his eyes by order of the king. Robert died in the same prison after a dark and lonely captivity of twenty-seven years, during all which period his lofty spirit and high courage never forsook him. One day a new suit was sent to him in prison, and he was told that the king had tried it on, and found it too small. The duke at this threw the clothes indignantly away, exclaiming, 'Look at this brother of mine; this vile book-man, who has dispossessed, imprisoned, and blinded me—me, who have been so high and celebrated: he gives me his old clothes out of charity, as if I were one of his hired lackeys.'

Henry was now king of England, lord of Normandy, and the most powerful potentate of his age; but while he looked back with remorse upon the steps by which all this had been accomplished, he also looked forward with dread to William, the son of Robert—a boy as yet only five years old, but who might live to revenge his father's injuries. He therefore sent a body of horse to the castle of St. Saen, in Normandy, to seize the child in the absence of his guardian; but the faithful ser-

vants of the prince discovered the plot, and conveyed him away in safety; after which his cause was espoused by the French king, Louis the Sixth, commonly called the Fat. This able monarch now perceived the error of the French court in allowing his powerful neighbour of England to strengthen himself by the possession of Normandy, and other provinces in France; and his exertions on this occasion formed perhaps the earliest of the precautionary wars of Europe to preserve the balance of power, and prevent great states from aggrandizing themselves to the hazard of the rest. Henry was obliged to cross the sea A. D. 1111, in defence of his continental territories, and he remained two years engaged in war and negotiations, and with ultimate success. Louis, and the other protectors of the prince of Normandy, were withdrawn from his cause, and five years of peace succeeded, in which Henry alternately passed his time in England and in Normandy. His chief aim was now to secure his dominions to his only legitimate son, William; and he, therefore, in 1114, obliged the chiefs of Normandy to do homage to the prince as their future sovereign, and on the following year he required his subjects of England to perform the same ceremony. He then endeavoured to entice William, the son of duke Robert, into his power, with flattering words, and large promises; but the youth remembered that his father was still languishing in an English prison, and put no faith in his uncle's declarations.

The calm which had continued for some time, was now interrupted. Louis, of France, offended with Henry's proceedings, again set up young William of Normandy against his uncle, and induced Baldwin, earl of Flanders, and Fulk, earl of Anjou, to join in the same cause. Many of the barons of Normandy also acceded to the coalition, while even the court of Henry was filled with so many secret traitors, that he knew not whom to trust. He was even obliged to sleep in armour, with his sword and shield ready, and a guard of trusty servants watching in his bed-chamber. When the war commenced, he kept on the defensive, on account of the superiority of his enemies, and had recourse to his old arts of negotiation, by which he separated the members of the confederacy. The earl of Flanders was slain in a skirmish;

the earl of Anjou was bought off by a marriage between his daughter and the young prince of England; and the revolted barons of Normandy were won back to the cause of Henry, so that Louis was left alone to maintain the conflict. The king of England now became the assailant, and a battle was fought between the two parties, at Brenneville, on the 20th of August, 1119. This skirmish was not so remarkable for the numbers engaged in it—there being only 500 English cavaliers against 400 of the French—as for the rank of the combatants, there being two kings, two princes, and many of the chief lords of France and England, fighting hand to hand, like common soldiers. In this battle, young William of Normandy, who led the van of the French, made a brilliant charge, broke through the front rank of the English, and fought his way up to his usurping uncle, who, at the same instant, was fiercely assailed, and almost struck down, by the blows of a French knight; but this gallant onset was not duly seconded, and William, after losing his followers, and being himself unhorsed, was obliged to fight his way out of the *melée* on foot. The English charged in turn, and the French fled; and such was the precipitation with which king Louis hurried from the field, that he lost his way in a thick wood, and there wandered about alone, until he was conducted to Andeley by a common peasant. In this affray, only three knights were killed, as all the combatants were armed cap-a-pie. This circumstance in some measure verifies the joke of James VI. upon the advantages of wearing defensive armour: he said it was a good thing, as it hindered a man from doing mischief, as well as from receiving it.

After this event, peace was established between the kings of France and England, and Henry had now leisure to further his beloved scheme of securing the succession for his son. For this, he had repeatedly sinned and repented; for this, he had built monasteries and committed murders, in rapid succession; but the time had arrived when all this toil was to leave nothing behind but disappointment and remorse. In 1120, he prevailed upon the barons of Normandy to renew their oaths of fealty to his son, and, upon his invitation, a gallant train of these chiefs accompanied him to England on the 25th of November. But the prince of

England, who set sail a few hours later than his father, attended by the prime of the young nobility, consisting of 250 persons, had regaled the sailors with abundance of strong wines; upon which they rashly plied their oars to overtake the king, until they ran the ship with great violence upon the rock of Catte-raze, so that her left side was stove in. A universal cry of distress followed, that rung over the sea, until it reached the king's ship like a faint wail—but no one dreamed from what cause the sound originated. At the moment of danger, the boat was hoisted out, and entered by William and some of the principal nobles; but on hearing the shrieks of his natural sister, the countess of Perche, from the sinking vessel, he put back, in the hope of rescuing her. At that moment the love of life was so strong, and such multitudes flung themselves into the boat, that it instantly sank. Thus all belonging to that noble ship perished except a poor butcher of Rouen, who clung to the yards till the morning, when he was saved by some fishermen. The news of this calamity soon reached England and the royal household, but not the ears of the bereaved father, who continued to wonder at the cause of his son's delay, supposing that he had been put into some port upon the coast; till the courtiers, when they found that farther concealment was impossible, instructed a little boy, who, weeping, and falling at the king's feet, informed him of what had happened. Henry staggered, and fell insensible on the ground, and only recovered to express the anguish of a broken heart. But mournful as was the circumstance, the English natives rejoiced in it as a national deliverance. The departed prince appears, from incontrovertible testimony, to have been stained with the worst vices that can degrade and brutify humanity; and although he was the son of Maud, yet he cared so little for his Saxon lineage, that he openly vowed he would yoke the Saxons to the plough like oxen, when he became king of England.

After Henry's grief had in some measure abated, he thought to repair the evil by taking to himself a new wife; and on January 29th, 1121, he married Adelais, daughter of Godfrey, duke of Louvain, by whom however he had no offspring. The barons of Normandy, now that the prince of England was dead, conceived

themselves absolved from their oaths of allegiance, and they turned once more towards William, the son of Robert. The ever-disturbed Henry was therefore obliged to repair once more to Normandy with a large army, which he did with such promptitude, that he burst upon the confederates before they were aware of his landing, and took the chief of them prisoners, as they were riding quietly and at their ease between Beaumont and Vatteville—upon which the rest of the nobles were compelled to submit. As for the unfortunate son of Robert, who had suffered so much from infancy to manhood, and struggled so bravely through every change, he returned to the court of France upon this new dissolution of his hopes. And now Maud, or Matilda, the only legitimate daughter of Henry, who had been married to the emperor of Germany, having become a widow, returned to England in 1126; and as the king had no hopes of children by his wife, he resolved that the empress should inherit the succession, in the room of his departed William. The ceremony of swearing the states of England and Normandy was therefore resumed, and all swore allegiance to Matilda accordingly, the first of the jurors being Stephen, the king's nephew, who afterwards usurped the crown. To defend her claim still farther, and exclude William, the son of Robert, from every chance of disturbing it, Henry married the empress to Geoffrey, count of Anjou, the founder of the royal Plantagenets of England. This important union was celebrated at Rouen, in the Whitsun-week of 1127, and heralds shouted, at every cross-way in the streets, the royal command for all to be happy, on pain of treason. 'Thus saith king Henry,' was the proclamation—'let no man here, whether native or foreigner, rich or poor, high or low, warrior or peasant, be so hardy as to stay away from the royal rejoicings; for whosoever shall not take part in the games and sports, will be considered as an offender against his lord the king.' The festival and rejoicings lasted for three long weeks; and if the people consented to be merry during the whole space, it was certainly by a stretch of obedience seldom paralleled in the history of monarchical governments.

In the succeeding year the gallant prince of Normandy, whose image haunted Henry like a night-

mare, came to his end through the artifices of the king. Henry had stirred up against him Thierry, the landgrave of Alsace; and in the war which ensued between the two princes, William, who was victorious, was wounded in the hand, and this slight accident brought on a mortification of which he died. Henry's greatest anxiety after this was occasioned by the empress remaining childless; but in 1133 she produced a son, to the great comfort of the old king, who was once more delighted with the possession of a male heir. He caused his nobles to renew their oaths of allegiance to the empress and her infant, who was named Henry; and the birth of a second, and afterwards of a third grandson, confirmed the fond hopes of the king, that the sovereignty would be perpetuated in his own line.—He was staying at the court of his son-in-law, and had spent the day in hunting, in the forest of Lyons. In the evening he supped plentifully upon lampreys, which was his favourite dish; but this repast was followed by a fit of indigestion, of which he died six days after. This happened on the 1st of December, 1135, in the sixty-seventh year of his age, and thirty-sixth of his reign.

No sooner did Stephen, count of Blois, hear of his uncle's death, than he hurried to London, where his popular qualities recommended him to the citizens; and he soon prevailed upon the clergy, and some of the influential nobles, to set aside the claims of Matilda, and elect him king. This was the more easily accomplished, as the warlike barons of that period were indignant at the thought of submitting to a *she-king*, and demanded a man to govern them. The chiefs of Normandy coincided in this feeling, and in 1137 they also chose Stephen for their sovereign, while the unfortunate Matilda thus saw herself stripped, in an instant, of all her hereditary rights. But her cause was ably espoused by Robert, earl of Gloucester, her natural brother, and by David, king of Scotland, her uncle, the latter of whom invaded Northumberland, in 1133, an event that occasioned the battle of the Standard, the most distinguished conflict of that warlike period. The army of the Scottish king was a strange miscellany, composed of Normans, Germans, Saxons, Cumbrian Britons, and Northumbrians, the inhabitants of Teviotdale and Lothian,

the Picts, commonly called the men of Galloway, and the ancient Scots, or Gaël—men differing in race, in language, and modes of warfare, but all equally ferocious, and prompt to deeds of rapine and massacre. A powerful army was raised by the barons of the north of England to repel them, and on this occasion there was such a feeling of unanimity, in consequence of the atrocity committed by the invaders, that Normans and English marched side by side with equal alacrity. To give also the character of a holy war to this resistance, a standard, formed of a mast garnished with sacred banners, and surmounted by a casket containing a consecrated host, was erected upon a four-wheeled carriage, to move with the English army, while a band of brave knights undertook its defence, under a solemn vow to perish rather than desert their charge. This military ensign was common in Italy during the middle ages, under the name of the *Caroccio*; and it served not only to stimulate the soldiery with religious enthusiasm during the fight, but to form a rallying point for a tumultuary army should it be thrown into confusion.

Nothing but a similar spirit of unanimity could have ensured success to the Scots; but among so many different races such a feeling could not have been expected, so that on the evening before the battle their council was a scene of contention about the honour of leading the van. David had intended that the battle should be commenced by the men-at-arms and archers, in whom his chief strength consisted; but the men of Galloway, who fought with long, slender spears, and who had displayed great bravery during the campaign, insisted upon taking the post of honour. ‘And whence this confidence of these mailed men?’ cried Malise, earl of Strathearn, a Celtic chief, who felt jealous for the honour of his people—‘I myself wear no mail, and yet I will advance farther to-morrow than those who are sheathed in steel.’ This boast incensed the wearers of armour, and Alan de Percy, a bastard brother of the English baron of the name, but a follower of David, told Malise that he had said more than he dared to make good. The king was obliged to silence the contention, and yield the van to the Galwegians. On the next morning, which was the 22d of August, both armies drew up, the English forming a compact mass,

with their cavalry in the rear, while the Scots advanced in four lines, with the men of Galloway in front. The latter rushed on like a tempest, shouting 'Albanigh! Albanigh!' and staggered the mass of spearmen, upon whom they threw themselves with great fury; but here the archery of the native English was terribly brought to bear, for the first time, against the ranks of the Scots. 'It was glorious,' says a contemporary chronicle, 'to see these stinging flies issue in swarms from the quivers of the men of the south, and darken the air like a cloud of dust.' The naked bodies of the Calwegians could not sustain these deadly discharges of forked arrows, so that they were on the point of turning, when the Scottish men-at-arms came up to their support. They couched their lances, and charged with such impetuosity, that the English ranks opposed to them were torn asunder 'like a spider's web.' The battle was thus renewed, and with favourable promise to Scotland, when a cry arose among the ranks that king David had fallen. It was in vain that he threw off his helmet, and galloped to and fro, assuring his soldiers that he was unhurt, and attempted to rally them: the panic was fatal to such a tumultuary army, and the king was swept along with the fugitives. Had David obtained this hard-won victory, which was so unexpectedly torn from his grasp, he might have extended his sway over the north of England, as far as the Trent and Humber: as it was, Stephen, who was engaged in the south, against the earl of Gloucester and the insurgent barons, was obliged to surrender the earldom of Northumberland to the Scots, in the full hope however of resuming it with a more tranquil opportunity.

In the mean time Stephen, who had inundated the land with foreign mercenaries to support his claim, began to experience the difficulties and evils of usurpation. His military hirelings disgusted the people by their excesses; the nobles, to whom he had granted extraordinary privileges to secure their acquiescence, fortified their castles, and then began to act as petty sovereigns, independent of his authority; and the bishops, whom he had propitiated by similar favours, fortified themselves in like manner. He perceived his error when it was too late, and resolved to dethrone these minor usurpers: accordingly, he commenced with

his mercenaries an attack upon their strong-holds, which were not taken without resistance and bloodshed. Thus civil war was kindled at one and the same time in different parts of England, and in addition to the arms of his unruly vassals, Stephen was obliged to encounter the more formidable menaces of the church. At this conjuncture, Matilda landed in England, on the 13th of September (1139), and was received by the queen-dowager into Arundel castle, upon tidings of which Stephen hurried to the place with a strong force, and commenced the siege. Matilda would soon have fallen into his hands, but for those extravagant rules of chivalrous courtesy which Stephen, as a good knight, was bound to observe. It was represented to him, that he was acting against his oath of knighthood, by attacking a castle which was the property of his predecessor's spouse, now a widowed helpless princess; upon which he permitted Matilda to retire in safety, with her attendants, to the strong castle of Bristol, that was held by the earl of Gloucester with a numerous garrison. As if this had not been enough, he furnished her with a powerful escort, commanded by his brother, and his chief confidant, that she might sustain no harm by the way. After this singular event, a series of battles and skirmishes ensued, of which we know nothing, except the miseries they entailed upon the people, who were crushed between the two parties of conflicting Normans, until a decisive conflict took place near Lincoln, on the 2d of February, 1141. The king's forces were drawn up with the foot in the centre, and the cavalry disposed upon each wing: the earl of Gloucester, the leader and soul of the opposite party, made a similar arrangement, placing upon his wings those knights and barons who had been bereaved of their estates, and were therefore most imbibittered against the king. These men commenced the battle in an unusual fashion; instead of couching their lances, they threw them away, drew their swords, and rushed upon their antagonists; while the latter, expecting that they would first have been assailed by tilting, suddenly wheeled their horses, and fled in confusion. The main body of the king's army was now assailed by horse and foot united, and after many desperate charges on every quarter, the ranks were overpowered, and compelled to give way.

Stephen, who was on foot through the whole conflict, still disdained to surrender, and fought to the last, surrounded by a few of his most faithful followers; but he was finally obliged to resign his sword to the earl of Gloucester, by whom he was delivered up to Matilda. The royal captive was sent to confinement in the castle of Bristol, and the empress proceeded to London, where her claims were recognised, and preparations made for her coronation. But the intolerable haughtiness with which she treated her subjects, both Saxon and Norman, excited universal disgust. Even the clergy, who had been the most adverse to Stephen, now remembered his popular qualities with regret; and the bishop of Winchester, the papal legate, and brother of Stephen, who had procured the deposition of the king, and the recognition of the empress, made haste to reverse the proceeding. During this period the hands of the English prelates had become as conversant with the truncheon and battle axe as with the mass-book and crosier, so that the legate found little difficulty in assembling, in a few days, a very powerful force. So secretly, too, had his proceedings been conducted, that he fell unexpectedly on the castle of Winchester, in which the empress resided, as well as the king of Scotland, the earl of Gloucester, and all the chief supporters of her cause; and so closely were these illustrious personages invested, that they had apparently no alternative but to yield, or perish from famine. In this dilemma, they escaped by a stratagem of the earl of Gloucester. It was the custom of those days to suspend military operations during a church festival; and on that of the Holy Cross, on the 14th of September, the empress, mounted on a swift horse, and escorted by her friends and guards, stole silently out of Winchester. They had not got far, however, before the alarm was raised, and a pursuit commenced. Matilda escaped to Devizes, half dead with fatigue and fear; the king of Scotland was equally fortunate; but Gloucester, who brought up the rear, was taken prisoner. As his presence was of the utmost importance to his party, a negotiation was entered into for his liberty, and it was agreed, that he should be exchanged for Stephen, who was accordingly released from confinement. His victorious brother, the bishop, now revoked the anathemas he had pronounced with

such emphasis only eight months before against the king's party, and in lieu of these he excommunicated his late patroness, and all her adherents. In the succeeding year, Matilda was so closely pursued, that she was obliged to take refuge in the castle of Oxford, while Stephen, who had surprised the city itself, uttered a solemn vow, that he would not raise the siege of the castle till she surrendered. After holding out for three months, the empress escaped once more by a very singular stratagem. The whole ground was covered with snow; and she dressed herself, and three of her knights, in white, and stole forth with them by a postern, at midnight. In this winter-like uniform they eluded the watchful centinels, and glided cautiously to the river, which was frozen; and having crossed it safely on foot, they walked onward to Abington, from which place they proceeded on horseback to Wallingford.

Amidst all this shifting and counter-shifting of parties, at which the head becomes giddy, it would be equally painful and unprofitable to follow the various events of this most selfish warfare, which continued to rage with unintermitting fury. Their character is but read in the miseries which they produced upon the land. The native English, who were equally persecuted by both parties, hated both with a bitter hatred, and when either suffered a repulse, they fell upon the fugitives, and made them pay dearly for their oppression during the day of prosperity. But such deeds of vengeance, instead of alleviating, could only increase the evils of war, so that, in the words of an historian of the period, 'multitudes forsook their beloved country, and went into voluntary exile; others, abandoning their own houses, constructed miserable huts in the church-yards, hoping protection from the sanctity of the place. Whole families, after sustaining life as long as they could by eating herbs, roots, and the flesh of dogs and horses, at last died of hunger, and you might see many pleasant villages without a single inhabitant of either sex.'

A more important competitor now appeared upon the scene, in the person of Henry, son of Matilda; and he came armed not only with rights, but ample resources to enforce them. In addition to Anjou, Touraine and Maine, his patrimonial territories, he was duke of Normandy through his maternal grandfather, and lord of

Guienne and Poitou by his marriage with Eleanor, the divorced queen of Louis VII. of France. He landed in England, Jan. 6, 1153, being then in his twenty-first year, and pressed forward to action although it was now the middle of winter. Stephen met him at Wallingford, with a still larger army, and an immediate engagement was expected; but both parties continued to face each other for three days, without coming to action. In consequence of this mutual forbearance several barons, who deplored the miseries of the country, had hopes of peace, and proposed an accommodation between the king and prince. This was the more palatable to Stephen, as Eustace, his eldest son, was dead; and peace was concluded between the parties, on condition that Stephen should enjoy the crown for life, and Henry be appointed his successor, while the principal castles were to be garrisoned by the friends of the latter, to secure his future accession. The whole kingdom was delighted with this arrangement, after having been traversed for so many years by contending armies, and the nobles took the oath of fealty to the young prince at Oxford, on the 13th of January 1154. On the 25th of October, the same year, Stephen died at Dover, in the nineteenth year of his reign; and Henry, who was in Normandy, came to England in the following month, and was solemnly crowned on the 19th at Westminster.

The first attempts of Henry on succeeding to the throne were, to heal the evils of the late civil war. He therefore commanded all the foreign mercenaries, who had wasted the land under the banner of Stephen, to quit the kingdom by a certain day on pain of death; an order which they promptly obeyed. He then ordered the castles which the late king had permitted his partisans to build, and which were more than a thousand in number, to be levelled to the ground, and the reluctant owners were compelled to comply. He also revoked those extravagant and destructive grants of the crown lands, and privileges, which had been made during the late usurpation; and the act of resumption was greatly facilitated by the justice with which it was executed.

Henry having by these and other wise measures, restored peace to the afflicted kingdom during the first year of his reign, was engaged for a long period in wars with

France, for the preservation and aggrandizement of his continental possessions ; but the military incidents with which these were accompanied, are too minute and insignificant for a detail. During the earlier part of the contest, the power of Henry greatly preponderated ; for independently of his English kingdom, he possessed almost a fifth part of what now comprises the kingdom of France, while Louis VII. was king of not more than a tenth. With such a superiority of force, and through his skill in negotiation, Henry obtained the earldom of Nantz, and afterwards a large portion of the earldom of Thoulouse ; and returned to England in 1163. It was during this war that a combatant flourished who was afterwards to acquire celebrity in conflicts of a very different character. This was Thomas a Becket, archdeacon of Canterbury, and chancellor of the kingdom, the chief companion of Henry's labours and amusements. The future saint showed himself a brave man-at-arms, as well as a wise leader : he unhorsed a gallant French knight in single combat, in the presence of the armies of France and England, and took three strong fortresses. It was not long after this period that Henry, in order to further his schemes of clerical reform which were now urgently required, raised the valiant archdeacon to the see of Canterbury ; but the unfortunate results of this choice are foreign to the plan of a strictly military history. It is sufficient to state that the king of France, who found himself unable to cope with his powerful vassal in arms, and who had tried every manœuvre in diplomacy to lower his authority in France, used the banished archbishop as an instrument for making Henry odious in the eyes of his continental subjects. In this, however, he was unsuccessful ; and after various changes of fortune, peace was established between them in 1169. On this occasion prince Henry, the eldest son of the king, did homage to Louis for Anjou and Maine, as he had formerly done for Normandy ; Richard, the second son, for Aquitaine ; and Geoffrey, the third, for Bretagne. By thus establishing his sons in his foreign principalities, the king of England trusted that he had built his continental authority upon a secure basis ; but, on the contrary, it was from this source that all his misfortunes originated.

In 1172, was commenced the conquest of Ireland, the most wonderful military event of this age of warlike en-

terprise. Notwithstanding all that bards have sung, and traditions fabled, of the early power and civilization of that ill-fated country, its barbarism in the twelfth century was extreme; and Henry, who, in the early part of his reign, had received a gift of the island from the pope, and seen the facility with which it might be conquered, was only withheld from the enterprise by more urgent occupations. At last, Dermot Macmorrough, king of Leinster, having been expelled from the country for his crimes, applied to Henry, who was then in Guienne, for aid, offering to hold Leinster as his vassal; but Henry, who at that time was sufficiently occupied with the hostility of the church, and the king of France, refused the offer. He gave Dermot, however, letters patent, permitting any of his vassals to aid him, and, furnished with these, Macmorrough came to England, and applied to Strongbow, earl of Pembroke, a nobleman needy and full of enterprise, who was soon persuaded to undertake the adventure, by a promise of the hand of Eva, the Irish king's daughter, with the reversion of his kingdom. Dermot also applied to Fitz-Stephens, another adventurer of Wales, whose aid he secured by the promise of a principality to be formed from the town of Wexford and two adjoining cantreds. Fitz-Stephens mustered his vassals, and, in 1170, he set sail for this important conquest, with no greater force than 130 knights, 60 men-at-arms, and about 300 archers. The events that followed seemed to anticipate the conquest of Peru and Mexico four centuries later. The Irish, whose principal weapons were darts, hatchets, and stones, were confounded at the sight of enemies covered with shining mail, and moving in such perfect military order; and in the encounters that followed, they found themselves no match for the arms, discipline, and prowess, of the invaders. The province of Leinster was soon recovered, but the king of Connaught, who enjoyed a permanent authority in the island, was filled with alarm at these startling events, and soon formed a coalition of all the Irish chiefs to expel the dangerous strangers. Fitz-Stephens therefore fortified himself near Ferns in so skilful a manner, that the troops of the Irish confederacy were unable to dislodge him; and having received a reinforcement of ten knights, thirty squires, and 100 archers, he was enabled to resume the offensive. After this auspicious com-

mencement, Strongbow was eager to enter into the rich harvest. He entreated permission of his sovereign Henry for that purpose ; and the king, with a sneer at what he considered a case of overweening vanity, gave the impoverished baron permission to go and conquer Ireland. Strongbow, however, had not calculated his resources so rashly as the king imagined. He sent off an advanced guard during the winter, of ten knights and seventy archers ; and this small body having landed in the neighbourhood of Wexford, completely routed an army of 3000 Irish, of whom 800 were slain in battle. Strongbow himself soon followed, with 200 knights and 1000 soldiers, a force which the natives were unable to resist ; and having obtained the hand of Eva, his promised bride, he stormed the city of Dublin, and then reduced the whole kingdom of Meath. Upon the death of Dermot, in the following year, the earl succeeded his father-in-law as king, without opposition.

Henry was aroused by these marvels, but it was to feel indignant that his subjects should presume to make themselves independent kings, and of a territory which he considered his own, as it had been granted him by the pope. He therefore forbade any more English adventurers to proceed to Ireland, and commanded all who were already there to return on pain of banishment and confiscation. He resolved to complete the work of the conquest in person, and embarked for Ireland on the 26th of October. Strongbow in the mean time had made dutiful submission to his sovereign, and was allowed to hold a great part of Leinster, as a vassal of the English crown. The Irish chieftains and natives, who, like very savages, were awe-struck by the power and dazzled with the splendour of the English monarch, crowded from all quarters with offers of submission. In so short a space, and with such facility, was an important conquest achieved, which has cost England so much difficulty to retain.

No monarch of that age could now be compared with Henry, for extent of power, and success in war and negotiation ; but circumstances were at hand that might have cured the envy even of the most ambitious. These afflictions also originated in that domestic discord which seems to have been entailed as a curse upon the descendants of William the Conqueror. The three eldest sons

of the king, now advancing to manhood, were equally brave, ambitious, and impatient for enterprise; and from eagerness to aggrandize his family, as well as from paternal love, he had caused the eldest, Henry, to be anointed king of England conjointly with himself at the age of sixteen, besides bestowing rich appanages upon his other children. But these possessions only stimulated their ambition, and evil counsellors were at hand to stir them up against their parent. Henry, the prince-king, who had been the most highly favoured, was the first to rebel; and the chief persons who incited him were, Eleanor, his mother, who was offended at her husband's numerous gallantries—and the king of France, the prince's father-in-law, who was eager to increase his own power on the continent at the expense of his rival. The young Henry, who longed to become king in reality, entered into an infamous plot to dethrone his father, and the king of Scotland, the earls of Flanders, Boulogne, and Blois, and many of the continental chiefs, were engaged to join in it by promises, which, if executed, would have cut down England into a mere province. Even many of the English nobles, and the princes Richard and Geoffrey, were also engaged in this infamous conspiracy. When the whole plan was ripe for execution, the young Henry fled to France, followed by his two brothers, and the explosion commenced. The king of France accompanied by prince Henry entered Normandy with a large army on one side, the earls of Flanders and Boulogne burst into it on the other, and the provinces of Anjou, Maine, Aquitaine, and Bretagne, were overrun and ravaged by their own barons, who had joined the coalition. To deepen the confusion, England was at one and the same instant invaded by the king of Scots, who ravaged Cumberland and Carlisle, and distracted by the rebellious barons, who rose in arms in the heart of the kingdom.

Amidst such trying difficulties, and when all anticipated the king's destruction, his wonderful talents and activity appeared to triumph over impossibilities. Having garrisoned his principal fortresses in France and Normandy, and placed them under captains upon whom he could depend, he raised 20,000 Brabançons, or mercenary soldiers, and held himself in readiness wherever the danger might be most pressing. At the siege of Dri-

encourt, the earl of Boulogne died of a slight wound, and the earl of Flanders, who was with him, immediately retired from Normandy; and thus freed at once from two powerful enemies, Henry flew with his Brabançons to raise the siege of Verneuil, which was invested by the French king. The latter was unable to comprehend such a rapid movement, until he was assured of his adversary's approach; upon which he fled with such precipitation, that he left his camp with all its valuables behind, to be plundered by Henry's mercenaries. From Verneuil, Henry passed with equal promptitude to Bretagne, so that the rebellious nobles in that quarter were obliged to surrender. In the mean time, the same good fortune that had crowned his exertions upon the continent, rewarded his precautionary measures at home. Those English nobles, to whom Henry had intrusted the defence of the kingdom during his absence, compelled the king of Scotland to retreat into his own dominions; after which they attacked and defeated with great slaughter an army of the insurgent barons, under the command of the earl of Leicester. Henry thus every where successful, obliged the kings of France and Scotland to agree to a truce, which was to last from the feast of St. Hilary to the end of the Easter holidays.

This truce was only a breathing time for the enemies of England, during which they mustered their resources, and planned the operations of a new campaign. It was now resolved that the prince-king, with the earl of Flanders, should land a powerful army of Flemings in the south of England; that the king of Scotland should invade the northern counties; while the factious English earls,* on the side of young Henry, were at the same instant to rise with their followers in different parts of the kingdom, and increase the confusion. The distracted father, who was at this time on the continent, immediately hurried to England, and being overwhelmed with a conviction of the desperate state of his affairs, he adopted an expedient which excited the astonishment of both friends and foes. Since the murder of Becket, it was a common belief that the anger of heaven was upon the king, so that his affairs would never prosper; and from policy or remorse, or perhaps from a mixture of both feelings, he resolved to make his peace with the departed saint, and thus revive the courage of his adhe-

rents. No sooner had he landed at Southampton on July the 8th (1174), than he dismissed his splendid train, clothed himself in penitential weeds, and proceeded to Canterbury, to do penance at the tomb of the martyr. Within a mile of the city he dismounted, and walked barefoot; and as he passed along the streets, the people saw that his steps were marked with blood from his lacerated feet. When he came to the cathedral, he threw himself before the tomb of the saint, and spent the night stretched upon the pavement, in prayers and tears; after which he submitted his naked back to be scourged by the monks, drank a draught of water that was mixed with some of Becket's blood, and then received absolution. This painful process threw him into a temporary fever when he arrived at London, so that he was confined to a sick bed; but it was the less to be regretted, as a tide in his affairs had taken place. On the very day that he had propitiated the new saint, and received absolution, his great antagonist, William the Lion, king of Scotland, was taken prisoner. The Scots were besieging the castle of Alnwick, and plundering the surrounding country, when some of the English barons, with 400 horse, rode forth in quest of an adventure on the morning, during a heavy mist. When the fog cleared, they unexpectedly saw before them the towers of Alnwick, and a body of about sixty Scottish horse, who were amusing themselves in playful careering before their king, on a level meadow. William mistook the English for a party of his own men returned from plundering; but when he found his mistake, he scorned the thought of a retreat. He couched his lance, and exclaiming, 'Now shall we see who are good knights!' he rushed boldly amidst the enemy, but was unhorsed at the first charge, and made prisoner, with the greater part of his followers. Henry was awakened at midnight with the tidings, at which he leapt from his bed, and wept for joy. The captivity of the king of Scotland, the most powerful of Henry's enemies, dissolved the coalition, so that the rebellious English barons strove who should be first in making submission. Henry then crossed to Normandy with his Brabançons, where he so effectually harassed his enemies on the continent, that the king of France was compelled to a peace of which his rival dictated the terms, and the three princes were once

more received into favour. The heaviest punishment for this unnatural war fell upon the head of the captive king of Scotland; and he was not released until he had agreed, at Falaise, in Normandy, in the month of December, to swear fealty to Henry, and do homage for Scotland, and all his other possessions.

The moral influence of Henry's administration, his admirable conduct in peace, and his valour and success in war, had now made him renowned among the nations of Christendom, and of this an illustrious proof was afforded in 1177. Sanchez, king of Navarre, and Alphonso, king of Castile, having long been rivals and enemies, at length submitted their disputes to the arbitration of the king of England. It was a new and glorious spectacle in that age, to see the advocates of these great sovereigns pleading their respective causes before the royal tribunal of England, in implicit reliance upon its wisdom and justice—and that their reliance was not misapplied appeared from the fact, that both parties were gratified by Henry's decision. During the few years of unwonted peace that succeeded this prosperity, he also established wise military laws for the defence of the kingdom. In 1181, he published his assize of arms, the excellence of which was so apparent, that it was adopted by other countries. According to this new regulation, every earl, baron, and knight, was to have ready for service as many complete suits of armour as he had knight's fees. Every freeman, who was worth sixteen marks in rents or goods, was to have a suit of the same armour; every freeman who had half that amount, was to have an *habergeon*, an iron skull-cap, and a lance; and every free burgess was to have a *wambois*, a skull-cap, and a lance.* These arms were neither to be lent, sold, pawned, nor given away, but to be kept in constant readiness for active service.

Peace and mutual confidence were not to be permanent in the family of Henry, and his sons were once more ready to take the field. There was a wild romantic story in the family of Anjou, that its founder had been seduced into marriage with a beautiful but mysterious

* The *habergeon* was a coat of plate or chain mail, in the form of a shirt without sleeves. The *wambois* was a coat composed of many folds of linen stuffed with cotton, wool, or hair quilted, and covered with buck or doe-skin leather.

female, who had always shunned the presence of a church, and every thing holy; but on being dragged at unawares into a place of worship, and crossed with holy water, she had vanished with a frightful shriek. From this Satanic fair one, the young English princes were descended; and in telling the tale of their ancestry, they were accustomed sportively to add, that those who thus came from the devil, must also go to the devil. At all events, they proved by their deeds, that the tale and the logical conclusion were by no means uncongenial to their feelings; for when they were not occupied in warring with their father, or with each other, they were galloping to and fro like knight-errants in quest of adventures, and breaking spears wherever a tournament was held. Of this hopeful brood, Geoffrey the third son was the most subtle and relentless, and he had constantly declared that their detestation of their father could never be suspended but by their hatred of each other. In 1183 accordingly a quarrel broke out among them, in consequence of being required to do homage to their elder brother, Henry, for their respective dukedoms of Aquitaine and Bretagne. Geoffrey complied, but Richard (afterwards Cœur de Lion) spurned the proposal, upon which the other brothers flew to arms, and commenced a war of such ferocity against the recusant, that no quarter was given on either side. Richard was at last in danger of being overpowered by the united forces of Henry and Geoffrey, when the father hurried to his aid. Henry the prince-king being thus disappointed of revenge, proposed a treaty, during which he and Geoffrey repeatedly attempted to procure the assassination of their unsuspecting parent. Negotiations were in consequence broken off, and the two princes were preparing for battle with the king, when prince Henry, agitated by remorse and shame, was thrown into the paroxysms of a fever that was soon pronounced mortal. In this condition, a sense of his frightful guilt so imbibited his dying moments, that he sent to his father, imploring him to come and forgive him; but the latter, who had already been more than once in mortal danger through the hypocritical pretences of his son, imagined that this was but a new plan to assassinate him, and refused to comply. He sent however a ring from his finger, as a token of forgiveness. The dying prince kissed it with great emotion,

and then caused himself to be dragged, with a halt round his neck, to a heap of ashes, upon which he penitently expired. When the king received the melancholy tidings, he fainted away: all the injuries of his son were now forgotten in the remembrance of his amiable qualities, and the repentance of his death.

But the example of this close of parricidal ambition had no influence upon the remaining princes, and Richard seemed to have entered into the schemes, as well as the rights, of his deceased brother. When the king therefore required him to resign Aquitaine to his youngest brother John, he refused; upon which John, who was now seventeen years old, was sent against him with an army, to enforce compliance, while Henry went to England, to repress the incursions of the Welsh. During his absence, the three brothers were fighting against each other so furiously in Normandy, that Henry commanded them to disband their forces, and return home—a mandate which they were obliged to obey. Richard and Geoffrey afterwards obtained permission to set out to their continental possessions; but as soon as they were freed from paternal restraint, they renewed their old warfare, and Henry was compelled to cross to Normandy with an army, in April, 1185, to subdue these irreconcilable brethren. Indeed, nothing but death itself could still them, and Henry was only freed from one of his worst enemies by the loss of another son. The subtle and unprincipled Geoffrey had demanded of his father the government of Anjou, as well as that of Bretagne, and on being refused, he fled to the court of France, to mature a fresh conspiracy. But in consequence of being overthrown in a tournament, and trampled under his horse's feet, he died at Paris, on the 19th of August, 1186. Henry grieved little about this worthless youth, who seems to have been the worst of the family. The fiery Richard now stepped forward as Henry's chief antagonist. He repaired to the court of the king of France, and on being summoned home, instead of obeying, he seized the treasure of his father which was laid up at Chinon, and began to fortify his towns and castles, with the intention of holding out. But Henry still continued his negotiations, from the desire of avoiding such unnatural bloodshed, and Richard, after submitting, was again received to forgiveness.

During the course of these proceedings, all Christendom rang with the events of the crusading wars; and the pontiff had laboured for a long period with the kings of France and England to persuade them to lay aside their mutual jealousies, and unite for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre. At length, at the end of 1187, tidings arrived in Europe that the Christians had been defeated, and that Jerusalem had fallen into the hands of Saladin; upon which the two sovereigns, as if struck with shame and compunction, assumed the cross, and began to make preparations in earnest for an Asiatic campaign. Here, however, the unhappy Richard, the future prince of crusaders, was fated to traverse the design, and postpone it to a more distant period. Although he had assumed the cross, he quarrelled as duke of Aquitaine with the earl of Thoulouse, about some trifling mercantile imposts; and bursting into the earl's territories he took several of his towns, and was about to besiege his capital. The earl in this strait invoked the aid of his liege, the king of France, who hurried to the rescue of his vassal, and broke into Henry's territories of Berri, where he began to waste the country with fire and sword, to the great indignation of the king of England, who sent messengers to remonstrate upon the invasion. These complaints were ineffectual, and Henry was obliged to cross the sea in July (1188), and commence reprisals, to the great indignation of the continental nobles, who had hastened their preparations for the crusade, and were now eager to be gone.

Philip Augustus, the present king of France, although still a youth, was a match for Henry himself in the arts of negotiation; and in all his political and military plans, his great aim was, to lessen the dangerous power of England upon the continent, and thereby to consolidate the broken monarchy of France, over a great portion of which he had little more than a merely nominal rule. On this account, his court was the refuge of the malcontents of England and Normandy, and his labours were incessant in fomenting the differences between the English princes and their father. On the present occasion, he successfully tampered with Richard, and then attended a conference with the king of England, which had been brought about by the mediation of those princes who were impatient to depart to the crusade.

At this meeting Philip Augustus demanded, not only that the long-deferred marriage between his sister and Richard should be immediately consummated, but that all Henry's subjects in England, and the continent, should be required to do homage to Richard as the royal heir. The prince expressed his satisfaction at these terms, and urged his father to comply, while Henry was speechless at their extravagance. By such a treaty he would be virtually uncrowned, and exposed to the mercy of a rebellious son. As soon as he recovered from his astonishment, he gave a direct refusal; upon which Richard, in presence of the whole assembly, renounced allegiance to his parent, and did homage to Philip for all the territories held by England upon the continent. After this indecent specimen of rebellion, the whole assembly broke up in confusion.

Such an act required to be enforced by desperate deeds, and Philip and Richard, accompanied by the chiefs of Normandy and Aquitaine, burst into the French territories of Henry in the following year, carrying all before them. At length, a conference was appointed by the papal legate on the 5th of June; but here, Richard not only repeated his former demands, but required that his brother John should accompany him to the Holy Land, that he might not supplant him during his absence. Henry returned as decided a negative as before, upon which the war was resumed with redoubled fury, and Richard gave fatal proofs against his own father of that prowess for which he was afterwards so distinguished against the Saracens. Henry, who had been so long victorious, was now obliged to fly; and while he was driven from place to place before his successful enemies, the last drop of domestic bitterness was added to the cup, by the desertion of John, the youngest and best-beloved of his children, for whose interests he had more than once embroiled himself with the rest. The abandonment of this youthful traitor was more than the poor parent could endure: his heart was broken, and cursing the day on which he was born, he laid himself down to die. He was attacked by what physicians called a fever, although utter misery would have been the better term, and expired at Chinon, on the 6th of July (1189), in the 57th year of his age, after having reigned thirty-five years.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

In the preceding chapter, we have anticipated the principal events of the early history of Richard I. of England, generally surnamed Cœur de Lion, or the lion-hearted. As his subsequent history is chiefly that of a crusader, it may be useful to premise the narrative with a short account of that peculiar kind of war from which he derived his chief celebrity.

Mahomedanism, in its essence, was a religion of conquest. The Koran commanded its believers to make war upon all infidels, for the glory of God; while it promised, to all who fell in such conflicts, a heaven that was most congenial to the sensualities of an eastern imagination. Under this inspiration, the early followers of Mohamed commenced a career of conquest unprecedented in the history of warfare, so that within thirty years Syria, Persia, and Egypt, were subdued. The north of Africa was then brought under the yoke of the crescent; Spain afterwards fell before the enemy; France was invaded, and almost overpowered; and the rich provinces of Italy were menaced with subjugation. A fire so intense could not indeed be permanent; and by the tenth century the unwieldy Saracen empire was rent by divisions, and falling in pieces, when a new people appeared upon the scene, to uphold and advance the conquests of Mahomedanism. These were the Turks, a nation as fierce and brave as the Saracens, who possessed the additional advantage of being better united, under the command of a single leader. These barbarians were originally a race of Tartars, who, after numerous conflicts, subdued Persia, India, Armenia, and Georgia, and then pushed their conquests to the gates of Constantinople. The whole Christian world was threatened with destruction, while the enemy, united by a powerful bond of religion, and animated by fanaticism, had only to select their successive victims. During the ascendancy of the Saracens, learning and science had flourished; but the Turks, who succeeded them, hated all intellectual refinement, so that their war against knowledge, and efforts to extinguish it, were almost as intense as those which they exerted against Christianity itself.

During this perilous interval, Europe, instead of taking the alarm, and uniting against the common enemy, was divided by the contentions of its different sovereigns, so that the Turkish power was enabled to advance almost unimpeded. But that union of Christendom which no political wisdom or foresight could have accomplished, was brought about by feelings of superstition. Christians of every country had been accustomed to regard Jerusalem as their common spiritual metropolis, and a pilgrimage to its holy sepulchre as a passport to heaven; but the Mahomedans, who also regarded it as a holy city, coveted its possession, and soon took it. This was a stroke at the very heart of Christendom, which was felt to the most distant extremities; and when all were thus aroused and anxious, the preaching of Peter the Hermit sounded the call to arms. It was now a war of Europe against Asia—of Christianity against Mohamedanism—of the fervid fanaticism of the north arrayed against that of the east. Under the first impulse of this newly kindled zeal, the Christians were victorious, and Jerusalem was erected into a Christian kingdom, under the sway of Godfrey, and his successors. After this prosperous event, Europe again fell into a state of anarchy and conflict, by which the enemy were enabled to triumph in turn, so that the re-capture of the holy city obliged the Christian kingdoms again to unite for its recovery. Saladin, the sultan of Egypt, at once the most able and the most meritorious of all the Mussulman conquerors, had subdued with ease the little Christian kingdom of Jerusalem, in 1187, before it had existed for a century; and such was the extent of his talents and resources, that he might have realized those wild schemes of ambition against Europe which his predecessors had dreamt of, but for the coalition which was now formed for the deliverance of the holy sepulchre. Philip Augustus, Richard, and the chief princes of Europe, were leagued together for this hazardous exploit; and while perhaps they had no higher motives than the love of enterprise, the hope of petty acquisition, or the impulse of superstition, they were unconsciously labouring for the religious, political, and intellectual salvation of Europe, and preparing unspeakable blessings for the human race at large.

Richard, after weeping over his father's corpse with

bitter but unavailing repentance, repaired to England, and was crowned at Westminster, on the 3rd of September, 1189. But even his coronation was polluted with the blood of unbelievers. The crusading zeal was now so hot, that the Jews, who were regarded as nothing better than Mahomedans, were strictly commanded not to intrude into Westminster, upon the occasion, lest they should harm the new king by their magical practices. But several of the dispersed people were eager to offer rich gifts to the monarch on this great day, and forced their way into the hall: a scuffle commenced by a Christian striking a Jew at the gate, and a cry immediately rose, that the king had given permission to slay the intruders; upon which many of these unfortunate Israelites were murdered on the spot. The report was eagerly caught by the populace, who fell upon these defenceless aliens throughout the city, and massacred them without distinction of age or sex, while the courtiers, who excited this popular frenzy, seized the opportunity of burning their own bonds and vouchers of debt, which were treasured up in the Jewish coffers. The example spread through the kingdom, and the Jews, who were numerous at York, after seeing many of their wives and children butchered before their eyes by the mob, threw themselves into the castle, and secured the gates. The governor, who had been absent, returned, and demanded admission: the trembling refugees refused, upon the plea that the mob would make a forcible entry at his heels; and the governor, in a fury, ordered an instant attack upon the fortress. The multitude, incited chiefly by ecclesiastics, besieged the castle for several days; and on the night before the chief assault, an event took place that frightfully reminds us of the last days of Jerusalem, in the pages of Josephus. A venerable Rabbi, who had lately come from the foreign Hebrew schools, rose in the midst of the cooped up and trembling garrison, and thus addressed them: 'Men of Israel, God commands us to die for his law, as our noble forefathers have done in all ages. If we fall into the hands of our enemies, they will cruelly torment us. That life, therefore, which our Creator gave, let us willingly and devotedly return to him with our own hands.' Most of the hearers applauded the proposal, upon which they

proceeded to burn their costly garments, and destroy their rich vessels, and precious stones. When they had thus deprived their enemies of the expected spoil, Jocen, the wealthiest of their number, stabbed his wife; the rest of the women were then slain, after which the men plunged their weapons into their own breasts. On the morning, a few pale and trembling men, who had not followed the example of their brethren, opened the gates to the besiegers upon a promise of immunity, and were instantly put to death; after which, the bonds of Christian debts to Jewish creditors were taken from the cathedral in which they had been deposited, and committed to the flames.

In spite of this massacre of Hebrew usurers, Richard soon showed that the greatest of speculators still survived in himself, by the methods which he adopted to raise money. He sold royal castles and possessions; he sold honours and important offices; he sold the superiority of the crown of England over Scotland—and he even declared that he would sell England itself if he could find a bidder. By these, and still more inglorious deeds of traffic, he gathered an immense sum, to defray the expenses of his campaign; and such was the activity with which his preparations were made, that on the 11th of December (1190), he embarked at Dover with a more powerful armament than England had ever sent from her shores. The armies of France and England mustered on the plains of Vezelay, to the number of 100,000 warriors, who after marching together to Lyons, separated; Philip Augustus resolving to embark at Genoa, while Richard proposed to set sail from Marseilles. The fleets of the two nations reached Messina, where the hosts resolved to winter; and here the kings of France and England exhibited that mutual jealousy which was so materially to affect the campaign. A hollow reconciliation followed, and Richard, after contracting an affiance with Berengaria, daughter of the king of Navarre, to the rejection of the French king's sister, set sail from Messina on the 10th of April. His fleet however was scattered by a storm, and the ship that carried the fair Berengaria and his sister was driven upon the island of Cyprus, the petty king or emperor of which would not permit the ladies to land. He even plundered the other English ships that were stranded upon the

coast. As soon as Richard heard these tidings, the crusade was for the moment forgot: he landed with his whole army in Cyprus, easily defeated the half-armed Cypriots in two engagements, and took their sovereign prisoner, whom he put into silver chains. Here, several of the rulers of Palestine arrived, to implore Richard to hasten his march; upon which he solemnized his nuptials with Berengaria, and on June the 8th he arrived at Acre, where his prowess in behalf of the cross was to be first exhibited.

This town, so famous in the history of modern sieges, had been invested for above two years by the Christian army, composed of adventurous bands from different parts of Europe; and above 300,000 men are said to have perished during the siege. The king of France, who first arrived to their aid, prevented them from resigning the task in despair; but it was the coming of Richard that turned the tide of affairs. On the voyage he had captured an immense dromond, bringing supplies to the besieged; and as he entered the port, he saw the city surrounded with the tents of European warriors, while the distant heights were crowned with the numerous army of Saladin, ready to throw supplies into the city, or to rush down upon the besiegers. Richard's first engines, which he planted against the gates, were consumed by the terrible Greek fire; new ones were constructed, and these were as speedily destroyed, while the king of England himself, who had sickened with the heat of the climate, was so disabled by disease, that he was carried to the trenches and works upon a silken mattress. In spite of this, he superintended every operation in person, and frequently discharged with his own hands the mangonels and arbalists that were planted against the walls. This inspiring example animated the whole crusading army, and the Saracens were so closely pressed that they offered to surrender, on condition of being allowed to depart with their arms and goods. 'No,' cried Richard, 'after such exertions, we must gain something more than an empty town.' At last, an agreement was ratified with Saladin, that the garrison should march out in their shirts only, and remain hostages with the Christians until he had paid 200,000 bezants for the ransom of his soldiers, who were prisoners—and that he should restore a fragment of the true

cross which had fallen into his possession, and 2,500 of the principal Christian captives. On the 12th of July, 1191, Acre was triumphantly entered, and the two kings of France and England planted their standards on the walls, over their respective portions of the town. Leopold, the duke of Austria, also attempted to set up his banner, to the great indignation of the English, who said, 'Do you, a mere duke, put yourself on a footing with kings?' 'I fight,' replied the offended potentate, 'I make war, by my own authority; and, under God, I acknowledge no superior but St. Peter.' It has been added, that Richard caused the standard to be torn down, and thrown contemptuously into the ditch; an insult which the duke did not readily forget.

This beginning of success to the Christian arms was the principal cause of the failure of the crusade. Although Philip Augustus was generalissimo, as well as the feudal superior of Richard, yet the open-handed liberality of the latter, combined with his splendid personal bravery, soon threw his politic rival into the shade, and the king of France was anxious to withdraw from an association in which he felt himself eclipsed. Perhaps he also expected to recover some of the continental possessions of England during the absence of Richard. Philip Augustus, therefore, pretending ill health, announced his intention of returning to France, to the great astonishment of the crusading princes. Richard implored him to stay, now that the way to Jerusalem was opened by the conquest of Acre; but the French king was obdurate. He would only consent to leave 10,000 of his soldiers under the duke of Burgundy: he also took an oath that he would not molest the territories of Richard, during his absence; after which he set sail to France, on the 1st of August. The watchful Saladin, who exulted in this secession, thought that he could now safely elude the hard terms of the surrender of Acre. But the fierce Richard, as soon as he perceived this intention, took revenge in a manner that was accounted barbarous even during the middle ages. On the 15th of August, while he and his army were celebrating the assumption of the blessed virgin, he caused 2,500 of the brave garrison of Acre to be led to an adjoining meadow, and there massacred without exception. The Christians even explored the

mangled carcasses, in the hope of finding gold, which they supposed the captives might have swallowed, and they converted the gall, which they found in the dead bodies, into medicines.

Nine days after this atrocity, the camp of the crusaders was broken up, for the purpose of marching to Askalon; and Saladin, burning with the desire of vengeance, hastened to prevent them. The Christians, who now mustered little more than 30,000 men, were obliged to march in a dense mass, and fighting order, winding their way slowly through the deserts, amidst hunger, thirst, and excessive heat, while a hostile army, nearly ten times their number, hovered incessantly in their front, flank, and rear, and cut off every straggler who wandered but a few paces from the main body. The Mahomedans also planted the ground, where they knew the Christians would encamp, with sharp knives and other instruments, that gashed the legs of the horses, and brought their riders to the ground. Nothing could be more magnificently contrasted as a military spectacle than the concentrated mass of northern chivalry, glittering with iron, and bristled with spears, while the myriads of the desert, in their picturesque costume, hovered upon every point, and retreated or advanced with the rapidity of a whirlwind. To add to the terrors of the crusaders, they saw, for the first time, bands of negroes in the service of Saladin, at which spectacle they shuddered. It seemed to their maddened imaginations, amidst the agonies of their march, as if fiends, as well as men and warring elements, had been summoned to destroy them. Every night, when the Christian army encamped, the heralds went about with the cry, 'God help the holy sepulchre!' which was re-echoed three times by the whole body of warriors. During this terrible progress, Richard, who had made arrangements with the skill of a most able commander, showed a personal prowess that seemed to realize even the wildest dreams of romance. Before he left England, he had caused a mighty battle-axe to be made, into the head of which twenty pounds of steel were wrought; this weapon, wielded by an arm that excelled the strength of common mortals, hewed the linked mail and quilted turbans of the enemy asunder, and with a single stroke often sent man and horse to the ground.

Choosing his station wherever danger was most pressing, he was always the foremost in driving back the assailants, so that the name of Melec Ric (or king Richard) was a name of dread, at which the boldest Mussulmans trembled.

At length a conference was demanded, and Aladil, a Turkish prince, was sent on the part of Saladin, of whom Richard required the surrender of all the countries taken from the Christians in Syria; and, as might be expected, the proposal was refused. Both sides therefore prepared for the arbitration of a decisive battle in the neighbourhood of Jaffa, which occurred on the 6th of September (1191). The Turks, Arabs, and Egyptians, rushed on amidst a tremendous clangour of drums, trumpets, and cymbals, and loud howlings that almost drowned the notes of martial music, while the crusaders stood firm to receive them, with linked shields and levelled lances. The air was soon darkened with the arrows of the sons of the desert, and the English were falling in multitudes, when the Knights Hospitallers, impatient of the deadly shower, demanded permission to charge; but Richard commanded them to stand fast, and be patient. The Turks, encouraged by this forbearance, rushed on to closer combat; but Richard still waited till the rage of the barbarians should throw them into disorder. It was only by a close and hand-to-hand charge, that the iron chivalry of Europe could reach and overwhelm their light antagonists. The signal for this purpose was given at the critical moment, and the Christian knights, as soon as they heard the English trumpets, darted from the opening ranks of infantry, and burst through the light-armed squadrons of the Mahomedans. In such a conflict, the latter could not stand for a moment. Thousands were trampled under foot beneath the heavy-mailed chivalry of the north; and although Saladin flew from rank to rank, and endeavoured to rally his warriors, they encountered wherever they turned the terrible presence and resistless battle-axe of Melec Ric, who, after having arranged the whole conflict, was fighting in the front with a prowess that appeared supernatural. The battle, which raged from morning till night, ended in the complete defeat of the Mahomedans, with great slaughter, so that Saladin, despairing of being able to keep the

field, was obliged to dismantle Cæsarea, Askalon, Joppa, and other towns, to strengthen the defences of Jerusalem.

Richard, by this victory, obtained command of the sea-coast, in consequence of which he built or restored several fortresses, although interrupted by skirmishes with the Turks. Like a true knight, he also mingled sport with warfare, an indulgence that, on one occasion, had almost cost him dear. He set out, accompanied by a noble party, with falcons on their wrists, intending to indulge in the favourite amusement of hawking, when the whole unarmed train fell into an ambush of the Turks. Nothing but flight could save them, and the stout warriors spurred in desperation; but the fleet steeds of the wilderness would soon have overtaken the king, had it not been for the devotedness of William de Preaux, a brave and goodly warrior, who threw himself in the way of the pursuers, crying out, that he was Melec Ric. The barbarians were overjoyed at their fancied success, and carried their captive to Saladin, who pardoned and honoured him for his fidelity. On another occasion, a small band of Templars, while employed in foraging, were surrounded by 5,000 cavalry. The king, who was near with a few knights, sent them forward to the rescue, while he should buckle on his armour; but they retreated from the unequal conflict, and advised him to flee also. Indignantly he exclaimed, 'If I do not assist those friends, whom I sent into perils with the promise of aid, I will never usurp the name of king more.' Half-armed as he was, he rushed into the thickest of the conflict, dealing such tremendous blows with his axe, that heads and limbs flew asunder in every direction, and the overpowered knights of the Temple were effectually rescued from destruction.

But although by these and other deeds of transcendent chivalry, the name of Richard became so famous among the Mussulmans, that they were wont to still their children, and even threaten their unruly horses with the word, Jerusalem was not to be conquered even by such prowess as his. Saladin was to the full as skilful a leader, while he was a far better politician, than the king of England; and although his light forces might be inferior in the shock of battle to the massive,

well-appointed ranks of the crusaders, yet they were better fitted for the harassing warfare of a long march, and much more numerous. The Christians also were overpowered by the elements, still more than by the weapons of their enemies. Their horses died from wet and hunger; the provisions of the soldiers were damaged; their armour was covered with rust, and their bodies were enfeebled with disease. Then also dissension, the worst enemy of a suffering army, broke out among them. Thus, when the Christians had marched from Jaffa towards Jerusalem, and reached the neighbourhood of the Holy City, after much toil and skirmishing, the French party pretended that it was too strong to be besieged, and clamoured for a return to Askalon, with which the indignant Richard was forced to comply. He thus saw the fruits of all his labours and victories torn in an instant from his grasp, so that when the army ascended an eminence, to behold Jerusalem he held his shield before his face, as if unworthy to look upon that sacred place which he was unable to rescue. His indignation, on returning to Askalon and repairing the city, broke forth upon those who had thus thwarted his favourite design; and the chief of these happened to be his old adversary Leopold. While the nobles and commanders, and even the king of England, worked like common labourers to strengthen the defences, the duke of Austria stood still, and looked on. His sullen reply to remonstrance was, 'My father was not a mason, and I was not bred a carpenter.' Richard, we are told, in the bitterness of his indignation, actually kicked the duke.

But the most urgent cause for Richard's departure from Palestine existed at this period in the disturbances in England. Philip Augustus, on his return to France, forgot his oaths, and entered into intrigues with John, to displace his brother Richard; and he also endeavoured to make an irruption into Normandy, for the purpose of subduing it, while England itself was rent into factions between John, and Longchamp the Justiciary. Even before the works of Askalon were completed, the duke of Burgundy, too, had allured the French, Genoese, and other auxiliaries, to separate from the main army, and return home by the way of Acre and Tyre. The force of these circumstances com-

elled Richard to retreat with his enfeebled and diminished forces; and Saladin, taking confidence from his circumstance, advanced, to recover Jaffa. Richard made a last exertion to protect this portion of his Syrian conquests, and hastened by sea to its relief, and a battle followed in which Saladin was driven from the town. The Sultan however attempted a night surprise, in which he was nearly successful. Richard finding the enemy upon him before he was aware, hastily armed himself, collected a handful of gallant followers, and rushed into the thickest of the conflict. His irresistible prowess on this, as on other occasions, baffled every advantage of position and numbers on the part of the enemy, so that they quailed, and fled before him. In this nocturnal engagement an accident happened characteristic of the warfare of the chivalrous ages. Richard was met, as he was fighting in front of his men, and on foot, by Saphadin, the brother of Saladin, upon which the gallant Syrian presented his antagonist with two noble steeds, that he might be mounted as became a king. The prodigious exertions of Richard on this occasion saved his army, but threw him into a slow fever, and finding that he could not recall the recreant French to his banner, a truce with Saladin followed, which was to last for three years, three months, three weeks, three days, and three hours—a fantastic number sanctioned by the usages of chivalry. Richard, during his illness, had received every act of courtesy from his high-minded adversary, Saladin often sending him fruits and ice to accelerate his recovery. Thus the king of England, although he had secured no immediate political advantages from such an immense expenditure of men and money upon this sacred expedition, had impressed upon the Mahomedan world a sense of the northern valour which they were compelled to respect for ages; and he had also unconsciously maimed the right arm of the enemy of Christendom, so that the ambitious schemes of the East were indefinitely postponed. It is only in such results that we perceive the real advantage of the crusades. If, centuries after these periods, the Turks were able to take Constantinople, and threaten Vienna, what would have been the termination of their career but for these early obstacles?

Previous to the departure of Richard from Palestine,

it was necessary to bestow the crown of Jerusalem, for which there were two competitors—Guy of Lusignan, his favourite, and Conrade, of Montferrat, the brave defender of Tyre against Saladin. Such an honour was little more than nominal, as the real power was in the hands of the Soldan ; but, like other nominal honours, it was not the less keenly contested ; and Richard, yielding his private feelings to the common wish, conferred the title upon the marquis of Montferrat, while to comfort the unsuccessful candidate, he conferred upon Guy his own conquest of the kingdom of Cyprus. Unfortunately, Conrade did not long enjoy his empty dignity, having been murdered in the streets of Tyre by two emissaries of an eastern potentate, called The Old Man of the Mountains. On being put to the torture, these miscreants gloried in the deed, and acknowledged the master who had set them on ; but in spite of this confession, it was alleged, by the French party, that Richard was the instigator—as if one so proud and fearless would have hired a mercenary dagger.

Richard slowly recovered from his sickness, and prepared to return home. Having embarked the queen and his sister, he followed in a swift-sailing ship, which left the port of Acre on the 25th of October (1192), amidst the prayers and tears of the inhabitants, who were charmed with his liberality and valour. But it was now that the most perilous part of his career awaited him. Tempests first arose, so that for six weeks he was separated from his fleet, and buffeted by the waves ; and when the storms had assuaged, his ship was boarded by pirates, in the neighbourhood of Corfu. The king, who admired the hardy valour of these depredators, made himself known to them, and persuaded them to carry him to Zara, where he landed ; and he there resumed, with his attendants, his journey on foot, disguised as a pilgrim, and under the name of Hugh the merchant. But Richard was ill qualified to support any disguise ; and having sent the princely gift of a rich jewel to the governor of Goritz, in order to obtain a passport, this chieftain well knew that wandering merchants were not in the habit of giving such presents, and he concluded that so liberal an applicant could be no other than Richard himself. The king was startled when he learnt that he was discovered, more especially as he knew that

the governor was a nephew of the murdered Conrade, whose assassination had been laid to his charge ; and therefore he escaped from the dangerous neighbourhood, and after journeying for three days and three nights without food, attended only by a knight and a young lad, he arrived at a town near Vienna, on the Danube. But this escape only brought him into greater danger, for Leopold of Austria happened, at that time, to be in the town. The king, however, who was exhausted with hunger and fatigue, halted at an obscure cottage to rest, while he sent the lad, who could speak German, to purchase food. The young attendant imprudently carried his master's embroidered gloves in his girdle, which attracted the inquiries of the town's people respecting the real rank of his employer ; but his answers were so confused that they threatened to employ the torture, upon which he confessed the truth. These were glorious tidings to the archduke, in whose mind the disgraces endured at Acre and Askalon were still rankling, and he beset the cottage with an armed force, the noise of which soon awoke the king. He saw the uselessness of resistance, and surrendered his sword to the archduke, from whom he expected at least the courtesy which one brave enemy owes to another ; but he had not yet fathomed the malice and avarice of the Austrian's dark spirit. The king was treated as a prisoner of war, and sent to close confinement in the castle of Tyernsteign, under the keeping of Hadmar, an Austrian baron. But soon another broker appeared in this scene of treachery, in the person of the emperor of Germany, the feudal superior of Leopold, who told the archduke that none but an emperor was worthy to have a royal captive ; and to enforce this curious argument, he promised the archduke £60,000 out of the ransom which he intended to extort for Richard's deliverance. The bargain was soon settled between these exalted kidnappers, and Richard was transferred to one of the emperor's castles in the Tyrol, where he was loaded with heavy chains, and delivered to the keeping of trusty guards, who watched over him day and night with drawn swords.

The fame which Richard had acquired in Palestine had endeared him to his warlike subjects, so that all his early faults had been forgotten ; and when they heard of

his departure from Acre, every bell of 'merry England' was prepared to ring out a welcome, as soon as he should land upon her shores. But weeks and months passed away, and still he came not, and the hearts of his people became sick with the weariness of hope deferred. In the lawless state of Europe at this period, and considering how many were the open or secret enemies of Richard, nothing was more reasonable than to suspect that, if he had escaped the sea, he might be languishing in the prison of some foreign castle; and an expedient was adopted to ascertain the fact, which, although sufficiently romantic, was at the same time so natural, that we see no just ground for discrediting the tale. Blondel, the favourite minstrel of Richard, who was himself a Troubadour of no mean skill, resolved to commence a pilgrimage in quest of the master whom he had so dearly loved; and taking his harp in his hand, he passed safely through various countries, protected by his almost sacred office, and gaining a welcome in town and tower, by the charms of his minstrelsy. It is probable, although we are not informed by the story, that he was at length enabled to track the course of the king to Germany; and that there he learned enough to surmise the country of Richard's captivity. He wandered among the mountains of the Tyrol, until he came to a stately castle, near the walls of which he tuned his harp, and commenced a song which had been the joint production of Richard and himself; and as he sang, every alternate stanza was chanted by a deep voice from within. He knew that it was the voice of his beloved master, and now his mission was accomplished. He hurried to England; and every country soon resounded with the indignant cry, that the great hero of the age and champion of the cross was a prisoner to the emperor of Germany. All his friends in England and France immediately entered into negotiations for his deliverance; and when the emperor demurred, the pope threatened him with the thunder of the church, if he persevered in detaining its bravest defender. At length, after much negotiation, the reluctant emperor consented to release his prisoner for a ransom of one hundred thousand marks of silver; and the English raised this exorbitant sum with joyful alacrity, the clergy even melting down the church plate for the deli-

verance of the hero of the church.* Richard was set at liberty on the 4th of February, 1194, after an unjust bondage of nearly fourteen months.

It was indeed full time that the king of England should return to his dominions, as confusion and treachery had predominated during his absence. The king of France, notwithstanding his oath to respect the dominions of Richard, had applied to the pope for a dispensation, immediately on his return from Palestine; and on this being denied, he would have invaded Normandy, but his barons, who were more scrupulous than himself, refused to second him. He also tampered with the wicked and imbecile John, who endeavoured to usurp the crown of England, under the pretence that Richard was dead. But the English nobility were faithful to their sovereign, and his hopes were disappointed. As soon as the king's captivity was known by Philip Augustus and John, they hoped to make his imprisonment perpetual, by working upon the emperor's cupidity, and it was chiefly by their intrigues that the negotiation was protracted during five months. Even when the treaty was ratified with the English commissioners, John and his ally endeavoured to break it, by offering the emperor double the amount of ransom to detain Richard in prison; and the emperor would have complied, had it not been for the terrors of the pontiff, and the integrity of his own nobles.

All these clouds were soon dissipated by the landing of Richard in England, and as he rode through the streets of London, such was the intoxication of triumph among his people, and the magnificence with which he was received, that some German knights who had accompanied him, could not help exclaiming, 'Sir King, had our Cæsar known of such wealth, your ransom would not have been so easy!' Richard, who felt as if his bondage had un-kinged and degraded him, caused himself to be crowned anew with great pomp, on the 17th of April, after which, breathing out nothing but vengeance against the treachery of Philip Augustus, he made every preparation to invade France. Such was his eagerness for this expedition that, in the following month, he landed at

* With part of this dishonestly acquired money Vienna was fortified with walls—those very walls which, in our own day, were so ineffectual for the protection of the German capital, against one who failed at Acre.

Barfleur. Here John, who now forsook his ally in iniquity, repaired to the presence of his offended brother, with crawling supplications, and was received with forgiveness.

Six years of desultory warfare between France and England now ensued, the events of which however are so uninteresting as to be unworthy of detail, consisting chiefly of the surprise of fortresses and petty skirmishes, in which little advantage was gained on either side; and these were generally followed by truces that showed the weakness of both parties. Both kings, indeed, had exhausted their finances in the expedition to Palestine, so that their individual qualities, more than the number of their forces, were at issue, and in such a conflict the impetuous valour of Richard was counteracted by the cool, cautious policy of his rival. The chief action that occurred, during these wars, was one fought near Gisors, in which Philip, at the head of three hundred knights, with their squires, and a large body of cavalry, was completely defeated. The French fled in confusion towards the fortress of Gisors, and the English followed pell-mell, when the bridge along which the king of France was hurrying broke down, and precipitated him, heavily armed as he was, with twenty of his knights, into the river Epte. Here he would have been drowned, but for the chivalrous devotedness of his followers, who rallied against the pursuers, and perished to a man, that he might have time to escape. Richard, in describing this event, exultingly told, how he had obliged his rival to drink of the waters of the Epte.

Another event which gratified the personal resentment of the king of England during this war was, the capture of Philip, bishop of Beauvais. This ecclesiastic was so enamoured of military renown, that he was wont to take the field at the head of his followers, and his fame for personal prowess was almost as great as that of Richard himself. But as he had still some scruples of conscience in his warlike capacity, he respected the canon which prohibited a priest from blood-shedding, and usually wielded a huge mace in battle, with which he unhorsed his enemies, or knocked them on the head, without spilling their blood. Of all the enemies of Richard, none was more embittered against him than this belligerent ecclesiastic, so that when the king was

the prisoner of the emperor, he had intrigued for the prolongation of his captivity. But in a skirmish under the walls of Beauvais, the bishop was taken prisoner by Marcadee, the commander of Richard's mercenaries, and brought to the king, by whom he was immediately loaded with the heaviest irons, and thrown into a dungeon. The unfortunate prelate endeavoured to stir up the pope to procure his release, and the latter accordingly sent a supplicating letter to Richard, entreating him to release 'his dear son, the bishop of Beauvais.' Richard sent back to the pontiff the battered and blood-stained armour of the priest, with the following text: 'This have we found; know, now, whether it be thy son's coat or no.' 'Not of a son of mine!' cried the pontiff, smiling—'it is the coat of a son of Mars: let Mars deliver him if he will.' The bishop did not recover his liberty until Richard died.

That event, which took place in the year 1199, was altogether unworthy of Cœur de Lion's high character and station. An ancient treasure had been discovered on the estate of Vidomar, count of Limoges, who offered a portion of it to Richard, as his superior lord. But the king demanded the whole;* and on being refused, he laid siege to the castle of Chaluz, in which the treasure was contained. The garrison offered to surrender, but the king, incensed at their resistance, vauntingly told them, that he would take the castle by force, and put them all to death. On the fourth day of the siege, as he was riding round the walls, to discover the most favourable point of onset, one of the garrison, called Bertram de Jourdan, a cross-bowman, took steady aim, and struck the king with an iron-headed bolt in the left shoulder. The wound was trivial, but such was the unskilfulness of the surgeons in attempting to extract the arrow, that a mortification followed.† The assault in the mean time

* By the feudal law the crown could claim all *treasure-trove*—that is, money, plate, or bullion, found hidden in the earth. Richard's demand, therefore, was perfectly consistent with justice.

† Of the nature of surgery at this period, we have a very curious specimen in the case of the archduke of Austria, the enemy of Richard. In consequence of a fall at a tournament, his leg was bruised, and a gangrene ensued. The amputation of the limb was declared indispensable for the recovery of the patient; but no one had the necessary skill for this feat of surgery. At length one of his attendants snatched up a common axe, and uttering a pious ejaculation, he lopped off the member with a single downright blow. The duke died notwithstanding.

was given, the castle was taken, and all the defenders were put to death except the archer, who was reserved for a death of torture. He was brought into the presence of the dying king, who indignantly exclaimed, 'Wretch! what evil have I done to you, that you attempted my life?' 'Sir King,' said the other undauntedly, 'with your own hand you killed my father, and my brother, and me also you designed to put to an ignominious death. I can now suffer your greatest tortures with joy, in the thought that I have slain a tyrant, and a murderer.' Richard was softened by the approach of death and the man's magnanimity, so that he ordered him to be set free, and a hundred shillings to be given to him; but Marcadee, the commander of the Brabançons, caused him to be flayed alive. The king died on the 6th of April, in the forty-second year of his age, after having reigned ten years, not one of which was spent in his own kingdom.

CHAP. IV.

From the Accession of John to the Death of Henry the Third.

ON the death of Richard Cœur de Lion, the crown of England, according to the principles of hereditary succession, should have descended to Arthur, the son of Geoffrey. This disposition had been also made by the will of the late king; but the rights of an unprotected infant were not likely to be respected by an uncle so bold and unscrupulous as John. The latter, on the death of Richard, took possession of Chinon, which contained the royal treasure; and having thus armed himself with golden persuasions, he prevailed upon the Norman barons to inaugurate him as duke of Normandy, on the 25th of April (1199). But his claims were not so speedily recognised in England, where he was generally hated, and the nobles made preparations in every quarter to oppose his accession. It was only the fear of a civil war that induced them to drop their hostility; and John, after a plentiful distribution of money among his opponents, and many promises of good government, was recognised king of England at Westminster, on the 28th of May, being then in the thirty-second year of his age.

In the mean time, Philip Augustus was not indifferent to these events in England. In his great aim of restoring the integrity of the French dominions, he had divided the family and embittered the last days of Henry II., as well as retarded the conquests of Richard ; and although he had been checked by the great abilities of the former, and the valour of the latter, he had never swerved from his purpose. But John was an antagonist of a very different stamp ; weak not only from his personal qualities and crimes, but weak as a usurper ; and the king of France commenced hostilities by espousing the cause of Arthur, in whose behalf he demanded from John the cession of all his French possessions. The events that followed are more of a political than a military complexion, and negotiations followed each other, in which the interests of Arthur, now duke of Bretagne, were banded to and fro between the selfishness of the two chief competitors. At length an event took place, that not only deprived England of all her possessions on the continent, but sowed those seeds of dissension between John and his nobles, that afterwards ripened into such a portentous harvest. He had already disgusted the chiefs of Aquitaine and Poictou, when, to crown all, he conceived a lawless passion for the beautiful wife of the count of la Marche ; and although he had been married for ten years to the fair and virtuous Avisia, daughter of the earl of Gloucester, he got possession of the person of the countess, and married her at Angouleme. The injured husband roused the nobles of Aquitaine and Poictou to arms ; but when John prepared to chastise them, his English barons refused to follow his standard in such a petty and dishonourable warfare. The king of France joyfully took part with the revoltors of the continent, and by again setting up the claims of the duke of Bretagne, he successfully multiplied the difficulties of the flagitious John. The French forces were poured into Normandy, while an army under Arthur laid siege to the town of Mirebeau, about six miles from Poitiers, in which Eleanor the mother of John resided. But this ancient heroine made a stout resistance, until her son was apprised of her difficulties, upon which he flew to her rescue. The town was already in the possession of the enemy, while Eleanor held out in the citadel ; but John, who in this solitary instance showed great promp-

titude, got possession of Mirebeau by treachery, on the night of the 31st of July (1202), and took Arthur prisoner, with above 200 of his most distinguished followers. The miseries of this young competitor, who was now only fifteen years old, had commenced even before he saw the light. His father had been killed at a tournament, eight months before he was born ; his infancy had been continually endangered by John's machinations ; and during the period of his boyhood, his cause had been alternately espoused and sacrificed by the French king, who used him as an instrument to promote his own purposes. His first trial in arms had now terminated in the ruin of his followers, and his own captivity, and from such a jailor as John no liberation but that of death could be expected. He soon ceased to be seen either by friend or enemy : it was universally known that he had been assassinated ; and several writers have not scrupled to allege, that John himself was the assassin.

It only needed an action like this to make the king of England universally odious upon the continent. The people of Bretagne, by whom their young prince was enthusiastically beloved, were almost frantic at his death, and, according to the feudal custom, they laid their grievances before their sovereign, the king of France, and clamoured for justice against the murderer. Philip Augustus summoned John to appear before him, as a vassal of the French crown, to answer their accusations, a command with which, as might have been expected, John did not find it convenient to comply ; and upon this the court declared him a rebel against France, and sentenced him to the forfeiture of all those dominions which he held of the French seigniory. Philip Augustus had no sooner levied an army, and commenced his march, to enforce the decision, than the chiefs of Normandy and Bretagne, of Anjou, and Maine, yielded up their strong-holds, and flocked to his banner, so that his progress was a triumphal march, rather than a campaign. In the mean time, John, who should have been in the field, was spending his time in riot and debauchery, at Rouen, surrounded by lewd women and effeminate courtiers ; and when told of the successes of the enemy, he only answered with a loud laugh—‘ Let them go on ; let the scum of French and Bretons go on : I will re-

cover in a single day what they are winning with such time and labour!' The enemy did go on, until they came to the neighbourhood of Rouen, upon which John roused himself; but it was only to fly to England, which he did with great activity. He now endeavoured to stir up the English nobles to assist him in the recovery of his foreign dominions; but they were disgusted at the manner in which they had been lost, and peremptorily refused to follow his banner out of the country. In the mean time the progress of the king of France was so successful, that by the end of 1204, Normandy, Bretagne, Anjou, Maine, Touraine and Poictou—all the rich possessions that had been united to the crown of England by the accession of William the Conqueror and Henry II. and the preservation of which had been maintained at such an expense of blood and treasure, reverted to the possession of France with a quickness and facility that can find no parallel even in the conquests of the middle ages.

The course of John, after these events, can only be understood as that of a madman. As if France had not now been a sufficiently powerful enemy by the accession of so much territory, he hurled defiance against a power more formidable than that of France, and with which kings and emperors had striven in vain. The ominous see of Canterbury had become vacant, and the pope had nominated Stephen Langton to the primacy; but John—regardless of his father's example in the case of Thomas à Becket—nominated a different candidate; and when the monks of Canterbury refused to receive him, they were driven from their convent, and banished to Flanders. The pope remonstrated, but in vain: John defied his authority, and continued to persecute the clergy, upon which the pope threatened him with an interdict. As soon as the bishops, who were commissioned with this message, had announced it, the king foamed with rage: he swore by God's teeth, that if they dared to lay his kingdom under an interdict, he would send them all packing to Rome; and that if he caught any Roman shavelings in the land, he would tear out their eyes, cut off their noses, and send them in this condition to the pope. These, indeed, were big words; but the match was wofully unequal between Innocent III. the ablest of pontiffs, and John, the weakest of

English sovereigns. On the 23d of March, 1208, the dreadful sentence was pronounced, by which the public exercises of religion were suspended in England. The churches were closed; the statues of the saints were removed from their niches, and laid prostrate on the ground; the church bells were no longer rung; even the dead bodies, instead of being laid in consecrated earth, were thrown into ditches, or huddled into dishonoured graves, without prayer or blessing. The whole flock was thus smitten for the offences of its shepherd, but John, unmoved by the distress of his people, still held out, upon which the pontiff proceeded to the more terrible sentence of excommunication. By this the offender himself was reached: he was debarred, not only from the rites of religion, but even the attendance of his servants, and the intercourse of his friends; all were enjoined to shun him as an accursed thing, and a blessing was pronounced upon the hand that either secretly or openly should deprive him of life. A king thus denounced was more miserable and helpless than his meanest servant. In the midst of his guards every sword might be turned against him, while in solitude every recess might conceal an assassin.

It was during the period of the interdict, however, which lasted a year, that John conducted the only successful expedition of his reign. The English nobility of Ireland had of late been rebellious to his authority, upon which he levied an army, under pretence of recovering Normandy; but when all was ready, he set sail for Ireland, where he landed on the 6th of June (1210), after which he immediately proceeded to Dublin. His force on this occasion was such as neither the native chiefs nor the English revolters could resist; and in twelve weeks, the whole country was effectually reduced to submission, and placed under the government of English law. In the next year John planned an expedition into Wales; and to raise supplies for the purpose, he extorted money in the most oppressive manner from the monasteries, but especially from the Jews. Among others, a rich Jew of the town of Bristol was imprisoned, and assessed in the enormous sum of 10,000 marks for his deliverance: this he refused to pay, upon which John ordered that a tooth should be daily extracted from the recusant's jaw, until payment was made. The

Hebrew stubbornly persevered in the defence of his money for seven days, during which he lost as many teeth ; but on the eighth day, he surrendered, and paid the ransom. By such infamous methods, the tyrant was enabled to raise a large army, with which he penetrated into Wales, to the foot of Snowdon ; and the Welsh chieftains, who were unable to meet him in the field, made submission, and surrendered twenty-eight youths of their best families, as hostages. These successes however only embarrassed his affairs, by encouraging his arrogance and despotism, and upon the strength of such minor achievements he continued to levy unjust taxes, and increase the severity of the forest laws, until all the nobles were turned against him, while the whole country cried out for deliverance.

The pope, who had waited in vain for the submission of his obstinate son, and saw that matters had ripened for the infliction of the last punishment of the church, now proceeded to the deposition of John. The English were absolved from their allegiance ; all Christian potentates were invited to make war upon the excommunicated and contumacious king ; and not only the remission of all sins was promised to those who embarked in such a holy war, but the crown of England, forfeited by the crimes of its wearer, was held out as the reward of the victor. Philip Augustus, who at least valued the temporal part of these conditions, now stood forward as the prime champion of the church, and about the middle of March he was prepared to invade England with a fleet of 1,700 sail. But although the English ships triumphantly swept the coasts of Normandy, and confined the enemy to their harbours, while 60,000 soldiers were mustered on Barham Downs, to repel the invaders, the heart of John utterly failed him. He knew that he had lost the affections of his people, so that he was as much afraid of his own soldiers as of the enemy. Besides being both a boaster and a coward, he was as abjectly superstitious as he was recklessly profane ; and the prediction of a certain prophet, called Peter of Pomfret, that he should lose his crown before the feast of Ascension was over, had utterly dismayed the spirit that was wont to defy all higher sanctions. Innocent had now brought the trembler to the yielding point, and nothing was necessary but negotiation ; upon

which Pandulph, one of the most able of the cardinals, was sent to John with offers of accommodation. The wily Italian so wrought upon his hopes and fears, by terrible pictures of the French king's preparations on the one hand, and the representations of the clement spirit of the church on the other, that John conceded every thing which the most successful conqueror could have demanded. He consented to become the vassal of the pope, and to hold England of him in fee, by the payment of an annual tribute; he also agreed to receive Langton as archbishop of Canterbury, and make restitution to those churchmen he had despoiled; and in token of this surrender, he took the oath of papal allegiance upon his knees, delivered up to Pandulph the crown of England, and presented the first payment of the tribute-money, upon which the cardinal scornfully set his foot. The Italian had now a more difficult pupil to manage in Philip Augustus, who was to be taught that farther proceedings were unnecessary, John having become a penitent son of the church, and England itself a fief of the Holy See. But the French king was indignant at this argument: he declared that he had undertaken all this toil and expense at the command of the pontiff, and for the welfare of his soul, and that he could not suspend his operations when success was so completely within his reach. He even continued his march to the coast, in spite of the papal thunder that began to menace him as fiercely as it had done his rival; and perhaps he would have embarked for the invasion of England, but for the rebellion of Ferrand, earl of Flanders, one of his most powerful vassals. John, who aided the earl on this occasion, sent a powerful fleet against that of France; and the great battle of Damme followed, in which the French navy was utterly annihilated by that of England.

The hostility of France was thus suspended for
A. D. a time; but John, no longer apprehensive of in-
1215. vasion, continued to make enemies among his
own subjects. He had so completely disgusted
the nobility, that they refused to follow his banner
into France, upon which he imported large hordes of
savage Brabançons into the kingdom, with whom he
hoped to crush all opposition, and make himself absolute.
The nobles were thus compelled to strike for liberty in
self-defence; and with archbishop Langton at their

head, they mustered their followers, swore to stand by each other, and agreed upon the chief terms of the charter, by which the power of the crown was to be restricted, and the liberty of the subject ensured. In consequence of this formidable coalition, John once more humbled himself before the church, and implored its interference; upon which the court of Rome, that had formerly played off the barons against the king, now espoused his cause against the barons, and commanded them to desist upon pain of spiritual censure. But the nobles, who were banded together in a good cause, were not to be so easily humbled by ecclesiastical terrors as their sovereign; and they determined that, unless the king complied with their demand, they would withdraw their allegiance, and proceed against him as a national enemy. John soon found himself deserted, and he craved some delay that he might deliberate upon their proposals; but when the appointed period of meeting arrived, he was startled at the tremendous military apparition which his misrule had conjured up. In Easter week, the great barons of the realm, followed by 2,000 knights, and an immense host of armed retainers, met at Stamford, and proceeded to the neighbourhood of Oxford, where archbishop Langton, and the earls of Pembroke and Warrenne, presented to the king a schedule, containing the list of their demands. As soon as John glanced over the parchment, he exclaimed, in a rage, 'Why do they not demand my crown also? By God's teeth, I will not give them such grants as will make me nothing but a slave!' Pandulph now interposed in behalf of John, and proposed that Langton should excommunicate the confederated nobles; but the heroic primate, instead of complying, threatened to excommunicate John's mercenaries unless they were dismissed the kingdom. The king's obstinacy occasioned another delay; but during the interval, the army of God and of Holy Church (for such was the title which the confederates had adopted), was so powerfully reinforced by the burghers of England, as to bear down and overwhelm all resistance. John at last yielded, when his concession could no longer claim any merit. On the 15th of June, which was the day appointed for the meeting between the king and his subjects for ratifying the treaty, the parties

assembled at Runnimeade, John being attended only by a few friends, while on the other side were assembled the whole nobility of England; and on the scroll being presented, he signed, with a readiness that was truly suspicious, the *Magna Charta*, or Great Charter, which forms the boast and the safeguard of English liberty.

But promises and oaths cost the tyrant nothing; and scarcely was the ink of his signature dry, when he began to devise means to set the charter aside. He sent therefore to the continent for fresh bands of foreign adventurers, and to the pontiff for ecclesiastical aid against his insurgent nobles. He also commanded such of his creatures as he had invested with English possessions to draw their followers together, and prepare their castles for defence. These were direct infringements of the fundamental principles of the charter, and the alarmed barons proceeded to remonstrate; but John, assuming an air of frankness, pretended to laugh at their suspicions as groundless, and gave them every assurance they required. At length he was so strongly reinforced by bands of mercenaries who daily thronged to him from Poictou and Gascony, from Brabant and Flanders, that he threw off the mask, attacked the castle of Rochester, and after a siege of eight weeks forced the garrison to capitulate, in spite of the barons by whose forces it was protected. Upon this disaster, a papal excommunication against the insurgents followed, the pontiff declaring that the English barons were worse than misbelieving Saracens for making war against *so religious a king*. John followed up his success, by leaving a strong detachment to menace the metropolis, and marching towards Nottingham, marking his whole tract by fire and slaughter. From Nottingham he proceeded to Yorkshire, burning and slaying as he advanced; so that the miseries of the Norman conquests, or even a Danish invasion, were outdone, John himself giving the example to his followers, by setting fire, in the morning, to the house in which he had stayed the previous night. Wherever the Brabançons came, they inflicted the most horrible tortures upon the English, to force them to confess where they had concealed their money; and when the castle of a noble was taken, it was given to the keeping of some needy, foreign mercenary. In the mean time the barons, who had taken their station in

the metropolis, were confined within its walls by the force which John had left to overawe them, and they saw the land devastated, and their own possessions plundered, without being able to relieve or revenge the sufferers. The cause of liberty was now desperate. John swept the northern counties with unsparing desolation, while a powerful army ravaged at will in the heart of the kingdom ; and every day added to the mass of evil by the arrival of fresh bands of military hirelings, who hurried to England like reapers to a harvest field.

In this extremity, the barons had recourse to
 A. D. the most perilous of all expedients for delivering
 1216. a country from bondage—that of calling in a
 foreigner, and an enemy. They selected for this
 purpose Louis, the dauphin of France, the son of Philip
 Augustus, because he had married Blanche, the niece of
 John : they also believed that his authority would suffice
 to withdraw the mercenaries from the cause of the tyrant,
 as they were the subjects of the French crown. Louis,
 with all the enterprise of youth, was delighted at the
 thought of annexing England to France, and on the 30th
 of May he landed at Sandwich, with a powerful arma-
 ment. John, who as usual lost heart when an enemy
 drew nigh, fled from Dover, at which he had taken his
 station, even before the French disembarked, while
 Louis, after besieging and taking the castle of Rochester,
 marched to London, where he was joyfully welcomed
 as a deliverer by all ranks of people. He received the
 homage of the barons and citizens ; and after promising
 to respect their rights, and restore order, he published
 two proclamations, one of which induced most of the
 nobles who still sided with John to desert his cause, and
 the other most of the mercenaries, who either returned
 home, or took service with their prince. John endea-
 voured to show a hostile front with the men of Gascony
 and Poictou, who still adhered to him ; but such was the
 united force of the French and English opposed to him,
 that instead of acting like a king, or the commander of
 an army, engaged in a great national contest, his motions
 were those of a leader of free companions, or a captain
 of banditti, wholly intent upon a flying warfare of
 plunder and revenge.

England was thus for the present in a pitiable dilem-

ma, as she must either return to the government of the despot, or submit to become a province of France. But this difficulty, which seemed too hard for human wisdom, was to be solved by events over which human power had no control. Louis, instead of vigorously following up the war against John, by which he might have secured a complete ascendancy, wasted away his time in a fruitless siege of the castle of Dover; and the barons, who during the interval had time for reflection, began to suspect the sincerity of their foreign ally. Louis, without the talent, began already to tread in the steps of William the Conqueror: he treated the natives with contempt, and presumed already to bestow English titles and estates upon his French favourites. But an incident occurred that completely separated the English lords from the Dauphin. The count de Melun being attacked by a mortal disease in London, sent for such of the barons as were still in the city; and amidst the agonies and remorse of a death-bed, he disclosed to them the full treachery of Louis. The prince he declared had bound himself by a solemn oath, that as soon as he should be crowned, he would banish the English barons who had joined his standard, as traitors unworthy of trust, and bestow their estates upon his own followers. The words of the dying man were believed, and the barons were deliberating whether they ought not to adopt the desperate alternative of returning to their allegiance, when another change of events occurred in their favour. John, after having been chased from place to place, had at length made himself master of Lincoln, where he established his head-quarters. After this, he marched through Peterborough, Croyland, and Lynn, plundering and destroying according to his wont, until he reached the Cross Keys, on the southern side of the Wash, which he resolved to cross by the sands. But this passage, which was easy and safe for a single traveller, was perilous to a numerous and encumbered army. The king and most of his forces had reached the opposite shore called the Fossdike, when a sudden rise of the tide, to which the estuary is subject, took place; the waves increased with overwhelming violence; and a crowding multitude of men, carriages, and horses, with all the royal treasure and baggage, were buried beneath the water. John looked back in agony upon the wreck of

his prospects, and, with deep curses upon the elements and the disaster, pursued his journey to the abbey of Swineshead. Here he rested for the night, and gorged himself so plentifully with a supper of peaches and ale, that a burning fever was the consequence. He still however persevered in his march; but with every mile his agonies increased, so that when he reached the castle of Newark on Trent, he made his will, and sent for a confessor. At this moment there came messengers from several of the barons who had forsaken Louis, and were willing to return to him; but the tidings came too late. He expired on the 18th of October, in the forty-ninth year of his age, and seventeenth of his reign, leaving behind him the character of the weakest and worst sovereign that had ever disgraced the English throne.

Henry, the eldest son of John, was only ten years old when his father died; but his rights were ably supported by the earl of Pembroke, who caused the young prince to be crowned at Gloucester, on the 28th of October. In the mean time the Dauphin, who was still occupied in the siege of Dover, imagined that every obstacle to his succession was removed by the death of John. But as the garrison still continued to resist, he raised the siege, and marched to London, after which he still farther disgusted the country by insulting the nobles, and oppressing the people. The young king therefore, to whom the odium against his father had not descended, became the rallying point of the national liberty, and the cause of the foreigner was daily becoming more hopeless. The earl of Pembroke took advantage of this feeling to detach such of the English barons as still continued with Louis from the French interests, while in the field he was so successful, that the Dauphin was cooped up within the walls of London. At last the great naval victory off Dover, in which a French fleet carrying reinforcements to Louis was destroyed, put an end to his hopes of the English crown. He was fain to negotiate for a safe return to France; and he was so miserably impoverished at this the end of his fruitless campaign, that he was obliged to borrow money from the London citizens, to defray the expenses of his journey home.

During the nonage of Henry, the affairs of England were administered, first by the earl of Pembroke, and afterwards by Hubert de Burgh, the hero of the sea-

fight off Dover; and as long as they continued in office, the country was recovering from the effects of those wars and civil dissensions with which it had been agitated. But unfortunately both for king and nation, de Burgh was displaced by the machinations of his rival, Peter de Roches, a native of Poitou, who held the bishopric of Winchester; and under the pernicious influence of this foreigner, the facile mind of Henry was alienated from the native nobility, and inspired with tyranny and mistrust. He therefore soon manifested symptoms of setting aside the Great Charter, and, that its defenders might be weakened, needy adventurers from Poitou, Gascony, and other parts of France, were invited into the kingdom, and liberally rewarded with lordships, and the custody of fortresses. As if this national insult too had not been sufficient, the Poictevin bishop of Winchester had the arrogance to declare, that the English barons were inferior to these foreign nobles, and must not presume to put themselves upon the same footing. But the evil was aggravated tenfold by the marriage of Henry with Eleanor, the daughter of the count of Provence, in 1236. In consequence of this union, new swarms of Gascons and Provençals flocked to England, where a royal welcome and court favour awaited them. The king bestowed upon them every acre of land, and every office of trust and profit, which it was in his power to grant, and when his resources were exhausted by the rapacity of these strangers, he had then recourse to his nobility, for pecuniary supplies. They repeatedly voted him small subsidies, upon the express condition that he should dismiss the foreigners; but Henry, who could promise almost as well as his father, received the subsidies, and forgot his engagements. By the Great Charter, a clause had been provided for the summary banishment of unjust royal favourites; but when the foreigners were reminded of this, they only laughed, and exclaimed, 'What are your English laws to us?'

In the mean time, as if to multiply his difficulties, and increase his disgrace, Henry entered into a war with France. The inglorious losses of the tyrant John upon the continent sat lightly upon the English nobility while they were engaged in the war of the Charter; and they afterwards regarded the recovery of their lost

footing there as an undesirable event, from the increase of power with which it might invest the crown. Such however was not likely to be the view of Henry, and therefore, in 1229, he had listened to an invitation from the nobles of the different states once belonging to England, and conducted an invasion to recover his hereditary possessions; but after an inglorious campaign, he returned to England covered with disgrace. In 1242, he resolved to repeat the experiment, and therefore applied to the English parliament for money; but they refused, upon the plea that such an invasion would be a breach of the truce that had been made with the king of France. But Henry, still bent upon the war, contrived to procure thirty hogsheads filled with silver; and having set sail with a chosen body of knights, he was joined, on his landing in France, by about 20,000 auxiliaries from those states that wished to be independent of the French king. Louis IX. however was a very different sovereign from Henry III., and this campaign terminated still more disastrously for the English than the former. Louis, at the head of a superior force, encountered his antagonist at the river Charente, in Saintonge, and gave him a decisive defeat. On the next day, another battle was fought between them at the town of Saintes; and here Henry was routed so effectually, that his treasure, baggage, and furniture, fell into the hands of the enemy. His whole army, indeed, would have been cut off or captured, but for the moderation of Louis, and a dysentery among the French soldiers, that prevented this success from being prosecuted. Henry returned to England, to demand more money for this hopeless war; but the barons, in reply, upbraided him with his frequent violations of the charter. To raise finances, he even pretended that he would conduct an expedition to the Holy Land; but the nobles, who knew that he only wanted money to squander upon his favourites, refused to gratify his demands. At length, in 1253, Henry assembled his parliament, for the purpose of solemnly ratifying the conditions of the Great Charter, without which he well knew his subjects would make no pecuniary concessions. Every thing upon this occasion conspired to give religious solemnity to the proceeding. On the 3rd of May, Westminster Hall was crowded with the barons, the prelates, and abbots of the kingdoms; the

archbishop of Canterbury denounced the curses of the church against all who should, either directly or indirectly, violate the conditions of the national charter; and at the end of this impressive fulmination, the bishops and abbots cast their burning tapers on the ground, exclaiming with one voice, 'May the soul of every one who incurs this sentence so stink, and be extinguished in hell!' The king, who during the whole ceremony stood with a devout look, holding his hand on his heart, then raised his head, and exclaimed, 'So help me God! I will keep these charters inviolate, as I am a man, as I am a Christian, as I am a knight, and as I am a king crowned and anointed!' The confidence of the nation was won by these solemn pledges, and money was liberally granted; but the old abuses were still left unredressed, while the obnoxious foreigners continued as high in the royal favour as ever.

National injuries such as these not only ripened a spirit of general resistance, but called forth a leader to direct it; and the celebrated earl of Leicester stepped forward, as the champion of the liberties of England. This extraordinary person was himself a foreigner, being the youngest son of the count de Montfort; he succeeded however to the earldom of Leicester, in right of his mother Amicia, and arrived in England in 1238, where he married a sister of the king. These circumstances were little qualified, of themselves, to secure the popular favour; but he soon astonished the English by espousing their rights against the foreigners, while he obtained an ascendancy over the nobles by his wisdom, eloquence, and martial capacity, and endeared himself to the clergy by his learning and devotedness to religion. Under such a leader, the feelings of the nation were not likely to expire in fruitless complaints, and a general famine in the year 1258, brought on the crisis. The king called a parliament at Westminster, on the 2d of May, which the nobles were careful to attend, but it was in complete armour; and when Henry entered the hall, he was astonished by the universal glittering of mail, and the rattling of heavy swords. 'Ha! what means this?' cried the unwarlike sovereign; 'am I then a prisoner?' 'Not so, sire,' exclaimed Roger Bigod; 'but your foreign favourites, and your own profusion, have involved this realm in sore calamity; therefore we demand that the

powers of government may be made over to a committee of bishops and barons, that they may root up abuses, and enact good laws.' Henry was now as helpless as his father had been at Runnimede, and like him he yielded to the stern requisitions of the armed nobility of England. A parliament was appointed to be held on an early day at Oxford, for the appointment of the stipulated committee, and the reform of abuses. This meeting, contemptuously termed 'the mad parliament,' assembled on the 11th of June; and to ensure the royal compliance, the barons came attended by their military retainers. Henry made little resistance to proposals thus seconded, and a committee of twenty-four members was chosen, twelve of whom were appointed by the king, and the other twelve by the barons, while Leicester was appointed head of the supreme council. This assembly forthwith decreed that four knights should be chosen in each county, by the votes of the freeholders, to represent them in parliament; that a new sheriff should also be appointed by them in each county annually; and that three sessions should be held by parliament regularly, every year. The foreign party were naturally indignant at these portentous changes, and clamoured at the abridgement of the royal prerogative; but Leicester, who was now in effect invested with regal authority, bore so hard upon them, that the king's foreign relatives, and a throng of their friends and dependants, were glad to fly the kingdom, to the great delight of the English.

But the experiment of such a parliament, in which the power of the people was acknowledged, and their rights respected, was too much for the thirteenth century: it anticipated too hastily the improvements of a later period; and the champions of liberty, after having tasted of power, fell into the natural consequences of despotism and mutual rivalry. Leicester was envied, and opposed by his colleagues, who set up against him the earl of Gloucester; and young prince Edward, who now became a busy actor on the scene, increased their dissensions by espousing the cause of the different parties, in turn. In this situation the king, who had been closely watched by Leicester, escaped from restraint in 1261, and repaired to London, which he fortified against the barons, and the great earl was obliged to fly to France.

From this banishment however he was recalled by one of those strange and sudden changes which characterised the politics of this rude period. The earl of Gloucester died, and his son, instead of inheriting his feelings of rivalry, became the admirer and bosom friend of Leicester. The exile therefore returned in 1263, and through the aid of his new ally he became more powerful than ever. Henry yielded to the storm, and again promised every thing, but with the resolution of breaking his promises with the first opportunity. Leicester, once more in the ascendant, forgot his moderation; he insisted that the committee of government, appointed by the parliament of Oxford for the regulation of state affairs, should continue their office not only during the life of the king, but that of his successor; and prince Edward, who had latterly adhered to the barons, now finding his own interests aimed at, forsook their cause, and devoted himself heart and soul to the defence of the royal prerogatives. A dreadful civil war was now inevitable, and both parties prepared themselves for conflict by an atrocity that commonly prefaced the great military movements of the age. Loyalists and Leicesterites fell with one consent upon the unhappy Jews, whom they massacred in cold blood, without distinction of age or sex; the former party alleging, that their victims were allied with the barons; and the latter, that they were in league with the king, and plotting to destroy the friends of liberty.

In point of adherents and military resources,
A. D. the two parties seem to have been nearly equal.
1264. The nobles of the northern counties and the western border followed the standard of the king, while the midland counties, the south-east, the Cinque ports, and the city of London, took the side of Leicester. At the opening of the campaign, the cause of the king appeared the most prosperous; but as he advanced towards the south-east, and endeavoured to withdraw the Cinque ports from his antagonists, reverses began to follow. Leicester, who in the mean time had been mustering his forces in London, now marched out to settle the contest by a decisive battle, and found the king disadvantageously posted in a hollow at Lewes, in Sussex, but confident in his superiority of numbers. The royal banner was followed by all the foreigners that remained in

England; by the houses of Bigod, Bohun, and Percy; and by Robert Bruce, John Comyn, and John Baliol, from beyond the borders. On the other side were Derby, Warrenne, Gloucester, the Despencers, William Marmion, Robert de Roos, Richard Grey, John Fitz-John, Nicholas Segrave, and many others of noble lineage, and large estates. Leicester, who endeavoured to impart a sacred character to his cause, recounted the many perjuries of the king, and cheered his followers with the assurance that Heaven was on their side; he caused them to wear white crosses on their breasts, as if they were engaged in a crusade; while the bishop of Chichester, walking through the ranks, and seconding the assurances of their leader, gave a general absolution to the army, and promised to all who fell, an entrance into paradise.

The battle was commenced on the part of the royalists by the young Edward, at the head of a chosen body of cavalry. Opposed to him was a strong force of the citizens of London; and the prince, burning with revenge on account of the insults which they had heaped upon his mother, attacked them with such impetuosity, that they were broken almost in an instant, chased from the field, and trampled down in heaps. The pursuit led him far from the battle, so that the foot were left unprotected, and Leicester profited by the opportunity to make a concentrated attack upon the main body of the royal army. The king's forces, after a short and unequal struggle, were completely beaten; the king himself, and his brother the king of the Romans, were taken prisoners, with John Comyn, and Robert Bruce; and when Edward returned from his rash pursuit, he found the field covered with dead, and his father a captive. He had no time even to deplore the effects of his impetuosity, for he was suddenly charged by a strong body of horse, and made prisoner. In this battle, which was fought on the 14th of May, more than 5000 Englishmen fell. In the mean time the queen, who had fled to the continent, gathered a powerful army by the aid of different princes, who regarded the cause of Henry as their own; and she now lay at Damme in Flanders, ready to cross the channel. But Leicester, with great promptitude, ordered a muster of his soldiers on Barham Downs, to be ready for the enemy should they arrive; he then stepped on board, and took command of a fleet, to oppose the invaders by

sea. His display so intimidated the queen's adherents, that their land forces were disbanded, and their fleet never ventured from the port.

1265.—These successes of Leicester had been tarnished by no act of cruelty, and every step had only endeared him the more highly to the people, so that, although the pope had excommunicated him and his adherents, he was lauded even by the clergy, in their sermons, as the champion of the church, and saviour of the nation. But this very popularity, which raised him so high above others, led to his downfall. Presuming upon his influence, he disgusted his enemies by farther curtailments of the royal authority, while he displeased his friends by an ungracious assumption of superiority. The earl of Gloucester, therefore, by whose influence he had been recalled from banishment, became his rival, and planned the release of prince Edward, who escaped on a fleet horse that had been provided for the purpose. Edward immediately repaired to Gloucester, with whom he concerted the plan of a new campaign; and the friends of the king, upon the news of this escape, mustered their followers, and repaired to the prince's standard. As Leicester's forces were divided, a part remaining with himself at Hereford, while the remainder were with his eldest son Simon de Montfort in Sussex, the first object of Edward was to prevent their junction, and confine the earl to the right bank of the Severn. For this purpose, he destroyed all the bridges and boats on the river, and secured the fords; after which he marched against the son, whose forces he surprised in a night attack, near Kenilworth. Nearly the whole army of Simon de Montfort were slain or taken prisoners on this occasion, while Simon himself, almost naked and alone, was obliged to flee to his father's castle of Kenilworth.

In the mean time the earl had made successful efforts to extricate himself from the blockade on the banks of the Severn; he crossed the river after several skilful manœuvres, and advanced first to Worcester, and then to Evesham, hourly expecting the arrival of his son with reinforcements. On the morning of the 4th of August, his hopes were gratified for a moment, for on looking in the direction of Kenilworth, he saw a force descending from the hills, bearing his own standards. But he soon

discovered that these were the captured banners of his followers, under which the enemy had stolen upon him, while almost immediately afterwards numerous troops were seen advancing, and closing upon his flanks and rear, so that he was completely surrounded. Astonished at the precision and secrecy of this combined movement, the earl, after a gloomy pause, exclaimed, ' They have learned from me the art of war! May God have mercy on our souls, for our bodies are the prince's.' He now made every effort to array his soldiers as far as the time would permit; after which he spent a short time in prayer, and took the sacrament, as was his wont before entering into battle. He first attempted to extricate himself by forcing the road to Kenilworth, but was repulsed; he then formed his army into a solid circle, on the top of a hill, and thus successfully repelled several attacks of the royalists, by whom he was completely surrounded. But these assaults only became more furious; and in one of them king Henry, whom Leicester had led into the field, and whose features were concealed by a helmet, was thrown to the ground, and in danger of being despatched, when he shouted, ' Hold, I am Harry of Winchester!' Prince Edward, who heard the cry, spurred through the battle to his father's rescue, and conducted the trembling old man to a place of safety. In the mean time the small army of Leicester began to waver beneath the repeated shocks of their opponents; a body of Welsh, who followed his standard, were broken and dispersed; and his horse fell with him among the spears of the enemy, who still seemed to multiply at every point. The earl rose, and fought gallantly on foot; but seeing all resistance hopeless, he asked the royalists, if they gave quarter. ' No quarter for traitors!' was the stern reply, upon which he continued to fight on with the energy of despair, till at last he fell sword in hand amidst the bodies of his devoted friends, and his gallant son Henry, who had died in his defence. All the ferocity of a civil war was exhibited by the king's party on this occasion; no prisoners were taken, and 180 barons and knights of Leicester's army fell in this fatal conflict of Evesham. The body of the earl himself was dragged from amidst the slain, after the battle, and mutilated in the most brutal fashion, after which it was sent as a most gratifying present to

the lady of lord Mortimer, one of Leicester's greatest enemies.—Such was the end of this early champion of English freedom. His political errors indeed were many, but they were inseparable from the age, and his position. Men who smarted under tyranny, understood no freedom except that which implied an exemption from all restraint; and to Leicester belongs the merit of having first discovered the happy medium afterwards established in our constitution, by which the despotism of kings was balanced by a parliament, where the rights and privileges of the people were represented and protected. In personal character and talents he far surpassed his rude contemporaries, while he was so much endeared to the people, that he was long after revered as a national saint, under the title of 'Simon the Righteous.'

The cause for which Leicester fought and died was not buried in his grave. However the nobles might envy his superiority, they were not disposed to barter their liberty as the price of revenge; and therefore even before they joined the cause of prince Edward, they obliged him to swear that he would observe the charters, govern according to law, and banish the foreign favourites. After the victory of Evesham, also, Henry did not dare to trespass, as he had so often done, against the regulations of Magna Charta. But if this important point was conceded, the private revenge of the more devoted of the royalists was amply gratified by a merciless proscription of the family and partisans of Leicester, upon which the latter took up arms in self-defence, so that the war was resumed. It raged with full violence for two years; and little could be accomplished until the royal party relaxed, and admitted their opponents to easy terms. The last of the Leicesterites who stood out was the brave Adam Gourdon, who fortified himself in the forests of Hampshire. But this warlike baron was encountered by Edward, in a wood near Alton, and in the conflict he and the prince met, and encountered furiously hand to hand. After a long combat the baron was struck to the ground; but the prince, instead of despatching him, generously granted him his life, and received him into the number of his friends. This act of chivalrous clemency subdued all farther opposition, and the adoption by the king a short time

after of some of the best improvements in Leicester's system conciliated all parties. The country was so completely tranquillized after this period that, in 1270, prince Edward assumed the cross, and embarked as a crusader for the Holy Land. Nothing of importance occurred during the rest of Henry's reign, which terminated on the 16th of November, 1272. He had lived 68 years, and reigned 56, having been remarkable during so long a period for nothing but imbecility and insincerity. Before his body was lowered into the grave, the earl of Gloucester, and the assembled nobles, put their naked hands upon it, and swore allegiance to prince Edward, who was still absent in the Holy Land.

EDWARD I.

SURNAMED LONGSHANKS.

Edward I. commonly surnamed Longshanks, from the disproportionate length of his legs, was born at Westminster, on the 26th of June, 1240. The manner in which he was trained both to war and politics, amidst the confusion and bloodshed that prevailed in England during his early years, and the ability with which he surmounted every difficulty, and restored peace to the country, have been already mentioned. As soon as every thing was tranquillized, he made preparations for joining the crusade, in which Louis IX. (afterwards called Saint Louis) had already embarked. Edward set sail from England, accompanied by his beloved wife Eleanor, and a choice band of gallant knights and barons, with their military attendants, in July, 1270; but to his great mortification he found that Louis, instead of proceeding directly to Palestine, had made war against Tunis, and perished before its walls, with the greatest part of his army; while those who survived, having made an advantageous peace with the Bey, were little disposed to risk the dangers of a Syrian campaign. Thus Edward was left to prosecute the arduous undertaking with a force that was little more than a military train, and his followers murmured at such a perilous attempt; but the prince silenced their com-

plaints by declaring, that he would proceed to Acre, although he should be attended only by Fowen, his groom. He landed with no more than 1,000 men; but the memory of Lion-hearted Richard was still fresh among the Moslems, and in Edward they soon found a hero almost equal to him in personal prowess, and superior in military skill. The same love of bloodshed distinguished the last, as it had done the first of the crusaders, and the Mahomedans were slaughtered without mercy whenever success gave the Christian soldiers an opportunity. The limited resources of Edward were insufficient for an aggressive warfare, having never been able to gather from the wrecks of the former crusades above 6,000 auxiliaries; but with this handful he chased the sultan of Babylon from Acre, stormed the city of Nazareth, and kept the Turks in perpetual alarm. To rid themselves of so terrible an adversary, they had recourse at last to the weapon of an assassin, who, under pretence of carrying a message from the emir of Jaffa, gained access to the prince's tent, and stabbed him with a poisoned dagger, as he reposed unarmed, and in a loose robe, upon a couch, about the hour of vespers. The wound itself was slight, and Edward immediately starting up, dashed the miscreant to the ground, and despatched him with his own weapon. Apprehensions were entertained for the prince's life, as the wound had been given with an envenomed weapon; but it was soon cured by certain rich balsams provided by the Grand Master of the Templars, and the skill of an English surgeon at Acre. The beautiful addition to the story, of Eleanor having sucked the poison from the wound, at the risk of her own life, must unfortunately be classed among the fictions of the middle ages.

As nothing farther could be done for the recovery of Jerusalem, Edward concluded a truce with the enemy, that was to continue for ten years, after which he set sail for Sicily, on his return to England. In Calabria he received tidings of his father's death; but so confident was he of the tranquillity which now prevailed in England, that instead of returning thither immediately, he made a tour through Italy, and in every city he was received with enthusiasm, as the great champion of Christendom. Crossing the Alps, he proceeded to Paris, and afterwards to Guienne; and it was here that, in

May, 1274, he met with an adventure illustrative of the military character of the period. The count of Chalons proclaimed a tournament, and invited Edward to encounter him in all love and courtesy in the lists; and the king of England, who abounded in chivalrous politeness, accepted the invitation. He repaired to the appointed place with 1000 armed attendants, but nearly 2000 accompanied the count, at which disparity the English murmured, and suspected that foul play was intended. In this state, a single spark was sufficient to excite a conflagration, and the tournament gradually swelled into a real battle. The English bowmen drove the French infantry from the field, after which they mixed themselves among their own cavalry, and dismounted several of the count's chevaliers, by cutting their girths and stabbing their horses. The count himself, a man of prodigious strength, after encountering Edward with the lance in vain, at length closed with him hand to hand, and endeavoured to throw him to the ground; but the king, clasping his adversary by the waist, and spurring his horse at the same instant, bore the count from his saddle with a stunning shock. He was again remounted by his aids, but Edward plied him with such a tempest of blows, that he was fain to cry for quarter, while the king, indignant at his treachery, instead of accepting his sword, made him surrender it to an English foot-soldier.

Edward landed in England on the 2d of August (1274), and on the 19th he was crowned in Westminster Abbey. His whole ideas were of an ambitious and military character; but instead of thirsting for unprofitable foreign acquisitions, his great aim was to reduce the whole island of Britain into one compact monarchy. It was for this purpose that he carefully husbanded all his great resources; and Wales was selected as the weakest point, at which the great work of conquest should commence. The primitive and gallant race of this little principality had stubbornly resisted the Saxons of the Heptarchy, as well as the English united under one king; they had also withstood the Anglo-Norman sovereigns for 200 years; and although they were divided among themselves, and far inferior in numbers and weapons, they had never been as yet subdued, although often vanquished. The Anglo-Norman sovereigns, indeed, had frequently

claimed and extorted a feudal superiority over Wales; but the Welsh, who considered themselves as a free people, resisted this encroachment upon their liberties as often as an opportunity occurred. At this critical period, however, when their utter subjugation was planned, the curse of division prevailed among them, so that Rees-ap-Meredith, the prince of South Wales, became the ally of Edward, against Llewellyn, the chief of the northern part of the principality, and the latter was at the same time opposed by his brother David, who also joined the English king.

All being now in readiness for the invasion, Edward sought, and soon found, a pretext of quarrel against Llewellyn. The Welsh prince was summoned to the English court, to do homage for his territories; but as such a journey would have been perilous without a safe conduct, which was refused him, he preferred an abode among the fastnesses of his own dominion. This conduct was termed an act of rebellion against his feudal superior, and therefore a sentence of forfeiture was pronounced against him by the English parliament, and one of excommunication by the clergy, after which Edward advanced with a mighty army to take possession. The Welsh resisted as long as brave men could resist; but the progress of the king was slow and sure. Instead of tempting their despair in pitched battles, he drove them back upon their barren mountains, and cooped them up so closely, that they perished in heaps, by famine and the severity of winter. Llewellyn was at last obliged to capitulate, and upon terms that scarcely left him the shadow of his former sovereignty. By this treaty, which was dictated by Edward, at Rhuddlan Castle, on the 10th of November (1277), Llewellyn agreed to pay £50,000, to give up his territory as far as the river Conway, and do homage for the remainder, while even this poor portion after his death was to revert to the English crown. Such a peace could not be lasting upon either side. Edward regarded it as only a breathing interval to prepare for a more complete conquest, while the barons and English landholders settled upon the ceded territory of North Wales, insulted and oppressed the natives by every species of aggression. While the Welsh were stung to madness by these injuries, they were also elevated into hope by

certain mystical prophecies, which foretold, that they would again recover their ancient land and supremacy. Prince David also, the brother of Llewellyn, who had followed the banner of Edward, and been created an English earl, now repented of his base apostacy, and forsook the conqueror, that he might triumph or die with his own people. On the night of Palm Sunday, the 22nd of March, 1281, the insurrection commenced by the surprise of the strong castle of Hamardine, by David; after which, a torrent of armed men from the mountains fell with irresistible force upon the castles of their petty tyrants, many of which were razed to the ground, while their defenders were either slaughtered without mercy, or obliged to escape by a hurried flight across the marches.

The king of England must have foreseen, and perhaps he had deliberately planned, such a result, in the selection of those men whom he endowed with Welsh possessions; and he had now what the world might accept as an apology for a war of ruthless extirpation. He advanced with a strong army, in which were a thousand pioneers, to level the forests and pierce the fastnesses with roads, and a numerous reinforcement of Basques, from the Pyrenees, who were accustomed to the warfare of loftier mountains than those of Wales. The Welsh were compelled to retire; but they struggled for every inch of ground, and frequently inflicted upon the pursuers a severe retaliation. At length, Llewellyn was driven back to the passes of Snowdon, and here Edward resolved to reduce the Welsh, as he had formerly done, by famine. He, therefore, left the command of the army to Roger Mortimer, and retired to the castle of Rhuddlan, to wait the event. The blockade had not been long commenced, when the Welsh, unfortunately for themselves, gained a decisive victory over a body of the English who had invaded Anglesey; and being inspired with overweening confidence at this trivial success, they left their strong fastnesses, and descended to engage the enemy upon the plain. The consequence of this rash step was, that they were routed with the slaughter of 2000 men, their heroic champion, Llewellyn, being among the slain. This fatal blow to the independence of Wales occurred on the 11th of December, 1282. As for prince David, the last of the Welsh champions, he still

continued to lurk among the recesses of the country, in the fond hope of reanimating the people to another effort; but, after some months, he was betrayed into the hands of the English, and tried at Shrewsbury. The fatal boon of an English earldom, which he had formerly accepted, procured his condemnation as a traitor to his liege, and he was hanged, drawn, and quartered, with every circumstance of revolting barbarity; after which, his head (with that of his brother Llewellyn) was exposed on the walls of the Tower of London. The Welsh submitted, for no alternative remained; and Edward perceiving the reluctance with which they bore the yoke, at last assured them that he would give them a prince who should be their own countryman, and speak no language but theirs. Accordingly, he sent his queen, Eleanor, to Caernarvon, to be delivered of her second son, Edward, who was proclaimed Prince of Wales; and the little Welshman was hailed with delight by the natives, in spite of the royal quibble, from the fond hope that their country would be established into an independent principality, under the government of their titular sovereign. But before this delusion had passed away, the English dominion was too powerfully established to be shaken. Although the conduct of Edward during the conquest was sufficiently atrocious, several gratuitous cruelties have been added to the account; the chief of which is, that he massacred all the Welsh bards, because they kept alive, by their songs, the independent spirit of the people. It is sufficiently probable that many of these bards joined the ranks of their countrymen, and shared in all the sufferings with which they were visited; but that the whole body was cut off is only a vague tradition, unsupported by proper testimony.

After these events, a circumstance occurred that directed Edward's hopes to the more important acquisition of Scotland. Alexander III., king of Scots, was killed on the 19th of March, 1286, near Kinghorn, in Fifeshire, by a fall from his horse, and left no successor but an infant granddaughter, Margaret, the child of his daughter, the queen of Norway. The foreign infant, after his death, was recognised by the Scottish nobles as their undoubted sovereign, while a regency was appointed during her absence. Edward now conceived the idea of winning Scotland upon the easy terms of a marriage;

and he proposed to the Scottish parliament, in 1290, a union between his eldest surviving son, Edward, and their young queen, commonly called the Maid of Norway. The proposal pleased the Scottish parliament, on account of the long peace and friendly intercourse that had prevailed between the two kingdoms; but in the terms of marriage which they stipulated, every precaution was taken to secure the rights and independence of their country. Nothing now remained but to bring Margaret from Norway; but on her voyage to Scotland she sickened, and died at Orkney, where she had landed. In her perished, not only all the hopes of a lasting union between England and Scotland, but all the direct heirs to the Scottish crown; and amidst the trying question of the right of succession, which was now anxiously agitated, twelve competitors started up, each being more or less allied to the royal house. As no umpire could be referred to but the powerful king of England, Edward at once saw the advantages of his position, and said to his counsellors—‘I will subdue Scotland to my authority, as I have subdued Wales.’ He assembled a powerful army upon the border, and then stated to the Scots his right to arbitrate in the question of succession, as lord paramount of Scotland. The Scots at another time would have indignantly spurned this assumption, but they were now torn into factions, while the competitors were each more ready than another to allow his claim, in the hope of obtaining a favourable verdict for himself. As Edward was thus entitled to bestow a crown, it was natural that he should be invested with the means of enforcing his decision: he, therefore, demanded that the chief castles and strong-holds of Scotland should be entrusted for the time to his keeping; and this demand, apparently so reasonable, was complied with. The royal gamester had now the command of the whole board, and nothing remained but to elect some competitor who would be willing to play into his hands. Ten of the candidates were first rejected, because their descent from the royal house was either remote or illegitimate, and the choice at length remained between John Baliol, lord of Galloway, and Robert Bruce, earl of Annandale—two men descended, like most of the Scottish nobility, from Norman families that had come into England with William the Conqueror, and afterwards settled in Scotland.

The claims of these two great rivals were pretty nearly equal; but after a long hearing, during which Edward was enabled to measure the character of both, he delivered a verdict, at Berwick, on the 17th of November, 1292, in favour of Baliol, because he was the most spiritless and imbecile of the two, and therefore the better fitted for his purpose.

Baliol thus became king of Scotland, and the castles held in pledge were surrendered back into his hands by the English sovereign; but he was soon fated to experience all those miseries that are reserved for a vassal-king and political tool. Edward, after having made the puppet-monarch swear allegiance to him, took every opportunity of reminding Baliol of his vassalage, by stirring up the subjects of the Scottish crown to carry their complaints before the English throne, and then citing the king to appear and reply in person. In this way, the unfortunate Baliol, in the course of a single year, received no less than six summonses to appear before the king of England, to answer the accusations of private persons, upon the most trivial complaints. Even Baliol would not submit to such indignities; and at last, while Edward was occupied with a war in France, he made the desperate effort of an enraged imbecile to free himself from bondage. He entered into an alliance with Philip the Fair, the French king, and made every preparation for resisting the king of England; but the nobles of Scotland, instead of entrusting Baliol with the national defence, confined him in a sort of honourable captivity, in a remote castle, and then mustered their levies. When Edward found that Baliol did not obey his last citation, and saw that he meant to throw off his allegiance, he exclaimed—‘The foolish traitor! what madness has seized him? But since he will not come to us, we will go to him!’

1296.—Upon the borders of England, Edward had 30,000 infantry, and 4000 horse: besides these, he was reinforced by Anthony Beck, the warlike bishop of Durham, and by Robert Bruce, who now hoped to become king of Scotland instead of the obnoxious Baliol. At the head of these united forces, Edward crossed the Tweed at Coldstream, and took Berwick by stratagem, all the inhabitants of which he put to the sword. Upwards of 17,000 of the helpless town’s-people were slain in this

massacre, and the town, which was wealthy, was given up to plunder. The fate of thirty Flemish merchants on this occasion is worthy of notice. They held a strong building in the town, called the Redhall, upon the tenure of defending it at all times against the English. These votaries of traffic were summoned to surrender; but they 'could not find this in the bond,' and therefore they defended the building against the whole English army, with a mercantile heroism surpassing the faith of knighthood, until they perished to a man. Edward next advanced to the castle of Dunbar, which was held out against him by the countess of March, while her husband was arrayed among the ranks of the English; and as this strong fortress was justly reckoned the key of Scotland, every effort was made by the Scots for its relief. A powerful army was therefore raised; but this force, instead of remaining in their favourable position, rushed down to attack the English under the earl of Warrenne upon the plain, and there found the reward of their rashness in a terrible defeat, 10,000 of their number being slain. After this, the strong castles of Berwick, Jedburgh, Dunbarton, Edinburgh, and Stirling, surrendered almost without resistance, and the whole of the south of Scotland was laid prostrate before the conqueror, while the feeble Baliol was obliged to give back into the hands of Edward the crown he had worn so ingloriously. Bruce imagined that the favourable opportunity for his own claims had arrived; and as he had fought with heart and hand against his country, he ventured to express his hope that his claims to the Scottish throne would now be favourably considered. But Edward, arching his eyebrows with an expression of insulting astonishment, exclaimed, 'What! have we no other business than to conquer kingdoms for you?' At this stinging rebuff, Bruce abandoned the standard of England, and appeared no more in the public events of the period.

Edward having thus obtained possession of the greater part of Scotland, proceeded to secure his conquest. For this purpose he summoned a meeting of the Scottish parliament at Berwick, on the 28th of August, 1296, at which he exacted the oath of fealty from multitudes of the Scottish clergy and laity; he afterwards appointed John de Warrenne, earl of Surrey, governor of Scotland,

Hugh de Cressingham, treasurer, and William Ormesby, justiciary, while the principal castles and strong-holds were garrisoned with English soldiers. To understand the facility with which this conquest had been accomplished, we must recollect that the Norman nobility of Scotland had not yet acquired very strong feelings of exclusive patriotism for their adopted country, while many of them, holding possessions in both kingdoms, considered themselves as much the lieges of Edward as of the Scottish crown. Besides this, there was a violent scramble among the most distinguished of their body for the vacant throne, and they could only accomplish their selfish purposes by following the banner of Edward. It was thus that a brave and patriotic people were sacrificed by their leaders, until they saw there was no hope of deliverance from their nobility. But in this dark hour, a champion emerged from their own order, to point the way to freedom, in the person of Sir William Wallace. This great national hero and patriot was the second son of Sir Malcolm Wallace, of Ellerslie, in Renfrewshire, and possessed all the great qualities that fitted him to be a popular leader; such as a noble person, gigantic strength, and undaunted valour, combined with consummate skill and prompt decision in military affairs, and a captivating eloquence that was suited to win and persuade. Having slain the son of an English knight in a scuffle, he was obliged to fly; and, on being proscribed, he gathered a small band of outlaws, animated like himself by a strong love of liberty. They attacked several parties of the English, and with such success, that numbers of their countrymen joined their ranks, so that the small handful swelled into a considerable force, and advanced to bolder achievements. Wallace was soon after joined by Sir William Douglas, and all his followers, upon which the two chiefs marched against Ormesby, who was now invested with the government during the absence of earl Warrenne. Their assault was so sudden and successful, that the justiciary only saved himself by flight, while abundance of plunder and captives rewarded the valour of the conquerors. After this success, castle after castle was taken by Wallace; the English dominion was for the time overthrown, and with greater rapidity than it had been established; and many of the nobles of Scotland, ashamed of their

late supineness, repaired to the standard of this new and prosperous leader. Edward, who was embarking for Flanders at the commencement of the insurrection, upon which he looked with contempt, sent 40,000 foot, and 300 horse, to extinguish the hopes of the insurgents. In the mean time, the camp of Wallace was a scene of dissension, the haughty nobles refusing to obey a plebeian leader; and when the formidable array of the English was set in motion, they went over to the enemy, and renewed their oaths of allegiance. Such indeed was the unanimity of their desertion, that only one baron, Sir Andrew Moray of Bothwell, remained stedfast to the national cause. But the commons were not influenced by the example of their superiors, and the force of Wallace was still so strong that he continued to act upon the offensive, and drove the English from the castles they yet retained. At last he heard that an English army of 50,000 foot and 1000 horse were marching upon Stirling, upon which he proceeded thither from Dundee with great rapidity, at the head of 40,000 men. He reached the banks of the Forth, and concealing the greater part of his army behind the high grounds in the neighbourhood of the river, he waited the arrival of the English, who soon appeared on the opposite side. The Forth at this place could only be crossed by a narrow wooden bridge; and Surrey, the English commander, perceiving the difficulty of the passage, would have preferred a retreat. But he was overborne by the clamours of his soldiers, who were eager to engage, and the remonstrances of Cressingham the treasurer, who complained of the expense of a protracted campaign; and on the morning of the 11th of September, 1297, the English were wheeled into column to pass along the bridge—a march to certain destruction. During this long process, Wallace deliberately contemplated the coming of the successive bands, until a sufficient number had passed over; he then sent a detachment to take possession of the bridge, after which he rushed down with the rest of his forces upon those of the enemy who had arrived, and were just forming. The battle was only the strife of a moment. The unprepared English were overwhelmed, cut down, or drowned in the river in heaps, while Surrey, on the farther side, beheld the ruin of the best part of his army, without being able to relieve it. Only one

knight, Sir Marmaduke Twenge, escaped the carnage, by cutting his way through the detachment that guarded the bridge. Cressingham, who led the van, was among the slain, and he was so odious to the Scots on account of his cruelty, that they flayed his dead body to preserve the skin, in token of their hatred. After this decisive victory, the castles of Edinburgh, Dundee, Roxburgh, and Berwick, surrendered to the victor; and, in consequence of a famine, as well as for the purpose of distressing the enemy, Wallace assumed the aggressive, and invaded Cumberland, where he subsisted his army till the end of the year. After this successful measure, he was elected governor, or guardian, of Scotland, by a meeting of the principal nobility held at the Forest Kirk, in Selkirkshire.

1298.—While Edward was thus losing the most important of his conquests, he was waging an unprofitable war in Flanders against Philip the Fair, king of France, for the recovery of Guienne. Having freed himself for the time of continental quarrels, he returned to England about the middle of March, breathing revenge against the rebellious Scots; and having mustered the whole military force of the kingdom at York, on the feast of Pentecost, he crossed the border, and penetrated into Scotland. The plan of Wallace was, to shun an engagement with such an immense disparity of numbers, and hover upon their flanks, to harass and cut them off in detail. Edward therefore advanced without finding an enemy to oppose him, but at every step his difficulties multiplied from the impossibility of subsisting so large an army, and he must have retreated with immense loss, after he had penetrated as far as Templeliston (a small town between Edinburgh and Linlithgow), when he learned that the enemy was encamped not far off, in the neighbourhood of Falkirk. Edward, exulting at the tidings, determined to march against them on the following morning. That night as he slept on the ground in the midst of the army, his horse that stood beside him broke two of his ribs by a kick, and the whole bivouac resounded with the cry of treachery; but Edward, heedless of the pain, commenced his journey by day-break, and came in sight of the Scottish army, drawn up on a gentle eminence in the neighbourhood of the town of Falkirk. Although Wallace was governor of the Scottish forces, his

authority was envied, and his plan of defensive warfare thwarted by the proud nobles who followed his standard, so that he was compelled with such inferior forces to abide the issue of a battle. In this case he divided his infantry into four circular bodies, the lances with which the soldiers were armed portending outwards, like the quills of a hedge-hog; the intermediate spaces were occupied by the Scottish archers, while 1000 horse, which composed his whole amount of cavalry, were posted as a reserve in the rear. The cavalry of England, that seemed of themselves sufficient to trample down their opponents at the first onset, advanced confidently to the charge; but the Scottish infantry stood like immovable ramparts: again and again the English returned to the attack, but as often they were encountered and thrown back by the unwavering phalanxes that opposed them. Thus far the defence of the Scots was gallant and promising, when their horse, either from fear or treachery, suddenly wheeled about, and galloped off the field, leaving the rear undefended. Upon this the charges of the English were multiplied with increasing violence at every point; their numerous bowmen thinned the serried ranks of their adversaries, and the Scots were at last broken with great slaughter. Wallace, even in this extremity, was enabled to save the remains of his army, by a masterly retreat; and such were the good effects of his plan of resistance, previous to the fatal conflict, that Edward, instead of being able to follow up his victory, was obliged to suspend operations, and retreat into England. But the great loss which the Scots sustained by the battle of Falkirk arose from Wallace resigning his authority, in consequence of the jealousy of the nobles. But he did not abandon the cause of liberty which he had so nobly espoused, when all else had forsaken it; and at the head of small bands of devoted followers, he still continued to maintain the warfare with unshrinking perseverance.

A new claimant of the sovereignty of Scotland now appeared in the person of the pontiff, Boniface VIII. He declared that the country was a fief of the Holy See, because it had been converted to Christianity by the relics of Saint Andrew; and he commanded Edward to submit his pretensions over it to the decision of the

papal tribunal. But Edward was a match even for a pope in sophistry; and on February the 12th, 1301, he sent his reply, in which he strung together every random tradition, to show that the Scottish kings had done homage to those of England, and ended with the history of Brutus, the Trojan, who had reigned over the whole island, and of whom he pretended to be the legitimate successor. The barons of England at the same time transmitted a unanimous declaration, that they would not submit to the indignity of their king being obliged to appeal to a foreign court. These were only the preludes of a new invasion in the spring of 1302, when Edward sent an army of 20,000 men into Scotland, under the command of Sir John Seward, a commander of high reputation. This leader advanced in three widely separated divisions, to extend as much as possible the work of destruction, and reached the neighbourhood of Roslin. To oppose this force, the Scots had raised 8,000 men, under the command of Sir John Comyn, guardian of the kingdom, and Sir Simon Fraser, who, marching with all diligence, encountered and routed the advanced body of the English. The fugitives fell back upon the second body, which immediately advanced to battle; upon this the Scots killed their prisoners, and then prepared for a fresh conflict. They encountered the enemy, and were again victorious. In the triumph of such success, they determined to attack the third and last portion of the English army, now greatly increased by the relics of the two former; and therefore they again slew their prisoners, and then advanced in defiance of weariness and wounds. A conflict more desperate than either of the former now took place, but the exhausted Scots, determined to conquer or die, at length put the enemy to the rout—thus gaining three successive victories in one day.

But an event like this, however glorious to the Scots, instead of enfeebling, could only enrage their powerful adversary, and having made peace with France, Edward was enabled to direct all his resources against Scotland. The castle of Brechin first opposed his progress; but its brave governor, Sir Thomas Maule, was mortally wounded, and died with an exclamation of rage, when his soldiers asked if it was now time to surrender. Having taken this strong-hold, Edward wintered at Dunfermline, and in the spring (1303) com-

menced the siege of Stirling, the only royal fortress that now held out. But the Scottish nobles again truckled to the tyrant, and Edward punished those who had been most forward against him, with confiscation or banishment. As for Sir William Wallace, he thought as little of surrender as Edward did of mercy, and, at the head of his handful of followers, he still continued to harass the English so successfully, as to make it evident that Scotland could never be conquered so long as he was alive. Edward therefore set a large price upon his head, and employed every art to apprehend him, and the champion was at length betrayed into the hands of the enemy. The king was delighted with this opportunity of sealing the doom of Scotland, and heaped upon the head of his noble adversary every indignity that malice could invent. The Scottish patriot was dragged to Westminster to a mock trial, crowned with a garland of oak as a king of outlaws; he was accused of treason against Edward, to whom he had never sworn allegiance, and of the murder of Englishmen whom he had encountered in fair battle. Wallace scornfully repelled these accusations, but it was before a tribunal that had previously resolved his death, and on the 23d of August, 1305, he suffered the punishment of a traitor on Tower-hill. His head was placed on a pinnacle on London Bridge, and his quarters were distributed over the kingdom, after which Edward proceeded to frame a constitution for Scotland, as if all his troubles in that quarter were completely at an end.

Never was calculation more miserably deceived, for a second Wallace had started from the ashes of the first—one too who was not to labour under that obloquy of inferior rank, which had so impeded the efforts of the former. Robert Bruce, the grandson of the competitor of Baliol, now a young man in his 23rd year, had hitherto been distinguished only by reckless enterprise, and boyish levity; and although he had twice espoused the cause of Wallace, he had as often deserted it, to follow the standard of Edward. This might perhaps be accounted for by the circumstance, that Wallace had always exercised his command in the name and on the behalf of Baliol, as king of Scotland, for whose interests the young Bruce could not be supposed to feel much sympathy. But when he finally saw the ambition

of Edward, and felt it in the distrust with which the king regarded him, he resolved to make a steady and consistent effort for the liberation of his country. He opened his mind upon this subject to Comyn, earl of Badenoch, who by marriage inherited all the claims of the house of Baliol, and he made to him it is said this amicable proposal: 'Support my title to the throne of Scotland, and I will surrender to you my patrimonial estates; or give me your family possessions, and I will support your claim to the crown.' This peaceful compromise seemed agreeable to Comyn, who at once waived his own claims in favour of his rival, and engaged to support him with all his adherents; upon which Bruce, depending upon this agreement, returned to London. But Comyn betrayed the whole plan to king Edward, who resolved immediately to apprehend the Bruce; and the latter would soon have found his hopes extinguished within the walls of the Tower, but for the friendly hint of the earl of Gloucester, who sent him a purse of money and a pair of spurs, under pretence of repaying a loan. Bruce knew that this was a signal to mount and ride; and without wasting a moment, he was in the saddle, and on the way to Scotland. When he came near the Solway Sands, it is said that he met a messenger whom he knew to be a follower of Comyn, bearing hasty expresses to the king of England; and Bruce, whose suspicions were now awakened, slew the courier, and opened the letters, in which he found that his rival had betrayed the whole plot, and recommended that he should be put to death. Bruce proceeded to Dumfries, where the English were holding a high court, and invited Comyn to an interview in the church of the Friars Minorite. The traitor unsuspectingly came, and there Bruce showed him the intercepted letters, and upbraided him with his treachery. A furious quarrel was the consequence, and when Comyn gave Bruce the lie, the other answered with a stroke of his dagger, and then hurried out of the sacred place. His friends, Kirkpatrick and Lyndsay, who saw his pale countenance, and bloody weapon, eagerly inquired what was the matter; to which Bruce falteringly replied, 'I doubt I have slain the red Comyn.' 'Do you only doubt it?' cried the fierce Kirkpatrick: 'I mak sicker,' (make secure;) upon which he rushed into the church

and not only despatched the wounded man, but also Robert Comyn, his uncle, who tried to defend him.

1306.—If Bruce at this time required farther decision of character, such an event was sufficient to make him stedfast. By the death of Comyn he had hurled a mortal defiance at the king of England, and provoked a deadly feud with the whole rival family; by despatching him in a sacred place, he had provoked the whole power of the church, and incurred the censure of excommunication. There was no alternative between a throne and a scaffold, and at the head of a few brave friends he repaired to Scone, and was there crowned on the 27th of March, with maimed and melancholy ceremonial. The regalia of the kingdom having been carried off by Edward, a small circlet of gold was made for the occasion, and this was placed upon the head of Bruce by the countess of Buchan, because her brother, the earl of Fife, the hereditary crowner of the kings of Scotland, was on the side of the enemy. Even after this event only a few warriors repaired to his standard, as his case was considered desperate, and his first attempt against the English was signally unsuccessful. The earl of Pembroke having thrown himself into Perth, and fortified it, Bruce arrived before the town with an inferior force, and in the fashion of chivalry challenged his foe to come out, and fight him upon the plain. Pembroke promised an open encounter on the following day, with which Bruce was satisfied, and returned to the neighbouring wood of Methven; but the Englishman, instead of waiting for the morrow, silently marched his forces from the town, and made a furious night attack upon the Scottish encampment. This event was so unexpected, that the Scots were defeated, and Bruce, after having been thrice unhorsed, was obliged to retreat with 400 of his followers to the wilds of Athol. After this untoward event, the adventures of Bruce and his little band resemble more the wonders of a romance, than the incidents of sober history: they wandered among the highlands, or the isles, exposed to all the sufferings that famine or their enemies could inflict; and Bruce himself was often hunted for days with bloodhounds among the mountains, and compelled alternately to struggle for life against overwhelming multitudes in the field, and the weapon

of the assassin in retirement. But it was by such events that he was fitted for the high calling of a national deliverer. The selfishness and impetuosity of his youth were extinguished ; his ambition was elevated ; and the nobler elements of his character were called out, and trained for those high achievements, that so completely rewarded his endurance. Nor was such a life of suffering without its uses upon the minds of the people at large, as they groaned beneath the yoke of the oppressor. Town and tower, hut and castle, repeatedly rang with the report of some gallant deed, or wonderful escape of the heroic fugitive, by which desponding hearts were raised, and the hope of liberty renewed ; so that they only awaited the unfurling of his banner, to send forth their hardy multitudes, and encounter new wars and sufferings, in behalf of the good cause of Scotland.

It was not till the beginning of the year 1307, that Bruce was able to emerge from his concealment, and resume the character of a national leader ; and at this period no cause could be more desperate, according to mere human calculation. He was a hunted and woe-worn fugitive, finding an enemy wherever he turned ; not only earth, but even heaven seemed to be closed against him by the curse of the church ; and his three brave brothers, Nigel, Thomas, and Alexander, his brother-in-law Sir Christopher Seton, and his devoted friends the earl of Athol, Sir Simon Fraser, and many others, had fallen into the hands of the enemy, and perished as traitors upon English scaffolds. Nor had even the female adherents of Scottish liberty escaped the cruelty of the unchivalrous Edward. Bruce's queen, his only daughter Margery, his two sisters, and the countess of Buchan, who had placed the crown upon his head, were all imprisoned, and treated with ignominious severity. It was in this state of affairs that Bruce made a descent on the isle of Arran, for the purpose of passing over to the mainland, and his first success was the surprisal of his own castle of Tumberry, which was held by a numerous garrison of the English. After this, Sir James Douglas, the brave adherent of Bruce, surprised Douglas Castle, and completely destroyed it. Bruce drove his old enemy, the earl of Pembroke, out of Ayrshire. Then followed the battle of Loudon-hill, by

express agreement between Bruce and Pembroke, in which the latter kept his appointment more punctually than he had done at Methven; and he was so completely routed in return, that he only found safety in flight. A few days after, Ralph de Monthermer, earl of Gloucester, suffered a similar defeat, and fled to the castle of Ayr, in which Pembroke had also taken refuge. These and other successes so animated the hearts of the Scots, that they flocked to the standard of their king, while the English garrisons trembled within their walls, and knew not upon what quarter the storm might first alight.

This unexpected revolution in Scotland almost excited Edward to madness. The conquest of that country had been the great aim of his ambitious policy, and after twenty years of labour, danger, and expenditure of blood and treasure, his beloved object had seemed to be accomplished. To extinguish the last sparks of rebellion, and ensure a complete conquest, he had had recourse, in the previous year, to one of the most animating solemnities of chivalry. On Whit-Sunday he invested the prince of Wales, and 300 of the young nobles, with the order of knighthood; after which two swans, adorned with trappings and bells of gold, were brought into the church, and the king, the prince, and the young nobles, solemnly swore, by the God of Heaven, and these swans, that they would march into Scotland, and never return until they had revenged the death of Comyn. The march was then made in July, and as no enemy appeared against a force whose numbers made it irresistible, the conquest was deemed complete. But Bruce had started as if from the dead, and the whole land had risen at his appearance; while Edward, now old and diseased, had the feeling of his own losses and sufferings imbibed by a sense of the folly, the unworthiness, and utter incapacity of his son and successor, the prince of Wales. The king was still labouring under a wasting dysentery; but rousing himself for the emergency, he commanded all the forces of the kingdom to assemble, and although he was now dying he proceeded to Carlisle, the military rendezvous. Animated by the hope of vengeance when the Scottish hills were in view, he hung up the horse-litter in which he had travelled in the cathedral, mounted his war-horse, and proceeded northward. But

this was his last effort, for he had only reached Burgh on Sands, when he expired in his tent on July 7 (1307), in the sixty-ninth year of his age, and thirty-fifth of his reign. Among his last charges to his son he ordered that his heart should be sent to the Holy Land, for the deliverance of which he had fought; and that his skeleton, after his flesh had been boiled from the bones, should be carried at the head of the army, until Scotland was completely subdued—all which the prince most solemnly swore to perform. It was in the midst of these strange and discordant sentiments that Edward expired, leaving behind him a character for military skill and political sagacity, as well as unscrupulous, unsparing ambition, which no king of England has ever surpassed.

CHAP. V.

From the Accession of Edward II. to the invasion of France by Edward III.

ALTHOUGH Edward II. had so solemnly sworn to prosecute the war in Scotland, yet no sooner had his father expired, than he showed his eagerness to escape from the obligation. He therefore marched in mere military pageantry as far as Cumnock, in Ayrshire, without showing any anxiety to go in search of the Bruce; and after lingering there for a few days, he appointed the earl of Pembroke guardian of Scotland, and then hurried back to London. As for his father's body, instead of subjecting it to the singular process which had been enjoined, he caused it to be interred in the abbey of Westminster, after which he resigned himself wholly to the government of Gaveston, his odious and unworthy favourite.

The successes of Bruce, which would have required the utmost talents, backed by the immense resources of Edward I. even to have checked, were not likely to be subverted by such a monarch as Edward II. The extravagant fondness of the latter for his minion Gaveston so disgusted the nobles, that they waxed wondrously indifferent to the war in Scotland; but when the favourite himself proceeded to domineer over the barons of England, murmuring and civil war were the

inevitable consequences. At length a coalition of the nobility was formed; they mustered their forces both against the king and Gaveston; the latter was besieged in the castle of Deddington, and being taken prisoner, was beheaded without any formal trial, and with every circumstance of ignominy. These troubles in England were golden opportunities to Bruce, and the adherents of Scottish liberty, of which they were not slow to avail themselves; and castle after castle was won from the English by those heroic spirits, who now emulated each other in warlike stratagem and open daring. Thus Perth was gallantly stormed, the king himself being the first man who plunged into the moat, and scaled the walls. 'Oh heaven!' cried a French knight on the side of Scotland; 'what shall we say of our effeminate lords, when we see such a gallant king so expose his person, to win such a paltry town!' and with this exclamation, he plunged after Bruce, and was among the foremost in the capture. The brave Sir James Douglas took the strong castle of Roxburgh, by the following singular stratagem. Disguising himself and his few followers in black cloaks, on Shrove Tuesday, when the garrison were celebrating the anniversary with a copious revel, and creeping along upon their hands and knees, they appeared to the English a herd of stray cattle, and were allowed to approach the walls without suspicion. The error was only perceived when the ramparts were scaled, and the castle gates in the possession of the Scots. Randolph, to match this exploit, attempted the still stronger castle of Edinburgh, and having learned from one of his soldiers a passage up the rock by which a daring man might climb if unmolested, he attempted the perilous enterprise at the head of thirty chosen soldiers. While they were ascending the steep, a patrol shouted from the walls, 'I see you!' and threw down a stone—but it proved to be merely some jest for his companions, and the undaunted escaladers reached the bottom of the wall, which was twelve feet high, and which they surmounted by a ladder of ropes. The garrison was so confounded to find the enemy among them, that without waiting to discover the smallness of their force, they surrendered. But gallant deeds were not confined to knights and nobles, and the peasantry emulated their leaders in acts of equal daring. Thus a rustic, named

Binning, surprised a strong fort near Linlithgow, in the following manner. Having concealed eight armed companions in his waggon, he covered them with hay, and advanced, as he had often done, to supply the garrison with forage. The portcullis being drawn up for him to enter, Binning, with a stroke of his axe, separated the horses from the wain, so that the latter prevented the portcullis from being let down, and then cutting down the porter at the gate, and shouting the signal word, his comrades took possession of the entrance, and kept it until an ambush, concealed in the neighbourhood, rushed to their support, and the castle was taken.

By such exploits, the English were so completely dispossessed of their fortresses in Scotland, that nothing remained of their conquest but the strong castle of Stirling, which Edward Bruce, the brother of Robert, had besieged for a long time, but in vain. At length, he entered into an agreement with Sir Philip de Moubray, the English governor, that the castle should be surrendered, unless it was relieved by the English king before the feast of St. John the Baptist, on the ensuing midsummer. The king of Scotland was displeased with this arrangement. Four times already had Edward II. invaded Scotland, and Bruce had as often foiled him, not by engaging in pitched battles, but by distressing him with desultory attacks, and cutting off his provisions, so that he was compelled to retreat with loss. But now the honour of England was pledged for the relief of Stirling, and all the immense resources of Edward would be collected for the occasion. These were the feelings of Bruce as a leader and politician; but he was also a good knight and true, and therefore he determined to abide the unequal meeting. From the wars of Wallace, as well as his own, he had learned that secret in warfare which was just beginning to be discovered, or rather revived, in the strategy of Europe—that a firm unflinching infantry can easily abide the encounter of cavalry, in which force the English excelled; and for the rest, he trusted to his own ready invention, and the tried valour of his soldiers, in compensating for inferiority of numbers. He therefore mustered his forces, laid his plans, and calmly waited the event. In the meantime the articles of agreement, which Sir Philip de Moubray carried to London, composed every difference between the king and his nobles,

and all were eager to muster their military contingents, for what they hoped would be a final conquest of Scotland. Berwick was appointed as the great rendezvous of the forces, and on the 11th of June, 1314, there had assembled at this place above 100,000 soldiers, the most numerous and best-appointed army that had ever been led against the Scots. Of these 40,000 were cavalry, 3000 of whom were armed from head to foot in plate and mail; and not only the native subjects of the king of England, but the vassal chieftains of Ireland and Wales, with their wild and hardy followers, were collected under the English standard.

As several of the remote districts of Scotland and many of the Scottish nobility still professed allegiance to Edward, Bruce could only muster in all about 30,000 men. But his soldiers were veterans, who had fought under Wallace and himself, and had been accustomed to victory even under the most desperate circumstances, while such warriors as Edward Bruce, Douglas, Randolph, and Walter the Steward, by whom he was supported, would, in his absence, have been accounted the first leaders of the age. He took his station at Bannockburn, upon a piece of ground within four miles of Stirling, which he carefully selected as fittest for the momentous trial. His front was in a great measure protected by a bog; his right wing was covered by the precipitous banks of the Bannock; and on his left, where the ground was bare, and which would have been therefore most favourable for the English cavalry, he caused pits three feet deep to be dug, in the form of quincunxes, which were armed with pointed stakes, and slightly but carefully covered with sods. He also scattered caltrops or crows-feet in different directions, to lame the horses. Having thus made every preparation, he issued a proclamation through the host, that all who were not willing to conquer or die with him, had permission to depart; but a joyous shout from the whole army was the only reply.

1314.—When these preparations had been made, the English army appeared on the 23rd of June, having marched from Falkirk on the morning; and on approaching the town of Stirling, the English king detached Sir Robert Clifford, with 800 horse, to fetch a compass, and throw himself into the town. The rear of the Scottish

army would thus have been exposed ; but Bruce, whose military eye detected the movement, exclaimed to Randolph, his nephew, who had charge of that quarter—‘ The enemy has passed your post! Ah, Randolph, a rose has fallen from your chaplet!’ ‘ I will recover it or die,’ cried the redoubted warrior, and with a few scores of spearmen he placed himself by a rapid movement between Clifford’s party and the town of Stirling. The English cavalry, thus interrupted, advanced with loose rein, expecting to trample down their handful of adversaries in a moment ; but Randolph threw his men into a circle to receive the attack, the front rank kneeling, the second stooping, and the third standing upright, while three rows of spears portended against the enemy in every direction. Still it was a fearful spectacle to see this small body surrounded and completely concealed by the force that attacked it ; and Douglas, the noble rival of the brave Randolph, exclaimed to the king—‘ I cannot stand still, and see my companion perish!—for heaven’s love let me go to the rescue, and bring him off!’ ‘ No,’ cried Bruce, who at that moment thought it unsafe to weaken his lines ; ‘ let Randolph pay the penalty of his indiscretion : I may not disorder my plan of battle for him.’ ‘ Oh, noble king!’ cried the Douglas in agony—‘ it irks my heart to see Randolph perish for lack of aid : I cannot lag behind in such an extremity!’—and assuming the king’s silence for consent, he immediately spurred off with a reinforcement to the rescue of his comrade. But before he had reached the conflict, the English cavalry were reeling in the shock ; their lines were broken, and crowds of riderless horses were galloping wildly over the field. ‘ Halt!’ shouted Douglas to his eager followers—‘ we are too late to aid them, and therefore let us not lessen the glory of such a victory by our presence!’ This beautiful touch of chivalrous generosity between two rivals in military renown, showed what kind of pupils their master had trained for the delivery of Scotland. Another event, which occurred the same evening, inspired the Scottish army with full confidence of success, notwithstanding the numbers of the enemy. Bruce was mounted upon a slightly-made Scottish pony, and riding in front of his ranks, distinguished by a small golden coronet upon his helmet, when Sir Henry Bohun, imagining that the war might

be terminated by a single blow, set spurs to his mighty war-steed, and laid his lance in rest, expecting, from his superiority in horse and weapons, to bear the Scottish king to the earth in an instant. Bruce, who had no weapon but a short battle-axe, allowed the enemy to come on ; but just at the point of meeting, he swerved from the shock, and rising in his stirrups, dealt such a blow upon the crest of the Englishman, as at once dashed his helmet and head to pieces. The deed was performed in front of both armies, and the Scots exulted in the valour of their sovereign, while the English were proportionably depressed by the omen. No farther encounter took place that evening. The English, still confident in the superiority of their numbers, spent the night in military glee and revelling, as upon the fatal evening before the battle of Hastings ; while the Scots, equally fearless and elevated with hope, passed the interval in devotion, and mutual exhortations to do manfully on the morrow.

On the following morning, which was that of Saint Barnaby the Bright (June 24th), Edward II. advanced to the attack. As the English army slowly rolled onward like an ocean-tide, the Scottish ranks knelt in devotion, while the abbot of Inchaffray, bareheaded and bare-footed, walked through the lines, giving the soldiers his benediction. ‘ Ha,’ cried the king of England, ‘ the rebels kneel—they ask for pardon.’ ‘ They ask for pardon, indeed, but it is only from Heaven,’ replied Ingram Umfraville, a Scot, who was upon the side of Edward—‘ on that field they will win or die.’ The charge was sounded, and the English men-at-arms rushed to the conflict. But there was some jealousy between the earls of Gloucester and Hereford, by whom the vanguard was commanded, and they hurried on with such foolish emulation, that they joined battle out of breath and disordered ; while, before they could come to blows, the body of cavalry by whom they were supported were overthrown among the pitfalls, or by the caltrops that had been laid for their destruction. The Scots, who were drawn up in three divisions, now joined battle with the English infantry of the vanguard, and these resisted with their native valour and obstinacy. Then came onward the English archers, the pride of an English army—men who seldom levelled an arrow

against a Scottish breast in vain; and they might here, as at Falkirk and other places, have decided the battle, but for the foresight of the king of Scotland. As these gallant bowyers were only formidable at a distance, from their want of defensive weapons, Bruce had reserved 400 horse armed in complete mail, under Sir Robert Keith, the marshal of Scotland, to repel them; and at a signal, they galloped among the archers with such impetuosity, that they routed them in an instant, and drove them backward pell-mell upon their main body. Then came on the Scottish archery in their turn; men of inferior skill, but being freed from their deadly antagonists, they could send their arrows with fatal effect among the English infantry, who were crowded together from want of room. So encumbered indeed was the English army, in consequence of the ground which Bruce had selected, that the cavalry were unable to act, and the second and third divisions could not be brought up. Bruce, who now saw that their confusion was increasing, and that the advantage was his own, prepared to secure it by leading on his reserves. He made the attack at their head, and such was the vigour of his onset with the men of the isles, and those of Carrick, Argyle, and Cantire, that the English myriads reeled, and were obliged to give ground. At this critical moment, when the English might, perhaps, even yet have secured at least a safe retreat, they saw the apparition of a fresh army advancing at a rapid pace from the neighbouring hills to attack them. This host was composed of old men, women, and boys, the usual followers of every camp, whom Bruce had furnished with banners, and other ensigns, to appear like an armed host, and who showed themselves at the critical moment. The already dispirited English instantly took to flight in good earnest, but their numbers so impeded each other, that they were slaughtered or made prisoners in heaps. The whole ravine of Bannockburn, to the south of the field, in which direction they fled, was filled with dead bodies, and the river Forth itself was choked with carcasses. Twenty-seven of the noblest barons of England were numbered among the dead; 200 knights and 700 esquires also fell in this destructive conflict, and 30,000 of the common soldiers. As for the Scots, their loss was so trivial, that Sir William Vipont

and Sir Walter Ross were the only persons of account who had fallen. An immense number of prisoners, who were put to ransom, and a great quantity of plunder, enriched the victors; and such was the moral effect of the battle of Bannockburn, that for years after, it is said, a hundred Englishmen would have fled from the border at the approach of three or four Scotchmen. From this instance, also, the Scots learned never to despair in the defence of their country, so that the memory of this day, even under their heaviest defeats, made them always confident of final success. Even to England, too, this signal defeat was ultimately an incalculable gain. Had Scotland been united to the crown of England by conquest, the royal prerogative would have swelled into an intolerable despotism, while the territorial acquisition, on the other hand, would have been comparatively valueless. But from the stubbornness of Scottish resistance, the English kings were continually obliged to apply to parliament, for money to carry on their northern campaigns; and thus they acquired, in progress of time, a proper sense of their own dependence upon their subjects, and were obliged to concede to the people, in return, those grants that prepared the way for a limited monarchy. And when the fulness of time had arrived—when England and Scotland had tried each other's valour, and could depend upon each other's nobleness—it was then the willing union of two high-spirited, independent brethren, rather than the forced and galling tie between the conqueror and the conquered, between the master and the slave.

As for Edward, who had shown no lack of mere animal courage during the fight, as soon as he saw the defeat of his splendid army, his judgment seemed to forsake him. He galloped immediately to Stirling, and demanded admittance; but on Sir Philip Moubray representing that the castle must be surrendered next day, according to agreement, the unfortunate king turned his steed, and made a wide circuit, to avoid the Scottish army. Douglas, who espied his retreat, followed closely on his track with sixty horse, which was all he could muster; and as the royal train was far too numerous to be attacked, the Scottish leader hung upon his rear, and cut off all the stragglers. At

last Edward, hard-pressed and exhausted, reached the castle of Dunbar, into which he was compassionately received by the earl of March; and from thence he escaped almost alone to Berwick, in a fishing-boat.

After this victory, by which the authority of Bruce was established, and the independence of Scotland secured, the Scots were so elated with success, that they resolved to harass their enemies in their own dominions. Thrice, therefore, within the space of twelve months, they broke through the English border, under the command of Edward Bruce and Douglas, and wasted the open country with fire and sword, so that the inhabitants who escaped were obliged to flee to the fortresses. Negotiations for peace followed; but as the Scots insisted upon a full recognition of their independence, while the English would not, as yet, succumb to such terms, the war was renewed on the part of Scotland, upon the borders, with uninterrupted success. To add also to the miseries of England, the country was exhausted by famine, as well as ravaged by enemies. These successes of the Scots had now become famous wherever deeds of valour were mentioned, so that the Irish began to conceive hopes of throwing off the English yoke, in the same manner; and, in 1316, a body of Irish chieftains sent an invitation to Edward Bruce, to come to their aid, with the offer of making him their king. Although Edward wanted the coolness and sagacity of his brother, and was rather a knight-errant than a general, yet his reckless, overpowering valour had often turned the scale of battle, under the careful management of Robert. The present offer was too tempting to be neglected, and, with a new field of adventures and a royal crown in perspective, Edward landed near Carrickfergus, on the 26th of May, with a small army of 6,000 men. His career afterwards resembled the achievements of a romance. He threw himself upon the English wherever they made a stand, and, in spite of their superior numbers, was victorious wherever he fought, so that he soon became master of the province of Ulster, and was crowned king of Ireland. Such victories however were necessarily ruinous to his small force, and he was obliged to send to his brother for aid. Robert accordingly led reinforcements into Ireland, in the spring of 1317, and after a short stay in Ulster, where he saw the

hopelessness of Edward's attempt, he returned to Scotland. Edward, however, resumed his career of victory, which at last was mournfully terminated, on the 5th of October, by the battle of Dundalk. Here, against the advice of his officers, he encountered an army ten times more numerous than his own, and, after a long and desperate engagement, a gigantic English knight, of the name of Maupas, singled him out, and encountered him hand to hand. At the close of the battle, the two champions were found dead, their bodies lying stretched upon each other as they had fallen, and the English ungenerously mangled that of Edward, to show their hatred of a hero who had so often made them tremble. Thus, in one day, the crown and conquest of Ireland passed away, and the remnant of the Scottish forces were led home with great difficulty and loss, by John Thomson, one of their most skilful and distinguished generals.

During the absence of Robert Bruce, the English attempted to invade Scotland, but the borders were gallantly defended by Douglas, and Walter the Steward. On one occasion, the earls of Arundel and Bretagne advanced with 10,000 men from Northumberland, to take Douglas by surprise at Lenthaghlee, near Jedburgh; but the latter, who was so wary that it was said of him he never slept, prepared to anticipate the enemy. He seized a narrow passage through which the English must march, and fortified the copse-wood on either side with a stockade, behind which he placed his archers in ambush. The English entered without suspicion; but in the narrowest part of the pass they were suddenly greeted with a shower of arrows, and confounded by an impetuous charge of Scottish infantry, by which their crowded ranks were thrown into confusion. Douglas then burst into the thickest of the fight, singled out and grappled with the earl of Bretagne, and stabbed him to the heart with his dagger. A short time afterwards a French knight, Edmund de Cailand, governor of Berwick, swore he would drive a prey out of Scotland, and sallied forth with a strong band of French to execute his threat; but he was met by Douglas, who slew the Frenchman, and recovered the booty. His followers fled into Berwick, with fearful tales of the prowess of Douglas; upon which Sir Robert Neville, an

English commander, declared he would give battle to that redoubted chief as soon as he could behold his banner. Douglas was not a man to shun such appointments, and he made a dash into England, marking his progress with fire and havoc, until he came to Berwick, where his banner was displayed in triumph, upon which Neville sallied forth, like a true knight, to make his promise good. But in the encounter his forces were defeated; and when he attempted to engage hand to hand with his antagonist, he fell beneath the sword of the Scottish hero. Edward II. now endeavoured to retaliate the invasions of the Scots, by a counter-invasion. He therefore sent a fleet into the Frith of Forth, and disembarked a strong force at Dunibrissle, on the coast of Fifeshire. Five hundred Scottish horse, who were collected to oppose the landing, were dismayed at the enemy's superiority, and shamefully fled, upon which a strong and valiant ecclesiastic, William Sinclair, bishop of Dunkeld, seeing their cowardice, exclaimed, 'Fie on you, false knights! you should have your spurs hacked from your heels.' He then snatched a lance from the nearest runaway, and exclaiming 'Let all who love Scotland follow me!' he charged among the masses of the English, who had got on shore, but not arranged their ranks. The fugitive Scots charged in the rear of their spiritual leader, and with such unexpected fury, that the English fled to their ships in confusion, and with great loss. Bruce, when he heard of this gallant deed, was so delighted, that he cried out, 'Sinclair shall be *my* bishop,'—a circumstance from which the bold prelate was ever afterwards designated 'the king's bishop.'

Edward II., who had so often found arms unavailing, now endeavoured to control the Scots with the weapons of the church; he therefore procured that the pope, John XXII. should issue a bull, commanding a two years' peace between England and Scotland. Two cardinals, who were intrusted with this mission, had also received privately from the pontiff a full authority to excommunicate the king of Scotland, and as many of his officers as they thought fit. But the two nuncios whom the cardinals sent from England to Scotland, to convey the apostolic mandate, were attacked near Durham by certain outlaws, and plundered to their skins.

The holy men, however, made shift to get to Scotland, and present the pope's letters to the king; but as he was addressed in these merely as 'Governor in Scotland,' he would not open them. 'These epistles,' he said, 'I may not open nor read: many of my people are of my own name, and some of them may have a share in the government. They cannot be for me, for I am *king* of Scotland.' He persevered in not opening them, and the nuncios returned to England, upon which the cardinals sent a priest to Scotland, to publish the bulls and instruments. This divine, one Adam Newton, entered Scotland with fear and trembling; but no sooner had he propounded the two years' truce, than the Scottish barons looked so grim, that he trembled for his life. He was even refused a safe conduct home, and obliged to return at his own risk; but on the way he was attacked by four outlaws, who tore his papers and credentials, plundered him of his bull, and then suffered him to depart in peace. In this way Bruce eluded, by a happy mixture of firmness and caution, an impertinent attempt of the pontiff to infringe upon the liberties of Scotland.

1319.—In the mean time, while the feuds between the improvident king of England and his nobility were at the height, Bruce was enabled to recover the town of Berwick, the earliest of the Scottish conquests of Edward I. after which he led a terrible invasion into the northern English counties. So successful was he in this inroad, that the Scots are described as driving their prisoners homeward 'like flocks of sheep before them.' This insult, and the loss of Berwick, so raised the spirit of Edward II. that he determined to recapture the town at any price, and therefore he advanced against it with a powerful army, and invested it on the 24th of July. The town was attacked by land and sea at the same instant; but a ship, whose yards and rigging were loaded with English soldiers, to be thrown upon the walls, grounded on a shoal, and was instantly set on fire by the Scots. The land attack was equally fruitless, and crowds of the assailants perished. A military engine called a *sow* was then brought forward, a sort of testudo formed of sloping planks, to shelter the miners, who under protection of its covert advanced to the walls, and proceeded to undermine them. The garrison had erected

a catapult to demolish the sow, and having calculated time and distance, they discharged at it an enormous rock, by which the machine was shivered; and as the miners scampered from beneath the ruin, the Scots, amidst roars of laughter, shouted to each other, 'The English sow has farrowed!' Bruce now resolved to raise the siege of Berwick by a movement into England, for which purpose he sent Randolph and Douglas at the head of 15,000 men to surprise the person of Isabella, the English queen, at York. It would have been well for her husband, if this 'she-wolf of France' had fallen into the hands of the Scots, and remained in perpetual captivity; but having received notice of their purpose, she secured her escape only by a few hours. The Scots, however, made wild havoc throughout the country, upon which the archbishop of York gathered a large army of priests and rustics, and endeavoured to oppose them at Mitton, on the river Swale, on the 20th of September. The primate's miscellaneous force however was ill qualified to encounter such leaders and a veteran army, and it was routed with such slaughter of the clergy, that 300 shaven crowns were found among the slain, while the battle, on account of the death of so many priests, was sportively recorded by the Scots under the title of the 'Chapter of Mitton.' In consequence of this event, Edward raised the siege of Berwick, and hurried with all his forces to intercept the Scots; but Randolph and Douglas, who had only an army of light foragers, had no purpose of withstanding a royal host. They therefore fetched a compass, by which they eluded their heavy-armed enemies, and returned to Scotland laden with plunder. Before this year closed, Douglas made another incursion into England, where he destroyed the harvests, and wrought fearful havoc amongst the villages. The name of this chief was now so terrible, that English mothers on the border were wont to still their crying children with threats of the 'Black Douglas.' Again Edward, when he found that force was unavailing, resolved to stir up against his Scottish enemies the terrors of the church; and having fee'd the representative of St. Peter, the pope began to thunder an excommunication against Bruce and Scotland, for which however the Scots cared very little. On the contrary, they returned a spirited reply, on the 6th of April 1320, in which, after showing

their descent from the daughter of Pharaoh, and quoting a tremendous bead-roll of independent kings, both heathen and Christian, who had reigned over them, they showed that they had been reduced to Egyptian bondage by Edward I. until Bruce, like a second Joshua or Judas Maccabæus, had risen up to deliver them. Such arguments were well matched with those of Edward and the pope; but to all this they added, that if even Bruce himself should compromise their liberties, they would dispossess him also of the Scottish throne; and that so long as a hundred Scots were left alive, they would fight to the death for liberty. The pontiff saw the danger of provoking so determined a people, and soon lowered his tone.

While England was thus foiled at every point by an inferior enemy, the national misery was imbittered by the horrors of a civil war. Edward, who could not live without a favourite, had elected Hugh Spenser his chamberlain to that dangerous office, after the death of Gaveston, and the new minion proceeded to tread in the steps of his predecessor. Spenser and his father, availing themselves of their influence, invaded the rights and property of the barons, and the latter were not slow in forming a coalition against the favourite, as they had done in the case of Gaveston. The earl of Lancaster, who was at the head of this coalition, even entered into an agreement with the king of Scotland for aid, in return for which he promised his interest in procuring an equitable peace between the two kingdoms. But the earl's impatience for revenge would not allow him to wait the arrival of such a powerful auxiliary, and the confederate nobles advanced to London, with their followers, and took possession of the metropolis, as the citizens favoured their cause. Edward summoned the discontented peers to a parliament then assembled at Winchester, to terminate their differences in an amicable manner; but the nobles, instead of repairing thither in peaceful fashion, attended with their armed followers, and procured, or rather extorted, a sentence of banishment against the two Spensers, and a plenary indemnity for themselves. The Spensers, hearing of these circumstances, hurried to the king, and not only obtained from him a reversion of the sentence, but excited him to revenge. The royal cause was at the same time embraced

by a large portion of the English nobility, who were indignant at the treaty between the confederates and the Scots, so that Edward was soon at the head of a numerous army. He now showed more vigour in protecting his favourites than he had ever done in defence of his kingdom, and the confederates were so closely followed, that, after several unavailing attempts to rally, they were obliged to fall back upon Scotland. As Lancaster hurried northward he was encountered on the 16th of March (1322) at Boroughbridge, by Sir Andrew Harcla, warden of the western marches, and Sir Simon Ward, sheriff of Yorkshire, when the rebels were totally discomfited, and the earl himself was taken prisoner. As Lancaster had been the chief instrument in the death of Gaveston some years before, this circumstance was not forgotten: he was tried, and condemned to be hanged; but the king substituted the axe in place of the halter, and the sentence was executed with every circumstance of ignominy. Edward was so elated with this brief success, that he wrote to the pope to give himself no farther trouble in procuring a truce with the Scots, as he was now determined to reduce them by force.

1322.—Edward, in consequence of this new fit of courage, resolved to accomplish a fresh conquest of Scotland, and his preparations were upon so great a scale, that success seemed inevitable; for, besides an immense army of English warriors, he had hired powerful reinforcements from Aquitaine, and other parts of the continent. But the Scots anticipated this invasion by bursting across the English border, under the command of Douglas and Randolph, who swept the marches of Lancashire, on the eastern side, while Bruce himself assailed it on the west, after which they joined their forces, wasted the vale of Furness, and returned homeward laden with plunder. At length Edward, having completed his preparations, advanced in August, with an army scarcely inferior to that which had fought at Bannockburn. But Bruce, who had now no necessity to encounter such a force, resolved to let it roll onward and exhaust itself, for which purpose he laid the whole borders waste as far as the Frith of Forth. The English therefore plunged into a region of total famine, and found nothing in their march to Edinburgh but a

lame bull. 'By my faith!' cried the earl of Warrenne, as he eyed this sorry spoil, 'I never saw beef so dear!' The English ships lay wind-bound in the Frith, and could not come up with supplies, so that the famished English were obliged to retreat, burning in their way the monasteries of Dryburgh and Melrose, after they had plundered the shrines, and slaughtered the defenceless monks. But vengeance overtook the actors of such cruelty, so that they suffered all the consequences of the most ruinous defeat; for, on entering England, they indemnified themselves so ravenously for their late abstinence, that 16,000 gallant soldiers died of repletion.

It was now the turn of the king of Scotland to become the invader, and he crossed the Tweed, and made an unsuccessful attempt upon Norham castle. Having learned, however, that Edward was collecting his forces at Bilaud Abbey, near Malton, Bruce conceived the bold idea of ending the war by capturing the person of the king of England; and having mounted his infantry upon hardy, light-footed Scotch ponies, he suddenly appeared in front of the English army, after a very rapid march. The enemy on this occasion were skilfully posted on the ridge of a hill, and could only be approached by a narrow, steep pathway. But Bruce knew better than any commander of the age how such difficulties were to be encountered; and while he sent Douglas and Randolph to storm the pass, he turned the English position by means of a body of Highlanders, who easily scaled the mountain, and attacked the enemy in flank and rear. The English army was soon routed; Edward himself escaped to Bridlington with great difficulty, leaving all his baggage and treasure behind him; while Walter the Steward chased the fugitives as far as York, before which city he halted till the evening, with only 500 men-at-arms, to see if the enemy would come out to the encounter. The Scottish army returned home unmolested, and laden with spoil. These losses, with the defection of the English nobles in consequence of the arrogance of the Spencers, at last made Edward desirous of peace; and a truce, which was to last for thirteen years, was ratified between the two kingdoms, at Berwick, on the 7th of June, 1323. Bruce had now leisure to make peace with the pontiff, which was successfully accomplished

through the negotiations of Randolph, who had been sent to Rome for this purpose.

While the cause of the king of Scotland was thus successful, the affairs of Edward became daily more disastrous, and the Spensers at last became so odious to the queen, that she resolved to escape to France. In 1325, Edward and the French king were on the eve of a rupture, about the possession of Guienne, and queen Isabella, in furtherance of her purpose, represented that she could procure a more amicable arrangement with her royal brother, Charles the Fair, than a common ambassador; and, in consequence of her urgent request, she was allowed, in a fatal hour for her husband, to visit the French court. Having thus escaped from the control of Edward and his parasite, her next aim was to detach the young prince Edward from his father. It was therefore proposed by Charles, that Guienne should be added to England, provided the prince did homage in person for the territory, upon which young Edward was sent to France without suspicion. It was now time for the queen to be recalled; but when the mandate to that effect arrived, Isabella refused to return till the younger Spenser was banished the kingdom. She persuaded the prince also to join in her refusal, and thus she became the rallying point of the Lancastrian faction, the chiefs of which were daily repairing to her court. At last, by the aid of the count of Hainault, to whose second daughter prince Edward was contracted, she procured a small fleet and a few troops, and with this slight armament she arrived on the 24th of September (1326), at Orewell Haven, in Suffolk. Even so paltry a force, for it was scarcely above 3000 men, sufficed to overturn the throne of the obnoxious Edward. The queen's manifestoes promised reforms of all kinds, and the people took up arms in her cause, while Edward and Spenser remained almost entirely deserted. The latter soon fell into the hands of the enemy, and was hanged; and the king being summoned to a parliament which was held at Westminster, on January the 7th (1327), was declared incapable of reigning, and obliged to resign the crown in favour of his son. After this, nothing remained for Edward but the usual fate of deposed princes. He was delivered to the custody of keepers, who endeavoured to break his spirit by every act of cruelty and indignity;

but when they found that he survived their inflictions, and might yet excite the public sympathy to a reaction, they resolved to make their work more sure. On the night of the 21st of September, the cottagers in the neighbourhood of Berkeley Castle were roused from sleep by piercing shrieks of agony, that issued from those gloomy towers, and they hurriedly crossed themselves at the alarm, not daring to utter their thoughts. In the morning, it was given out that the king had died from sudden illness in the night, while the body, on being exposed, exhibited no marks of violence. But a red hot iron had been introduced into his bowels, and thus, though he had perished in excruciating torments, no external sign of injury appeared.

1327.—Although a truce of thirteen years had been proclaimed between England and Scotland, yet Bruce resolved to take advantage of these events, to procure a more lasting and advantageous peace for his country. He therefore complained that the English court had continued to prejudice his interests with the pope, and that English cruisers had interrupted the trade between Scotland and Flanders. Prince Edward, though still a boy, was not less eager for war than his adversary; for notwithstanding his title of king, he was kept in leading strings by his mother, and her profligate paramour, the earl of Mortimer. While he hoped to be freed from their thralldom by the protection of an army, they were no less eager to expose him to all the hazards of a northern campaign, and therefore they seconded his efforts so effectually, that he was soon at the head of 60,000 men. Bruce, undismayed by this formidable preparation, sent a defiance to the young king, telling him that he would come and work his pleasure upon the English border with fire and sword; but when all was ready for the invasion, he was so sorely afflicted with leprosy, occasioned by the toils and privations he had undergone, as to be unable to move. His place however was ably supplied by Randolph and Douglas, who led 3000 men-at-arms, and about 10,000 light horsemen, with their followers, across the borders. These cavalry surpassed all the soldiers in Europe for that light predatory warfare in which they were engaged. Their horses, although altogether unfitted for the shock of battle, were so light, hardy, and active, as to bid

defiance to pursuit; and their riders, at the approach of an engagement, always alighted, and fought on foot. The soldiers neither encumbered themselves with provisions nor military stores: each man carried a small bag of oatmeal behind his saddle, and a plate of iron to bake it into cakes, while the fat beeves of England could supply the rest: their cloaks served for tent and covering, and the ground was their bed. They crossed the border like a whirlwind, and Edward, who had marched his unwieldy army into Northumberland, could only track their course by burning villages. For three days the Scots thus plundered and wasted, within five miles of the English, without being overtaken. At length, Edward resolved to throw himself between them and Scotland, to intercept them on their return. For this purpose he halted on the banks of the Tyne, midway between Newcastle and Carlisle; but here provisions and forage were soon exhausted, and such deluges of rain fell, that, after enduring famine and tempests for eight days, Edward resolved to go once more in quest of his invisible enemy. But although he marched southward, and sent his scouts in all directions, and although he promised a reward of a hundred pounds a year, and the honour of knighthood, to whoever could give intelligence where the Scots were to be found, all was in vain—he presented the ludicrous spectacle of a king groping in his own dominions for an army of 20,000 enemies, the smoke of whose devastations came hourly to his nostrils. At last, on the 31st of July, Thomas de Rokeby brought intelligence that the Scots were encamped not far off; upon which, Edward marched under his guidance to the place, with the whole army, in order of battle. But to his chagrin he discovered, that the enemy were strongly posted upon the summit of a steep hill, at the foot of which ran the river Wear, so that they could not be attacked without the greatest disadvantage. Edward, on this, invited them to a pitched battle on the plain, offering to give them an unmolested opportunity to cross the river and form in order; but Randolph and Douglas, who knew the advantage of their position, replied, that they had come without the king of England's leave, and would stay as long as they pleased. 'If he dislikes our presence,' they added, 'let him cross the river, and punish us.' The armies lay facing each other for two or

three days, the Scots faring luxuriously upon the fat sheep and oxen, which they gathered from all quarters, while the English were exhausted not only by want of provisions, but the toil of watching, for they lay all night upon the ground in their armour, holding the bridles of their horses in their hands. Sleep too was industriously driven from their eyes by the Scottish military music, which consisted of the blowing of cows' horns; and as such instruments were easily procured, while able performers were not wanting, the Scottish borderers trumpeted all night, making a noise, says Froissart, 'as if all the great devils in hell had been there.' At last the English, on the third or fourth morning, found that their enemies had disappeared, but it was only to withdraw to a still stronger position upon the Wear. Edward marched after them, but was still unable to give battle: the Scots were too strongly entrenched to be attacked, and they would not forego their advantage to encounter on the plain.

While the armies thus lay watching each other, the chivalrous Douglas conceived the bold idea of surprising the person of the young king of England. For this purpose he had carefully studied the position of the English encampment; and on the second night he crossed the Wear, at some distance, with 200 men-at-arms, and then entered the enemy's posts, exclaiming, 'Ha! Saint George! have we no watch here?' as if he had been an English officer going his rounds. He thus reached the royal tent undetected, the cords of which he cut, and then raising his war-cry, he rushed forward with his followers. The young sovereign was almost within his grasp, and would have been taken prisoner, but for the fidelity of his chaplain and several of the royal household, who died to cover their master's retreat. The whole camp was now in a state of alarm; but Douglas gallantly cut his way through the army, and brought off his followers in safety.

On the second night after this strange onslaught, the English were apprised by a captive, that the whole Scottish army were ordered to hold themselves in readiness to march under the Douglas banner that evening. Supposing that this was for the purpose of some second surprise, the English remained under arms the whole night. But the Scots had far other purposes; for on the morning

it was found that they had decamped, and were already on their way to Scotland. The English advanced to the empty camp, and regarded it with astonishment. Four hundred beeves lay slaughtered ready for immediate use, and the skins of the animals, hanging loosely over the fire, were to serve as cauldrons for boiling the flesh, while hundreds of shoes, cut out of the same material, were scattered in every direction. In the mean time, the southern men-at-arms, and the chivalry of Hainault, who had endeavoured to cope with such light-heeled adversaries, had lost their good war-horses and baggage, and rendered their arms unserviceable, while thousands of the common soldiers had perished without stroke of sword. The future conqueror of Crecy, after such an expensive apprenticeship in the art of war, marched first to Durham and then to York, where he dismissed his army.

These events, instead of discouraging the youthful Edward, made him only the more eager to redeem his reputation. But his wishes were adverse to those of his mother, and her paramour Mortimer, who now thought that, by making peace with Bruce, they might enjoy his aid in the event of a reverse, as their power and popularity began to totter. These inclinations were greatly strengthened by the appearance of Bruce himself upon the eastern frontier, where he ravaged the country so effectually, that he hunted from one English park to another unrestrained, as if he had been in his own dominions. After several meetings of the commissioners of both kingdoms, the terms of peace were finally ratified in a parliament held at Northampton, on the 4th of May, 1328. Here it was agreed, that neither country should countenance or shelter the rebels of the other; that all claims of dominion on the part of England over Scotland should be utterly renounced; that all the Scottish charters and documents, carried off by Edward I. should be restored; and that the English king should use his utmost interest with the court of Rome to have the sentence of excommunication against Bruce rescinded. Bruce, in return for the havoc he had wrought in England, agreed to pay the sum of £20,000. This treaty was furthermore to be ratified by a marriage between David, the son of Robert, and Joanna the sister of Edward, both being as yet infants, and the princess was placed in the custody of Bruce, to be united to his son,

when he arrived at maturity. By this treaty, which the English indignantly granted, but which they were scarcely able to refuse, Bruce completely annihilated the labours and conquests of Edward I. and raised his country to a state of celebrity which it had never before attained among the civilized nations of Europe. The hero seemed to have only waited for this glorious consummation of his labours to depart in peace. He had been for some time afflicted with a cruel disease in his blood, which has been called the leprosy, brought on by the toils and privations of his early life ; so that, notwithstanding his iron frame and gigantic strength, he was an exhausted and dying old man at the comparatively premature age of fifty-five. His death-bed was surrounded by the companions of his toils, and sharers in his victories ; men whom the English stigmatized as warriors insensible to pity, but who now wept, with all the tenderness of womanhood, over the last hours of their friend and sovereign. The military legacy which he bequeathed to his country, in the form of a dying admonition, would, if properly followed, have saved it from many a foul and fatal defeat. He advised the Scots to fight on foot ; to entrench themselves before battle on difficult ground ; to lay waste the country before the invaders, that they might be driven back by famine ; and while the enemy was encamped, to harass and exhaust them by continual night alarms. Such alone was the way in which a poor kingdom could hope to maintain itself against one so rich and powerful as England, and his own successful career had completely proved the efficacy of these precepts. As a religious man, the thought that he was still excommunicated by the church, weighed heavily upon his soul ; and therefore he did all that could be done in the opinion of that age to make reparation : he commissioned his friend Douglas to carry his heart to Palestine, and bury it in the holy city. The ‘ good lord James,’ as Douglas was affectionately called by his countrymen, undertook that sacred office, and Bruce expired on the 7th of June, 1329. The chivalrous vow of Douglas was attended with melancholy consequences to Scotland, and himself. He departed for Palestine with a princely train ; but on landing at Seville, on his voyage, he learned that king Alphonso was warring against the Moors ; and being

eager to partake in a holy war, his services were offered, and eagerly accepted by the Spanish sovereign. Here he fought against the infidels with his usual valour, and when the battle was at the hottest, he released the casket that contained the heart of Bruce from his neck, and threw it among the ranks of the enemy, exclaiming, 'Forward, gallant heart, as thou wert wont! Douglas will rescue thee or die!' With only eight or ten attendants he broke through the Moorish squadrons, and might have even then returned in safety, had he not seen Sir William Sinclair borne down by a multitude. He spurred to the rescue of his comrade, but was overpowered by numbers, and slain. The sacred relic of the Bruce, and the body of its devoted champion, were recovered, and brought home by the Scots, and both were buried with mournful solemnity in the monastery of Melrose.

1332.—Notwithstanding the peace that had been established between England and Scotland, the injuries on either side were too deep to be easily forgotten. The English especially were indignant at the surrender which had been extorted from them of all the fruits of their Scottish victories; and they were the more eager to renew hostilities, as Bruce and his skilful captains were no longer living to oppose them. In this state of things, an argument was soon found for renewing the contest. By an article of the last treaty, some of those English nobles who held lands in Scotland were to be restored to their northern estates; but the Scots refused to fulfil the agreement with the lords Wake and Henry de Beaumont, upon which these angry nobles resolved to revenge themselves by restoring the family of Baliol. They accordingly mustered their vassals upon the borders, and being joined by other nobles and some rebellious Scots, they invited Edward Baliol, the son and heir of the imbecile John, from Normandy. Edward III., who was now king in reality, by the death of Mortimer, pretended to discountenance these proceedings, out of regard for his young sister, the queen of Scotland; but as he adopted no effectual measures of prevention, Baliol, Wake, de Beaumont, and their friends, set sail with a small army and fleet from Ravenspur, entered the Frith of Forth, and landed at Kinghorn, in Fife, on the 6th of August. Two large Scottish armies, the one commanded by the earl of Marr, who had succeeded Ran-

dolph as regent, and the other headed by the earl of March, advanced to oppose the invaders. But Baliol, instead of shunning the unequal contest, threw himself between both armies, and encamped at Forteviot, having the river Earn between him and the regent. At midnight he crossed the river by a ford, and burst suddenly upon the Scottish camp, which was buried in sleep, on Duplin moor. The surprised Scots, without having time to arm, were slaughtered in the dark in multitudes. Day dawned upon the scene of havoc, when Marr, enraged at the small force of the enemy, rashly advanced to the conflict in a narrow pass, where his soldiers were unable to form, so that they were miserably defeated almost without resistance. Thirteen thousand Scots and the regent himself lay dead on the field, while of the army of Baliol, which did not exceed three thousand men, very few perished. In the mean time, the earl of March pressed forward; but Baliol, instead of awaiting the encounter, withdrew by a rapid march to Perth, whither he was closely pursued by his adversary. The English fortified themselves in the town, and were powerfully reinforced by the partisans of the house of Baliol; and when the earl of March laid siege to Perth, there were traitors in his camp, who betrayed his movements to the enemy, while his fleet was destroyed by the English ships which Baliol sent round to the mouth of the Tay. After he had thus baffled the patriotic party in Scotland, Baliol proceeded to Scone, where he was crowned on the 24th of September, having thus won a kingdom in about eight weeks. But he lost the rich prize almost as rapidly as he gained it. The Scottish nobles who adhered to the family of Bruce soon recovered from the stupefaction which their defeat had produced, and prepared for action. In the mean time, Baliol, confident in his late victories and the protection of Edward, to whom he had done homage for the crown of Scotland, retired with a small force to Annan, in Dumfries, where he proposed to hold his Christmas. Here he was surprised on the night of the 16th of December by a body of cavalry under the earl of Moray, Sir Archibald Douglas, and Sir Simon Fraser, and he had only time to throw himself almost naked upon the bare back of a horse, and hurry across the border.

1333.—Edward, who had hitherto ostensibly stood aloof,

out of a pretended regard to the rights of David, his young brother-in-law, now entered fully into the quarrel. He found in Baliol a compliant tool, who would accept the crown of Scotland upon any terms; and, therefore, war was proclaimed in due form, and Edward marched with a powerful army to the border to reinstate his vassal on the Scottish throne. His first operation was the siege of Berwick, which town he invested so closely, that the garrison agreed to surrender, provided they were not relieved in four days. In consequence of this capitulation, lord Archibald Douglas, the regent of Scotland, collected a numerous army, and advanced to the relief of the town. On the 19th of July, about noon, he found the English drawn up on Halidon Hill, about a mile to the north-west of Berwick; upon which he rashly advanced on the following morning to the encounter, without regarding the strong position which they occupied. The Scots rushed across a swamp and up the hill, in the face of a shower of arrows that made fearful havoc among their ranks; they then charged the English with such violence, that the latter for a moment seemed to be broken and defeated. But they soon rallied, and turned upon the assailants, already half exhausted by their previous efforts; and the Scots, after losing their leader, gave way and fled in confusion. The English cavalry, and the wild Irish kerns under the command of lord Darcy, pursued the scattered fugitives, and slaughtered them without mercy. In this fatal defeat, the greater part of the Scottish nobility who adhered to the family of Bruce were slain or taken prisoners, while the English sustained very little loss. After the battle, the town and castle of Berwick surrendered, according to agreement.

1334.—The cause of Scottish independence was thus once more upon the brink of ruin. Only four castles remained in possession of the patriots; and Baliol no longer finding an enemy in the field, convoked a parliament at Edinburgh, where he did homage to Edward for the kingdom of Scotland, and surrendered the frontier provinces of Berwick, Roxburgh, Selkirk, and Dumfries, and the district of Lothian. But although the country was thus reduced, the national spirit was still unconquered; and several brave leaders, such as Sir Andrew Moray of Bothwell, the steward of Scotland, and the

young earl of Randolph, continued the contest by a partisan warfare, in which they were so successful, that Baliol, after witnessing the repeated defeats of his best supporters, lost heart, and fled once more into England. Edward again entered Scotland with a powerful army to support him, and secure the provinces that had been ceded to him by the late treaty; but the Scots, warned by their late misfortunes, avoided meeting him in the field, so that after his troops had been severely annoyed by famine, he was compelled to return to England.

Edward and Baliol made a fresh inroad into Scotland in the following year, with separate armies, and ravaged the country with merciless severity. The English king finding no open resistance, thought the country effectually subdued, and left Baliol with a body of troops to receive the homage of the people; but on the departure of the former, the nobles of the Brucean party rushed from their concealments, and attacked the partisans of Baliol with their former success. Edward thus found that the whole work must be done anew; and therefore he again invaded Scotland, slaying and destroying till he came to Inverness. Here, however, he was effectually matched by Sir Andrew Moray, the old friend and follower of Wallace, who adopted the tactics of his heroic teacher, and kept up a harassing warfare on the front, flank, and rear of the English army, without coming to an engagement. Wherever Edward advanced he found the country laid waste before him by an enemy whom he always felt, but could never overtake; and at last he was obliged, in consequence of want of provisions, to retrace his way to England.

After Edward had been thus forced to retire, the Scots, no longer awed by a superior army, were enabled to resume that guerilla warfare in which they could best hope for success; and deeds of chivalry, rather than pitched battles, once more effected the deliverance of Scotland. The castle of Dunbar, which was besieged by the earl of Montague, was gallantly defended by the countess, commonly called the Black Agnes of Dunbar, a daughter of the heroic Randolph, who seemed to inherit her father's military skill. She baffled every attempt of the assailants, like a good warrior; and not content with merely repelling them, she taunted them bitterly, like a very woman, from the walls. On one

occasion, the English advanced that testudo called a *scow* to the ramparts; upon which the lady exclaimed, in scoffing rhyme—

Beware, Montagow,
For farrow shall thy sov.

A huge rock was then discharged upon the engine, which was crushed to pieces. The English in despair resolved to convert the siege into a blockade, and reduce Dunbar by famine; but Sir Alexander Ramsay, in a dark night, sent a small ship laden with provisions to the castle, and Montague was obliged to retreat. The steward of Scotland, aided by a few troops from France, laid siege to Perth, which was held for England; and here William Bullock, a fighting priest, politician, and military engineer, did good service to Scotland. During an eclipse of the sun, while all stood aghast in superstitious terror, Bullock, who laughed at omens, availed himself of the darkness to wheel his engines close to the walls; so that when light returned, the besieged found themselves overtopped, and were obliged to surrender. Douglas, the knight of Liddisdale, commonly called the Flower of Chivalry, after giving several defeats to the English, besieged the castle of Edinburgh, which at that time was reckoned impregnable, and contrived to introduce within the gateway a number of his soldiers, disguised like English sailors, laden with wine and provisions. As soon as they had mastered the sentinels, the knight of Liddisdale and his followers rushed from their ambush, and made themselves masters of the castle. It was by such achievements that the cause of the family of Bruce and that of national independence were restored, so that David, the young king, and his spouse, who had been sent to France for safety during the ascendancy of the rival house, were recalled to their kingdom in 1341. The effects of these wars, however, were such as to make humanity shudder at the narrative. Those persons who were not so happy as to perish in the field of battle, were assailed by all the miseries of disease and famine; the wolves and the deer inhabited those wastes that had lately been cultivated and populous plains; and one instance occurred, wherein a man and his wife were detected in the monstrous crime of feeding upon children, whom they caught in traps set for the purpose. In consequence of these miseries, and a pestilence that

swept the land, many fled to France and Flanders, in the vain hope that such terrible calamities could be but short in their duration. But feud and faction still remained to waste those whom famine and the sword had spared; and few of those unhappy exiles lived to see the anticipated period of tranquillity that was to restore them to their native home.

EDWARD III.

We have already seen the particulars of the early military life of this distinguished conqueror, and the manner in which his youth was trained to warfare against the followers of Wallace and Bruce. While the cause of his vassal Baliol was falling to ruin in Scotland, a more glorious conquest than that of the barren acres of the north was unfolding to his view, so that the poor pageant-king was left to struggle as he best could. This was nothing less than his claim to the crown of France; a claim in which those terrible wars between France and England originated that raged for centuries, and entailed an inheritance of national hatred between the two kingdoms that has not wholly ceased at the present period. The Salic law, which had been established in France from the earliest times, had been so strictly observed, that for 900 years no female had been sovereign of the country. By proscription therefore as well as statute, women were excluded from the throne, and consequently those males also who claimed it through their descent from a female line. The throne was now vacant, and two candidates appeared for the succession: these were Philip of Valois, son to a brother of Philip the Fair; and Edward of England, who was son of Isabel, the daughter of the same Philip. The cause of the two parties was debated before an assembly of the states of France; and while the one pleaded the nearer proximity of Edward to the royal line, the other alleged the male descent of Philip. On this occasion the arguments of the Salic law prevailed, and Philip of Valois was elected to the throne of France, upon which Edward, like other unsuccessful litigants, brooded over the supposed injustice. But as he was powerful as well as angry, he resolved to reverse the decision by force of

arms. He was farther incited to this step by Robert d'Artois, brother-in-law of Philip (a malcontent who had taken refuge in England), and by the dissensions that prevailed among the French seigniories; and he had an ostensible ground for quarrel, in the circumstance of Philip having given aid to the Scots in their late successful resistance. The preparations of Edward III. were commensurate with the magnitude of the attempt. Besides obtaining extensive grants from his parliament, and mustering numerous troops and vessels, he subsidized several princes of Germany and the continent, and entered into an alliance with the democracy of Flanders, and their celebrated leader, James Van Arteveldt, the brewer of Ghent. At last, when all things were in readiness, he set sail from Orewell, in Suffolk, on the 16th of July, 1338, at the head of a powerful armament. But all these magnificent preparations for the campaign ended in nothing. Edward's foreign allies, with the exception of the Flemings, were averse to the conquest of France by the English; and after receiving their share of subsidies, they only sat still and looked on, while Philip, raising a numerous army and wisely keeping on the defensive, at last obliged Edward to retire into winter quarters without a battle. Edward returned to London, and farther drained his kingdom by fresh imposts, to renew the war, after which he set sail with a large fleet, and obtained the first grand naval victory of England over France, at Sluys, in 1340. This exploit so raised the ardour of the English parliament, that they were eager for the prosecution of the war, and Edward was soon at the head of 100,000 men, besides 40,000 Flemings. But the latter, who were unaccustomed to warfare, were so dismayed by a vigorous sally while they besieged St. Omer's, that they broke and dispersed, and could not be rallied during the campaign; and Edward, after besieging Tournay in vain, agreed to an accommodation, by which hostilities were to be suspended for nine months. As Edward was greatly impoverished by these two campaigns, without having advanced a step in the conquest of France, he now lowered his demands, so that he was ready to consent to a lasting peace, on being only exonerated from doing homage for his French possessions. But Philip not only refused this concession, but de-

manded of his rival a total renunciation of all claim and title to the crown of France,—upon which the latter broke off the negotiation.

The king of England had hitherto depended chiefly upon his foreign allies, by whom he was impoverished and betrayed; but an auxiliary now appeared in the person of a heroine, upon whom he could place greater confidence. This was Jane, countess of Montfort, whose husband was languishing in prison through the treachery of the French king, who had passed upon him a sentence of dispossession, and then trepanned his person. The countess having received a promise of aid from the king of England, resolved to hold out to the last against the whole power of France, in defence of her husband's territories. She, therefore, flew from town to town, and harangued the inhabitants, holding the infant child of their lord in her arms, by which touching exhibition their sympathy was roused to the highest; and after this she shut herself up in the port of Hennebon, to wait the arrival of the English succours. The French forces hurried to the town, and endeavoured to take it before the English arrived; but the countess, who showed the prowess of a warrior, and the skill of a leader, routed them in several sallies, in which she fought at the head of her troops armed like a knight, and mounted on a war-horse. Even the women of the place, inspired by her example, unpaved the streets, and hurled the stones from the ramparts upon the heads of the assailants. The siege, however, was pressed with vigour, and the spirit of the townsmen began to waver; they even talked of making a separate peace with the enemy, at the expense of their heroic mistress. At this critical moment the countess, who was gazing wistfully sea-ward, from her castle, in quest of the promised aid from England, beheld a fleet of tall ships in the distance making for Hennebon. 'The English! the English!' she exclaimed in rapture: 'I see the aid I have so long expected! No talk of surrender now!' It was, indeed, the English fleet, commanded by Sir Walter Manny, that had been delayed by contrary winds, and which soon entered the harbour amidst the triumph of the town's-people. The lady received her island champions joyfully, and led them to a rich banquet; after which Sir Walter, who was the flower of

English knighthood, looking out of the hall window at the largest machine of the besiegers, invited his companions to go out with him, and destroy it. No better after-dinner pastime could have been proposed: the knights buckled on their harness, and sallied stealthily from one of the gates, accompanied by 300 English archers. They assaulted the defenders of the engine, who were levelled by the arrows of the yeomen, or the swords and axes of the knights, almost in an instant: the tents and huts were in a blaze, and the machine was broken in pieces, after which this small party retired. It was only then that the French army recovered from their stupor, and spurred after the English like madmen. The brave Sir Walter at this reined up in his retreat, and exclaiming, 'May I never be embraced by my mistress and dear friend, if I enter castle or fort before I have unhorsed one of these gallopers!' he dashed among the pursuers, accompanied by his knights, and emptied many a saddle of its rider. After this feat of arms, the English returned in good order, and entered the town under cover of a shower of arrows, that soon checked the pursuit; while the countess of Montfort descended from the castle, and kissed Sir Walter and his brave companions, as they entered. On the following day the French were glad to raise the siege of Hennebon, amidst the hootings and insults of the townsmen.

Although the force under Sir Walter Manny was sufficient to raise the siege, it was too small to encounter the enemy in the field; and Edward, at the earnest solicitations of the countess, embarked at Sandwich, on the 5th of October, 1342, with a large fleet and army. But this third royal expedition came to nothing, like the former, owing to the imprudence of the English king, who divided his small army of 12,000 into three bodies, to undertake the siege of Rennes, Nantz, and Vannes, at the same instant. A three years' truce was the consequence, in which no advantage was conceded to England, and the contending parties separated, only to breathe themselves for fresh contests. Edward during the interval strained every nerve for a greater and more decisive invasion than ever, and was so successful in his preparations, that by the 10th of July, 1346, he embarked at St. Helen's with an army of 4,000 men-at-arms, 10,000 archers, and 18,000 foot. He now resolved to conduct

the war at the head of his own subjects, instead of foreign auxiliaries, and to invade Normandy, which was defenceless, instead of landing in Guienne, where the enemy were prepared to receive him. The wisdom of these measures was shown in the signal success that followed. He pressed forward to Rouen, intending to attack that city; but on being confronted by Philip, at the head of the whole military array of France, he marched along the banks of the Seine, and laid waste the country to the very gates of Paris. He was then surrounded by the enemy, while the bridges of the river were broken down; but he crossed the Seine by stratagem, and marched towards Flanders, driving the country militia before him. When Edward reached the Somme, he found the bridges destroyed, while Philip, at the head of 100,000 men, was close upon his rear; but having discovered a ford, he resolved to cross it, although Godemar du Fay, with a strong army, was drawn up on the opposite bank. Edward ordered his marshals to dash into the water in the name of God and St. George, upon which lords, knights, and men-at-arms, plunged into the river, in spite of the Genoese cross-bowmen in the French service, who galled them as they advanced. On the other hand, the English archers covered the fording of their leaders so successfully with showers of arrows, which they discharged among the French men-at-arms, that at length the English gained a footing upon the opposite bank, and put the enemy to flight. Edward then halted at Crecy, where he determined to engage his pursuers, as he could no longer retreat with safety on account of their vast superiority in cavalry. He, therefore, selected his ground with great judgment upon the gentle slope of a hill, with a wood in his rear, and strengthened his flanks with deep entrenchments. This ground, he said, was part of the marriage-portion of his mother, which had descended to him by inheritance, and therefore he was determined to defend it against Philip of Valois.

In the mean time the French king, who was disappointed of capturing the whole English army, on account of their having forced the passage of the Somme, was only anxious that they should not escape; he therefore hurried the march of his vast army to the conflict with such precipitation, that the front, when it should have halted, was driven forward by the rear, and all advanced

in wild confusion till they came in front of the English. On the other side, every thing was perfect regularity, the result of forethought, and calm, deliberate valour. The English were drawn up in three lines. The first, consisting of 800 men-at-arms, 4,000 archers, and 600 Welsh foot, was commanded by the Black Prince, now only sixteen years old, assisted by the earls of Warwick and Oxford. The second line, composed of 800 men-at-arms, 4,000 billmen, and 2,400 archers, was led by the earls of Northampton and Arundel; while the third, which was the body of reserve, consisted of 700 men-at-arms, 5,300 billmen, and 6,000 archers, and occupied the top of the hill, commanded by the king in person. As the overwhelming masses of the French advanced, Edward rode along the lines with a cheerful countenance, and addressed his soldiers with such words of encouragement, that, instead of being dismayed, they were only eager for the encounter.

In the mean time the king of France, assisted by his allies, the kings of Bohemia and Majorca, and the leaders of the army, endeavoured to restore something like order among his troops, and drew them up into three lines, the first of which was commanded by the king of Bohemia, the second by the duke d'Alençon, and the third by himself; but although each line greatly outnumbered the whole English army, the confusion into which they had thrown themselves was an unfortunate presage. The French advanced first to the charge, and the English, who were seated in their ranks, and making a hearty meal according to the order of the king, started up to receive them. Fifteen thousand Genoese cross-bowmen in the pay of France were to have commenced the battle; but as they were weary with their long march, and the weight of their weapons, they advanced with reluctant steps. They raised a hideous shout as they came forward, to frighten the English, who stood unmoved; they raised another, and a third, but with no better success—upon which they began in earnest, by a discharge of their square iron bolts. The English archers in return advanced a step, according to their custom, and then let loose their arrows with such rapidity that it seemed as if it snowed, while the Genoese, who were pierced through their defensive armour, threw down their cross-bows, and fell back upon the strong

body of cavalry that had been drawn up to support them. The king of France was enraged at the cowardice of these auxiliaries, and exclaimed, 'Kill me the scoundrels, for they stop up our road without any reason!' upon which the French men-at-arms began to clear the front of the battle by a furious massacre of the runaways. The English bowmen still pressed onward, and shot so strongly among the splendid cavalry of France, that knights and squires were overthrown, while the wounded horses plunged among the confused throng of the Genoese; and then the light foot-soldiers of Wales and Cornwall, armed with long knives, crept among the enemy's ranks, and stabbed the dismounted chevaliers. The front line was thus involved in confusion, and reeling under the successful charges of the prince of Wales, when its gallant leader, the king of Bohemia, made a desperate effort to retrieve his portion of the battle. Being blind, he requested his attendants to lead him into the thickest of the fight, that he might strike at least one good blow; upon which his knights interlaced his horse's reins with their own, and charged with him abreast upon the English ranks, where they all fell in the same order. The second line of the French army under Alençon now advanced, broke through the array of archers, and commenced an overwhelming hand to hand conflict with the English men-at-arms, upon which the earls of Northampton and Arundel advanced with their second line, to sustain the prince of Wales. The king of France would now have advanced with his third line, by which the scale might still have been turned against England; but a formidable hedge of archers lay before him, which he was unable to pass. As it was, however, the prince of Wales was on the eve of being overpowered, and the earl of Warwick sent a knight, at full gallop, to the king for a reinforcement. Edward, at this moment, was standing upon a mill, on the hill-top, surveying the whole battle; and he calmly asked, 'Is my son dead, unhorsed, or so badly wounded that he cannot support himself?' 'Nothing of the sort,' replied the messenger, 'but he is in so hot an engagement, that he has great need of your help.' 'Tell him,' cried the heroic monarch, 'to expect no aid from me. Let the boy win his spurs; for I am determined, that, if it please God, all the glory and honour of this day shall

be given to him, and to those into whose care I have intrusted him.' No military exhortation could have been better timed, or more effective ; it was more than reinforcements to the prince, and his companions ; and the first and second lines of the French were attacked with such renewed vigour, that in a short time they were broken and put to flight. The reserve, commanded by Philip in person, now advanced ; but it was over the wrecks of two terrible defeats, and against an army high in hope, and flushed with victory. This last part of the battle was soon over : Philip himself, after fighting gallantly, was unhorsed and wounded, while his forces were so completely broken and scattered, that when he fled from the field only sixty men accompanied his flight.—Such was the battle of Crecy, gained by the English, on the 26th of August (1346), over a well-appointed army eight times their number, and in which the French lost the king of Bohemia, eleven princes, eighty bannerets, 1,200 knights, 1,500 gentlemen, 4,000 men-at-arms, and 30,000 common soldiers. As soon as the battle was ended, Edward caught the prince of Wales in his arms, and exclaimed with paternal ecstasy—' Sweet son, you have this day shown yourself worthy of your spurs, and the crown for which you have so nobly fought : God grant you good perseverance ! ' The prince, as modest and gentle as he was brave, knelt down with a blushing countenance, and begged his father's blessing.

1346.—After this victory, Edward continued to prosecute the war with success, and the whole province of Guienne fell into his hands. But while he was successful abroad, a dangerous storm menaced him at home ; for the Scots, encouraged by his absence, as well as instigated by France, resolved to invade England. The youthful David, son of Robert Bruce, accordingly mustered a brave but tumultuary army of 50,000, and entered England from the western frontier, inflicting fearful havoc upon the country as far as the gates of Durham. The Piercies and other great northern barons mustered their numerous followers to oppose him ; 10,000 soldiers, which were about to be transported to France, were detained and incorporated with the national force ; and thus, instead of waiting the coming of the king of Scotland, they were able to go in quest of him. David's

heroic father would have retired on such an occasion, or have shunned, at least, a pitched battle; but the young king, who was personally brave, lacked the higher qualities of his parent. On the 17th of October, the Scots, who were encamped on a wretched piece of ground intersected by enclosures, at Bear-park, near Durham, were almost taken by surprise from the sudden appearance of the English, and 10,000 archers advanced to commence the battle. Sir John de Græme foresaw the deadly shower that was about to fall, and entreated of David the command of only 100 horse, with which he engaged to ride down, and disperse the archers; but he entreated in vain. With his own small retinue of horsemen, however, this good knight attempted the manœuvre; but he was beaten off. The English archers now commenced with discharges of arrows, that flew like sleet in a tempest, while their men-at-arms and billmen rushed to close encounter. The Scots, who were cooped up within their enclosures, were struck down like deer without being able to make resistance; their right wing was charged, and routed by the English cavalry, and the centre, which David commanded, was at once attacked in front and flank. The young king resisted desperately to the last, although wounded in several places, and was taken prisoner by one Copland, a knight of Northumberland. As soon as the royal banner fell, the steward of Scotland, and the earl of March, rallied the remains of the army, and retreated from the field in good order.—Such was the battle of Nevill's Cross, in which 15,000 of the Scots fell, while their king and chief nobility were made prisoners. It was thought that Scotland was now prostrated beyond recovery, but the national spirit was as unbroken as ever; and the Scots having raised the Steward to the regency, exhibited every where an undaunted front against their powerful enemy.

1347.—In the mean time Edward was following up the victory of Crecy by the siege of Calais, the capture of which was necessary, as it was the gate of France by which the kingdom would be laid open to his future invasions. But it was so strong, and so bravely defended, that he had no hope of taking it by force, and he turned the siege into a blockade, resolving to reduce the town by famine. The townsfolks upon this dismissed all their

unservicable inhabitants, to the number of 1,700 aged persons, women, and children, who were not only allowed to pass freely through the English lines, but were furnished by their generous enemies with a dinner, and two-pence a-piece, to carry them on their journey. The king of France made desperate efforts to relieve Calais, and advanced against the English with 150,000 men; but he found the town so closely invested that he could throw in no succour, while the besiegers were so strongly entrenched that he dared not attack their lines. After remaining, therefore, in the neighbourhood for a few days, and challenging his antagonist with idle bravadoes, Philip withdrew his army without striking a blow. The citizens were now reduced to despair. They had resisted in spite of famine, until they had eaten not only all their horses, but even their dogs, and the vermin of their cellars; but when they saw that relief was hopeless, they called a parley, on the day after the retreat of the French army. Edward, at first, would consent to no terms, and required an unconditional surrender, but this the spirited citizens refused; he then moderated his demands so far as to consent to spare the inhabitants, on condition that six of their number should be delivered to him bareheaded, with ropes about their necks, for execution. In this ungenerous fashion he determined to take revenge upon the citizens for the hatred they had long borne against the English, and their obstinate resistance during the siege, which had now lasted nearly a year. The governor, John de Vienne, caused the bell to be rung for the town's-people to assemble; and, weeping bitterly, he laid before them these hard conditions. Scarcely, however, had he ended, when six of the chief citizens started up, and announced themselves as the cheerful victims for the deliverance of the rest. They bared their heads, and put ropes upon their necks, in which condition they were delivered to Sir Walter Manny, who led them towards Edward's tent. The whole English army was in a tumult of wonderment at such heroism, and ran from all quarters to gaze upon the captives, as they passed; and the barons, the knights, and squires, who stood near Edward, could not refrain from tears. As for the king, he only eyed his prisoners grimly, and ordered their instant execution. The English nobles

murmured, and the brave Sir Walter Manny entreated his sovereign to bethink himself of the disgrace that would stain him for such a cruel deed ; but he pleaded in vain. A more powerful intercessor was fortunately at hand, in the person of queen Philippa, already in the family way, who, after the victory of Nevil's Cross, had arrived at Calais, bringing powerful reinforcements to her husband. She fell on her knees before him, and exclaimed with tears—' Ah, gentle sir, since I have crossed the sea with great danger to visit you, I have never asked you one favour : but now, I humbly crave a boon for the sake of the Son of the Blessed Mary, and for your own love to me. Be merciful to these six men.' Edward was unable to refuse such a pleader, in such circumstances, and he gruffly answered—' Dame, I wish you had been any where else than here. But you have so entreated, that I can refuse you nothing. Take them, and do with them what you please.' The gentle-hearted queen conducted the six citizens to her apartment, clothed them, and regaled them with a plentiful dinner, after which she gave them six nobles each, and caused them to be escorted to a place of safety. Edward, on the surrender of Calais, turned out all the inhabitants, and repeople the town with English ; he also entrusted the government of it to Sir Americ of Pavia, a brave knight, who had won his confidence, after which he embarked for England, where he landed on the 12th of October, 1347.

Edward being bent upon the full conquest of France, assembled his parliament to obtain the necessary supplies ; but as his victories had been very expensive to England, the commons showed such reluctance, that, after long demurring, they consented to a grant of only three-fifteenths, to be levied in three years, for the prosecution of the war. But at this period he had almost lost the fruits of his last campaign, through the treachery of Sir Americ, the governor of Calais. The French having tampered with this soldier of fortune, obtained of him a promise to deliver the town into their hands for 20,000 crowns : but Edward, who fortunately discovered the plot, resolved to turn the treachery of the French upon themselves. He ordered Sir Americ to go on with the bargain, as if nothing had happened ; and this the unscrupulous Italian did

accordingly. The French, under Sir Geoffry de Chamay, were privately admitted into the castle; but here, to their astonishment, they found Sir Walter Manny, and a strong body of English soldiers drawn up to receive them. This force, which was sent from England for the purpose, had been privately admitted into the fortress a few hours before the French, and with it came also Edward himself, who fought as an unknown knight, under the banner of Sir Walter. The French, although taken by surprise, made a brave resistance, but were soon overpowered; after which the English mounted their horses, and spurred on by the road to Boulogne, where the main body of the French army was waiting, until their companions should secure their entrance into Calais. In the desperate *melee* that ensued, Edward, who was incognito, singled out and encountered Eustace de Ribeaumont, one of the bravest knights of France, and both these redoubted champions fought so long and so fiercely, that, says Froissart, 'it was a pleasure to see them.' Twice was Edward struck down upon his knees, but at length the stout Sir Eustace was compelled to yield. After the battle, a kingly banquet was set out, at which victors and vanquished sat down together; and here the French champion discovered, with military satisfaction, that he had yielded to no meaner person than the conqueror of Crecy. The king took from his own head a rich chaplet, and placed it on that of Sir Eustace, bidding him show it to ladies and damsels, and tell them how it was won. He also set him at liberty without ransom, and declared that he had never, in all his battles, encountered so brave an antagonist.*

After this event, the war in France languished for six years, and in 1353, Edward's views had become so moderate, that he was willing to resign his title to that kingdom for the unconditional sovereignty of Guienne and Aquitaine, and the town and marshes of Calais. But John, who had now succeeded Philip, would not tolerate such a dangerous neighbour, and refused the terms; upon which an army was sent from England, under the command of the Black Prince, whose splendid career will be fully detailed in the following Chapter.

* In memory of this circumstance, the descendants of Sir Ribeaumont ever after bore three chaplets garnished with pearls, for their escutcheon.

While Edward was thus occupied in his continental wars, the Scots never ceased to struggle for the recovery of their lost territories, in which they were occasionally assisted by France; and they were so successful, that Berwick, the last of the English conquests, fell into their hands on the 23rd of November, 1355. This so kindled the indignation of Edward, that he resolved to make a final effort to subjugate Scotland: for this purpose he purchased the sovereignty of that kingdom from Edward Baliol, who was now a childless, dotting old man; and he obtained from parliament a grant of fifty shillings on every exported sack of wool for six years. Being thus furnished with money and title deeds, he entered Scotland at the head of a large army, to take possession; but the Scots on this occasion followed the prudent advice of their heroic Bruce, and laid waste the country as he advanced. The English found no enemy in their way but famine, which wasted their ranks, however, as effectually as the sword; and having retaken Berwick, they burnt the towns of Haddington and Edinburgh, and fired every church and building in their march, so that this period (February, 1356) was long after remembered in Scotland under the name of the 'burnt Candlemas.' Hunger at last obliged the English to retreat, and then came the moment of retaliation. The Scottish parties, that had hung like dark clouds upon the front, flank, and rear of the invaders, now showed themselves on every quarter, and so effectually harassed their retreat, that the English army was greatly thinned and exhausted before it had crossed the border. Such was the result of Edward's fifth expedition into Scotland, in which he reaped neither fame nor advantage, except the capture of Berwick, and in which, on one occasion, he very narrowly escaped being made prisoner by earl Douglas.

EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE.

As the wars of the middle ages cannot be well understood without a reference to the usages of chivalry, we shall pause for a moment, to give a few brief notices of this important military institution. Such a subject also forms the best introduction to the history of the Black Prince, during whose period chivalry had reached its perfection in England, and whose actions constituted the fair ideal of knightly bravery and nobleness.

As the prime qualities of a true knight consisted in succouring the weak, and serving the gentler sex, such an institution could only have originated among the northern tribes, by whom women were regarded with a deference almost amounting to religious worship. With them, 'none but the brave deserved the fair,' so that the young warrior was deemed unworthy of a mate until he had proved his deserts by some gallant deed; and thus love and heroism were associated so closely in his mind, as to be almost synonymous terms. We have seen, in the life of Hereward le Wake, that the institution of chivalry existed among the Anglo-Saxons; but it was not in so perfect a form among them as among the Normans, who introduced new military principles and modes of warfare into England. The chivalrous code was subsequently raised and amplified by the crusades, by the deeds of Lion-hearted Richard, by the wars of the barons against John and Henry III., and the contests between Scotland and England, until it reached its greatest perfection under Edward III., the founder of the order of the Garter, who recognised in knighthood not only a 'cheap defence of nations,' but the most available weapon to accomplish his plans of foreign conquest and aggrandizement.

The knight was obliged to undergo a careful course of education before he was thought worthy of that envied title; and therefore the sons of noble families were generally placed in the household of some eminent chief, that they might be trained under his inspection. The youth thus domesticated, first officiated as a page, during which period he was taught to ride the great horse, to wear armour, and handle weapons; to run, to wrestle,

and wield or throw heavy weights ; to carve at the table, to dance gracefully, to hunt, and hawk, and play upon some musical instrument ; to cultivate the virtues of obedience, modesty, and gentleness, and to be punctual in all the observances of religion. The house of some approved noble was thus frequently a college of chivalry, the pages of which consisted of members of the noblest families of the country. When this state of probation ended, the page became a squire. He was now a man, and could follow his master to the field, to carry his shield, or hold his banner, and mingle in the affray ; and as his next step was to become a knight, it behoved him in these services to exert to the uttermost his courage, address, and moral qualities. When this long course of education ended, and the aspirant was deemed worthy of knighthood, all the grandeur of chivalry and all the solemnities of religion were united, to give impressiveness to the ceremony. Before the appointed period, the young squire spent the day in fasting, and the night in prayer ; he bathed, confessed his sins, received the eucharist, and wore white robes, as the emblem of that knightly purity which he was thenceforth to cultivate. When all these preliminaries were finished, the baronial chapel was arranged for the solemn ceremony, and the young candidate approached his god-father, from whose hands he was to receive the honour, and who administered to him the oaths of knighthood. These were, to defend the clergy, and the church ; to honour and protect the ladies ; to succour the widow, the orphan, and the oppressed ; to be courteous, gentle, kind, chaste, and sober ; and in all dangers and difficulties to be impervious to mortal fear. When the oath was sworn, the knights and ladies who stood by buckled on his spurs, beginning with the left foot ; then the several pieces of his armour, and finally his sword ; after which, as he still knelt, his sponsor, by whom he was to be knighted, gave him three gentle strokes with the flat of his sword upon the shoulder, or three light slaps with his open palm on the cheek, exclaiming, ‘ In the name of God, St. Michael, and St. George, I dub thee a knight : be brave, hardy, and loyal.’ The war-horse of the new-made chevalier was then brought, upon which he vaulted, all armed as he was, without touching the stirrup ; and as he galloped to and fro before the spectators, he bran-

dished his sword or his lance, to show his strength and dexterity. The day was closed, in England at least, by a huge banquet, which was thrown open to all comers, when the large oaken table that stretched through the whole length of the hall groaned beneath masses of beef and pork, that were hewn in pieces by the daggers of the feasters; while ale, and wine, and merry minstrelsy, did honour to the young knight, and heightened the festivity.

The physical part of a chivalrous education was of the utmost importance in an age when mere strength and courage were the highest essentials of warfare, and when both the offensive and defensive weapons of a knight were of the most ponderous description. To fight for a long summer day, and beneath a burning sun, while encased in a heavy covering of steel; or to wield with effect the huge two-handed sword, or the ponderous mace that sometimes weighed twenty-four pounds, required nerve and muscle of no ordinary description. The page and the squire were therefore subjected to those laborious processes by which alone the necessary dexterity and strength could be acquired. They learned adroitness in the tilt by practising daily at the quintain, where they careered with the point of their lances at some mark which it was difficult to hit; and they acquired proficiency in dealing good blows by assailing the stump of a tree, or hacking at a wooden figure that represented a blaspheming Saracen. But above all, the tournament was the grand school in which a chivalrous education was finished, because there the tyro found all the splendid pageantry, as well as the downright blows and wounds, of a real battle. These tournaments were gorgeous exhibitions, that displayed all the wealth, the taste, and the grandeur of a kingdom, while the best lances of Europe thronged from every country to take a share in the competition. Thus the knight, when not engaged in war, kept his armour from rusting by frequent practice in the joust and tourney, and his limbs in full exercise by the active field sports of hawking and hunting.

As to the moral part of a chivalrous education, it was truly beautiful—at least in theory. But, unfortunately, it seems to have been too refined for the practice of the middle ages, and therefore the general character of the knights fell far beneath their elevated standard. On

this account, their oaths of honestly redressing grievances, and defending the weak, of being chaste and courteous to females, and loyal to their feudal superior, were often contrasted by their robberies on the highway, their oppression and violation of helpless women, and their transference of allegiance as often as whim, or profit, or pique, suggested. Gentleness and courtesy indeed they generally practised; but this was only towards bold and high-born knights like themselves, whom they preferred to take alive in the field of battle, and spare, for the sake of a rich ransom; but as for the common herd, whom they called the 'rascal multitude,' they cut them down in siege or battle without the slightest compunction. Many indeed were undoubtedly elevated and refined by their chivalrous education beyond what they would have been under any other system; but at the same time we must always learn to distinguish between the obligations of the knightly oath, and the manner in which they were actually fulfilled. The noblest picture of a knight of this, or any other age, perhaps, was Edward the Black Prince, unless we associate with him the last and brightest of French chivalry, the gallant Bayard, the knight 'without stain,' as well as 'without fear.'

Edward, called the Black Prince, on account of the colour of his armour,* was born at Woodstock, on the 15th of June, 1330, while his father Edward III. was still a minor, and under the control of the worthless Mortimer. As we have seen, the young prince, when only sixteen years old, was at the battle of Crecy, which his valour mainly contributed to win; he also accompanied his father to Calais, when that town was about to be betrayed into the hands of the French. His next assay in arms was in a sea-fight with a Spanish fleet off Rye, in Sussex, in which he accompanied his royal father, being now in his twentieth year, and, by their joint exertions, the English seas were soon cleared of these troublesome invaders.

It was in 1355, when the truce between England and France had expired, that the military qualities of the Black Prince were exhibited in a separate command.

* It has been sometimes thought also that the name was derived from the circumstance of the French calling him *Le Noir*, on account of the gloom which his deeds threw over their country.

He was sent to invade France, with a considerable body of troops, which sailed from Plymouth on the 10th of September; and being joined on his arrival at Bourdeaux by reinforcements that swelled his army to 60,000 men, he swept through Languedoc without opposition, being unable to bring the French to an engagement. After a six weeks' flying campaign, he returned to Guienne, to winter quarters, laden with booty and prisoners. In the following summer he again took the field; but this time it was with an army of not more than 12,000 men, of whom only 4000 men were English. At the head of this small force, he penetrated into the heart of France, intending to unite his forces with those of his brother John of Gaunt, who was employed in Normandy upon a similar expedition; but the French had broken down all the bridges upon the Loire, while John the king of France was advancing against him with a numerous army. The prince therefore resolved to fall back upon his father's continental dominions; but having incautiously wasted several days in besieging the castle of Remorentin, the French had time to advance, so that the English were overtaken in the neighbourhood of Poitiers. A battle was now inevitable, while the disparity of numbers was truly dismaying. Opposed to the small army of England were 3000 knights, and 60,000 soldiers, mostly cavalry, commanded by the king of France, and the chief princes of his dominions.

The momentous battle of Poitiers was fought on the 19th of September, 1356. The French upon this occasion not only outnumbered the English, as greatly as they had done at Crecy, but they advanced in fresh condition, and were better marshalled than upon the former occasion. The prince of Wales selected his position with great judgment, upon a small plain surrounded by vineyards and enclosures, so that the French could only attack him in front, and by a narrow lane that would admit only four horsemen abreast. Behind the hedges of this lane, he planted strong bodies of archers, to gall the enemy as they advanced. He also placed over-night an ambush of 300 men-at-arms, and as many archers, to fall upon the French flank during the engagement. The battle commenced by king John ordering a strong detachment to march through the lane, and close with the English; but no sooner had this force entered

than the archers, who were protected by the hedges, took deliberate aim, and showered their arrows with such effect among the French cavalry, that their horses plunged and fell back upon their own army, spreading confusion wherever they came. At this critical moment, also, the English ambush started from their concealment, and attacked in flank the battalion of the duke of Normandy with such violence, that they chased it from the field; upon which the duke of Orleans, with his division, imagining that all was lost, betook himself also to flight. The prince of Wales, who now saw that the opportunity was his own, marched forward to attack the king's division, already dispirited by the flight of their companions; and a more furious encounter now took place than that which had raged at Crecy. But nothing could resist the terrible charge of the English men-at-arms, headed by their prince, and backed by the archers, who emptied their quivers with such rapidity, that the French fell in multitudes wherever they advanced. John fought on this day with a valour that deserved a better fate. His ranks were gradually broken and scattered, but he continued to defend himself gallantly with his battle-axe, while his faithful attendants were falling around him. He only surrendered, when farther resistance was useless, to a French knight in the service of England. As for his splendid army, it was now a confused crowd scattered far and wide over the country, and so panic-struck, that five or six French warriors often surrendered to a single English archer. The Black Prince, who during the whole fight had shown the utmost personal valour, and been present in every danger, at last planted his banner on the top of a bush, to rally his soldiers from the pursuit. In this battle the flower of the French chivalry had fallen, including in all about 6000 men, while the prisoners doubled the number of the whole English army. As it was thought dangerous to retain them, they were ransomed on the spot, and thus the English were suddenly enriched by the battle of Poitiers. Even the spoils of the field were immense, as the French had put on their richest armour and ornaments, in the confidence of being victorious.

It was not however by his conduct and bravery in the battle that the prince of Wales earned his noblest distinction. A scene followed unprecedented in the conduct

of youthful conquerors, and upon which historians have delighted to expatiate. No sooner was the royal captive John presented, than the prince endeavoured to soothe his feelings of defeat by a modest, humble demeanour; and in the evening he made a rich banquet, at which he treated the king more as a feudal superior and guest, than a captive, by serving him at table with his own hands, and refusing to be seated, notwithstanding every entreaty to the contrary. When he saw also that John was sore at heart in consequence of his loss, he added, with a noble air—‘ Dear Sir, do not make a poor meal, because the Almighty God has not fulfilled your wishes in the events of this day; for be assured, that my lord and father will show you every honour and friendship in his power, and arrange your ransom so reasonably, that you will henceforward always remain friends. In my opinion, you have cause to be glad that the success of this battle did not turn out as you desired; for you have this day acquired such high renown for prowess, that you have surpassed all the best knights on your side. I do not, dear sir, say this to flatter you; for all those of our side who have seen and observed the actions of each party, have allowed this to be your due, and decreed you the prize and garland.’ This was unwonted language in a victor, and the French who were at table burst forth into expressions of applause. The noble example of the prince was immediately followed by his English and Gascon knights, who treated their prisoners with the utmost kindness and hospitality, and dismissed them at a moderate ransom.

After this victory, Edward marched leisurely to Bourdeaux, where he spent the winter; and in the ensuing summer he set sail for England, and landed at Sandwich on the 5th of May, after which he proceeded to London. The citizens received the conqueror in triumph; but while the king of France, clothed in royal robes, and mounted on a large white steed, seemed the master of the procession, the prince rode by his side upon a little black palfrey, and in this state they reached Westminster Hall, where Edward III. was waiting to receive them. John was courteously received by his rival, while the prince was affectionately thanked for the services he had done the kingdom. There were now two royal captives in England; but David of Scotland obtained his liberty

on the 3rd of October, 1357, on condition of paying a ransom of one hundred thousand marks. John was not so fortunate, and died many years after, a prisoner in the Savoy in London.

The pope now interfered as the common father of Christendom, to establish a peace between France and England, and for this purpose a truce was first appointed, to last for two years. But the terms of peace which Edward III. proposed were so exorbitant, and if granted would have so completely dismembered France, that the Dauphin, who was now regent of the kingdom, very properly refused his concurrence, upon which the king of England made preparations for a fresh invasion. He landed at Calais with an army of 100,000 men, on the 27th of October 1359, attended by the Black Prince, and his three other sons; and after sweeping through the provinces of Artois and Picardy, he invested Rheims, for the purpose of being crowned king of France in that ancient city. But the townsfolk stood so bravely upon their defence, that Edward, after having spent three months before the place, was obliged to raise the siege. He then pressed forwards for Paris, before which he arrived on the 31st of March; but he found it so strongly defended that, after vainly challenging the Dauphin to come out of the city and join battle upon the plain, he was obliged to draw off his army to Bretagne, to refresh it after a winter campaign. The French plan of defence on this occasion had been as judicious, as it was successful. Instead of endeavouring to encounter the English in the field, the Dauphin garrisoned the towns, and allowed Edward to spend his fury on the open country. The king of England after this designed to lay siege to Chartres, notwithstanding earnest entreaties for peace both from the pope and the duke of Lancaster; but just as he was about to resume hostilities, there commenced a terrible storm of thunder and lightning, accompanied with such a fall of large hail-stones, that many of his tents were overthrown or shattered, and several men and horses killed. Edward believed that he saw in this the anger of heaven, and made a solemn vow that he would immediately end the contest. A peace soon followed, in which the French agreed to give up certain districts to the king of England in full sovereignty, and pay three millions of crowns for the

ransom of their monarch ; while Edward renounced all title to the crown and kingdom of France, as well as to Normandy, Touraine, Anjou, Maine, Bretagne, and Flanders. Edward returned to England on the 31st of October, 1360, where he was received by his people not with the less joy that a war was ended, the expenses of which they had found too burdensome. To reconcile the inhabitants of the ceded French territories to the sway of England, Edward resolved to confer the sovereignty of them upon the prince of Wales, who had lately married his cousin, commonly called the Fair Maid of Kent. The Black Prince (who was now created Prince of Aquitaine) repaired to his new dominions with his beautiful partner, and fixed his residence at Bourdeaux, where he established a splendid court ; and his justice, humanity, and engaging manners, soon reconciled his subjects to the degradation of a foreign dominion.

Such was the renown which the Black Prince had now acquired, that he was reckoned by all men the bravest warrior and best leader of the age ; and this high reputation naturally attracted Don Pedro, the deposed king of Castile, who had been compelled by a rebellion to fly from his kingdom. This sovereign, whose deeds procured for him the unenviable title of the Cruel, had made himself so intolerable to his nobles, and subjects in general, that Henry, count of Transtamare, his bastard brother, fled into France, to solicit aid to dethrone the tyrant. This was a welcome request to the Dauphin, as the French territories were now overrun by those mercenary soldiers called Free Companions, whom the late peace had thrown out of occupation. These desperadoes, whose only trade was war and plunder, had seized several towns and castles of France, and commenced war upon their own account, in which they made the throne tremble, as their forces amounted to 50,000 skilful and well-trained veterans. Endeavours were made to dislodge them, by finding occupation for them elsewhere ; and the pope would have tempted them to a crusade for the recovery of the Holy Land, with promises of absolution for all their sins, and homes in paradise hereafter—but these ferocious worthies cared as little for paradise as they did for the Holy Sepulchre. The golden promises of Henry of Transtamare were of a more persuasive character, and as Du Guesclin, the

best leader of France, engaged to head the expedition, the Free Companions gladly followed him to Spain, where they soon drove Pedro from the throne, and seated Henry in his room. Pedro the Cruel, abandoned by all his subjects, fled with his family and treasures to Bourdeaux, to the court of the Black Prince, to whom he unfolded his melancholy history. His atrocities while king of Castile seem to have been unknown in France and in England; and as Pedro possessed some plausible qualities, the prince resolved to aid him, as a sovereign who had been unjustly dispossessed by traitors and a usurper. No sooner was this purpose known, than the military men of every country flocked to his standard, and even the Free Companions in Spain deserted Henry by thousands, and repaired to Bourdeaux, to put themselves under the command of the Black Prince. He was joined also by his brother, John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, with a powerful body of English, by which his army amounted to 30,000 good soldiers; and, attended by the kings of Castile and Majorca, and a train of English and Gascon noblemen, he set out on his expedition at Christmas (1366), and by easy journeys entered Castile, in March, the following year.

1367.—Henry of Transtamare, a prince worthy of the crown to which the Castilians had called him, made every preparation against his redoubted antagonist. His forces consisted of 80,000 men, of whom 3,000 were armed cap-a-pie, and mounted upon barbed horses (that is, horses almost completely covered with armour), and 4,000 were men-at-arms, under the brave and skilful Du Guesclin. The rest consisted of light infantry and foot, chiefly armed with lances, darts, and swords. The two armies met on the 3d of April, between the towns of Najara and Navarete, and encountered with such fury, that spears and shields were locked together, so that it was long before an opening could be made on either side; and at last they clutched together in closer combat, with short swords and daggers. In this battle the archery of England were almost matched by the Spanish slingers, who hurled stones with such force, that they shattered helmets and shields, and unhorsed many of their opponents, while the shouts of ‘Castile for king Henry!’ were answered by the war-cry of ‘St. George for Guienne!’ At length, the skilful

arrangements of the Black Prince, the valour of the English, and the veteran experience of the Free Companions, made the Spaniards finally give way, after they had been thrice rallied and led back to the charge, by the heroic Don Henry. The Castilians fled to Najara, and were pursued with such fury by the English and Gascon cavaliers, that multitudes of the runaways threw themselves into the river, and were drowned. The pursuers entered the town pell-mell with the fugitives, and pillaged it; they also captured the rich plate and jewels which Don Henry had deposited there before the engagement. In this battle the Spaniards lost about 8,000 men, besides those who were drowned in the river; and among the prisoners, who were numerous, was the brave Du Guesclin. The conduct of Don Pedro, after this victory, displayed the abjectness and cruelty that characterize a tyrant. He would have thrown himself at the feet of the Black Prince, who blushed at his meanness, and hastened to prevent him. 'Give your thanks to God,' said the modest hero, 'for to him alone belongs the praise: the victory comes from him, and not from me.' Pedro then proposed that the prisoners should be instantly put to death, but the prince, abhorring such cruelty, refused his consent. He advised, on the contrary, that a free pardon should be issued immediately to all his rebellious subjects, as the best means of recalling them to their allegiance; and Pedro, although with a bad grace, assented to such a piece of clemency. After this proclamation of amnesty, the tyrant was restored to his throne without farther opposition; but the refusal he had so lately sustained from the prince rankled in his malignant heart, and his recovered crown seemed no longer of any value in his estimation, because it had been purchased by such an act of forbearance.

The Black Prince now learned, when too late, the character of the man he had replaced upon the throne of Castile. As the expedition had drained him of all his resources, he applied to Don Pedro for the arrears of his soldiers, according to agreement; but the tyrant, who had no intention of repayment, put him off with delays and frivolous excuses. The summer was thus wasted in Spain, and, through despondency and the heat of the climate, the Prince fell into that lingering

consumption which afterwards proved fatal. Finding, at length, that there was no hope from the Spanish king, while his soldiers were perishing from disease, he forsook Castile, and led his wasted army back to Bourdeaux. The misfortunes of this unblest expedition still continued to follow him after his return. Six thousand of his army were Free Companions, who, in the absence of pay, began to plunder the people of Aquitaine, until the prince besought them to spare his subjects, and evacuate his territories. Such was their veneration for their leader, that they complied, and passed over into the French territories. But still his debts were heavy, and his creditors clamorous, and in an evil hour he was persuaded to raise funds by increasing the taxes of his French subjects, a remedy which only produced remonstrances, and finally rebellion.

In the mean time, the strictest poetical justice visited the infamous Don Pedro. Henry of Transtamare, who, after the battle of Najara, fled to France, had leisure, during the detention of the Black Prince in Spain, to gather friends, and mature his plans for a fresh attempt upon the Castilian throne. The able Du Guesclin, whom the prince's necessities had compelled him to ransom, became once more the life and soul of the confederacy; and even the Free Companions, who had been dismissed by the prince for want of pay, gladly changed sides once more, and thronged to Henry and Du Guesclin, for a fresh inroad into Spain. Here was a rare combination of circumstances, by which the traitor was to be enmeshed, and strangled in his own web. Henry entered Castile at the head of a small army of 9,000 men, and such was the odium in which the tyrant was held, that he was daily and hourly deserted by his adherents, who fled to the camp of his brother. Pedro still contrived to muster an army of 40,000 Moors, Jews, and Spaniards; but Henry and Du Guesclin, at the head of only 6,000 men, attacked, broke, and dispersed this large but ill-assorted army with great slaughter, near Montiel, on the 13th of August (1368). After the battle, Pedro himself fell into the hands of his rival, and in a furious struggle which took place between them in the tent, Henry despatched his tyrant brother with a stroke of his dagger.

In the mean time France, which had rapidly reco-

vered from its late disasters, began to assume a threatening attitude, and the Gascon nobles, discontented with the mild rule of the Black Prince, imbittered this hostility by repairing to the capital, and laying their imaginary grievances before the French king; upon which Charles summoned the prince to appear on the 1st of May (1369), before the Court of Peers at Paris. The Black Prince was astounded at this assumption of Charles, which was founded upon his feudal superiority as lord of Guienne, although that territory and its sovereignty had been ceded to the English by the late treaty; and he sent answer that he would indeed appear at Paris, but with his helmet on his head, and 60,000 soldiers at his back. But the cruel malady under which he languished retarded his operations; his continental subjects broke out into open revolt, and the king of France took the field, at the head of a large army. The prince endeavoured to oppose him, but he was now so enfeebled that he could not mount his war-horse. In consequence of this, the French prevailed, and took several strong places, among which was the city of Limoges, that was delivered up to them by the treachery of the townsmen. The prince, enraged at the conduct of the Limogeans, who added defiance and insult to their abandonment of allegiance, swore by the soul of his father that he would retake the town, and make the inhabitants pay dearly for their treachery. Although he was now so much exhausted that he had to be carried in a litter, he took the field, and commenced the siege of Limoges, the strong walls of which he penetrated by countermining. The English force rushed into the town through the large breach that was made by the fallen ramparts, and a fearful massacre of the inhabitants commenced, 3000 of whom, consisting of men, women, and children, were butchered without remorse, even while they were throwing themselves on their knees before the prince, and imploring him to spare their lives. ‘God have mercy on their souls!’ exclaims Froissart, pathetically, ‘for they were veritable martyrs.’ This deed, so unlike the wonted clemency of the prince, has left an indelible blot upon his name; and although the provocation he had received from the people, combined with the irritation of disease, might palliate, yet it cannot excuse, an act of such atrocity. A brave band of French knights, who

were in the town, resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible, for which purpose they drew up to the number of eighty, before an old wall, and displayed their banners. In this place they gallantly resisted the whole English force, until all of them perished except three, who still fiercely maintained the combat, with no prospect but an honourable death. Happily for them, the prince was borne forward to the spot, in his litter, during this unequal combat, and his heart softened at the sight of their valour and hopeless condition, upon which he received them to mercy. The town was pillaged, and utterly destroyed, after which the Black Prince, finding his disease increasing, disbanded his forces, and retired to Bourdeaux. He afterwards repaired to England, in January 1371, in hopes that his native climate would restore his exhausted constitution. But his hopes were not realized; and after languishing out the remainder of his life, he expired in the palace of Westminster on June the 8th, 1376, in the forty-sixth year of his age. The whole land by this event was covered with mourning, while foreign nations sympathised in the death of one who was universally honoured as the flower of chivalry.

All the happiness and prosperity of Edward III. seemed to have been buried in the grave of his noble son; for after this period, his short reign was nothing but a series of disaster and disgrace. In the dotage of his old age, he had become enamoured of Alice Perrers, an infamous woman, whose arrogance and extortions made him despised by the people: he had lost the fruits of his expensive conquests in France and Scotland, having been able to retain nothing but Calais in the former, and the town of Berwick in the latter country; and while the French were becoming stronger and more formidable than ever, he saw that the throne must long remain vacant, and be exposed to a thousand contingencies, on account of the tender years of Richard, his grandson and successor. With his last days imbittered by such painful contemplations, he died at his palace of Sheen, on the 21st of June 1377, in the sixty fifth year of his age, and fifty-first of his reign. His iniquitous mistress Alice, who attended him in his last moments, would permit no priest to approach his dying bed, to administer the consolations of religion; and when she perceived that he

was expiring, she plucked the rich rings from his fingers, and immediately forsook him. A priest then entered the desolate apartment, and found Edward still sensible, though speechless; and on holding up the cross before him, the king kissed it, wept, and expired.

CHAP. VI.

From the Accession of Richard II. to the death of Henry IV.

THE reign of Richard II. commenced under the happiest auspices. He was the son of the Black Prince, whom the English remembered with enthusiasm; he was remarkable for the engaging beauty of his person; and although only eleven years old, the abilities of his three uncles, to whom the direction of affairs was committed, seemed to promise a full compensation for the defects of a long minority. But the delusiveness of these hopes was shown at the very commencement. The war with France was resumed, but the expeditions that were sent from England, at a great expense, produced no results; while several inroads, which were made into Scotland, either proved abortive, or were repelled with disgrace. As the taxes which were levied for these expeditions, also, were as heavy as any that had been inflicted by the most successful of the English sovereigns, the people, already impoverished by the exactions of the late king, murmured bitterly, especially when they found that nothing but defeat and disaster followed. But the poll-tax of three groats upon every person in the kingdom above fifteen years of age, which was decreed by the parliament in 1380, set the commons in a flame. It was not only felt to be a peculiar grievance, as falling most heavily upon the poor, but an intolerable insult, on account of the manner in which it was often collected. When the feelings of the people were thus ripened for rebellion, the tax-gatherers happened to enter the house of Walter the Tyler, at Deptford, to demand the tax for his daughter, who was under the stipulated age. This fact was stated to the collectors; but one of them, in attempting a very brutal experiment, to show that the assertion was false, had his brains knocked out by Walter,

who at that moment entered the house armed with a hammer, on being alarmed by his daughter's outcries. The by-standers applauded the deed, and swore to defend the homicide ; and in a short time the commons on both sides of the Thames swelled the handful of insurgents into an immense army, and marched to London, plundering the estates of the nobility and gentry, and driving the privileged classes before them. At this critical juncture, Richard's three uncles were absent on distant expeditions, and the young king was obliged to repair to a conference with the leaders of the rebellion, who were encamped at Mile-End, from which place they had repeatedly attempted to set fire to the city of London. The king promised every thing they required, upon which the main body, to the number of 60,000 men, departed to their homes, in full dependence upon the royal word. But Wat Tyler, the chief ringleader, who was at the head of 20,000 followers, was not to be so easily answered ; and when the king entered Smithfield, to parley with him, the demagogue not only rehearsed the grievances of the people, and proposed high terms of redress, but even brandished his sword in a menacing manner, as if to enforce his proposals. Fired at the sight of this insult, Walworth, the mayor of London, drew his sword, and struck Walter from his horse, who was instantly despatched by the knights and attendants. The commons were furious at the fall of their leader, and in another moment a shower of arrows would have extirpated the king and his little band, who were utterly unfitted either for flight or resistance, had it not been for the unexpected magnanimity of Richard, who was only in his fifteenth year. Leaving his attendants, he rode up to the angry multitude, and exclaimed, 'Sirs, what aileth you ? You shall have no captain but me : I am, and will be, your king and captain : therefore follow me.' The astonished and awe-struck multitudes mechanically followed him into the open fields, while the mayor, who had employed the interval in gathering a powerful force, suddenly reappeared with several thousand soldiers. This spectacle subdued the insurgents, already confounded by the loss of their leader ; they threw away their weapons, and submitted themselves to the king, who dismissed them to their homes with promises of favour and redress. Thus promptly was a storm

quelled which threatened to subvert the government, and overthrow the kingdom.

The military events that followed this great national disturbance were of comparative insignificance, except that they redounded to the disadvantage of England. The bishop of Norwich, a fighting prelate of the old Norman stamp, who, during the late insurrection, was wont to shrive upon the scaffold those prisoners whom he had captured in battle, resolved to carry on the war against France, in person. He accordingly sailed with a considerable force to Calais, in 1383, and as he could promise many ghostly benefits, besides the carnal advantages of glory and plunder, troops of partisans flocked eagerly to the standard of such a pious and warlike leader. But after capturing Gravelines, Dunkirk, and many other towns of less importance, and routing an army of 30,000 French and Flemings, his army suddenly ran away without orders, on hearing that the king of France was marching against them, at the head of the whole military array of the land; and the unfortunate bishop, on being hemmed in on all sides by the enemy, was fain to compound for a safe return to England. After this followed an invasion of Scotland, conducted by John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, in 1384, and another in the following year headed by Richard in person. But although the army on each occasion was very numerous, and attended by a powerful fleet, nothing was accomplished except the burning of a few miserable towns and villages. The Scots on these occasions remembered the dying advice of Bruce, and instead of resisting the invaders in pitched battles, they broke into England by some undefended quarter, and retaliated tenfold the havoc inflicted upon their own country. On these important occasions the king of France succoured the Scots by sending them John de Vienne, his admiral, with 1,000 knights and esquires, and 500 cross-bows; but the manners of these auxiliaries were so displeasing to their entertainers, that little service was done by their coming. The French cavaliers, who had been accustomed to elegance and plenty in their own country, were astonished at the coarse and meagre fare of Scotland; and when they accompanied the light flying troops of the Scots, their gay equipage, and heavy armour, which was better fitted for the joust or the

battle-field than the light-heeled warfare of mountains and morasses, only encumbered their movements, and exposed them to loss and derision. Coming also from a land of licentious gallantry, they could not exist without occasional love intrigues ; but in this case they were repelled by the austerity of the northern dames, and the drawn daggers of their kinsmen. Thus, after they had expended their money, lost their horses, and quarrelled with their employers, whom they were unable to benefit, and by whom they were mulcted to the last crown for the expenses of their sorry entertainment, they returned to France without fame, heartily cursing the day and the hour that had trepanned them into a Scottish campaign.

The wars between England and Scotland still continued, and at last the Scots determined to retort the invasion of Richard, by an inroad into England. In the year 1388, they accordingly crossed the border with a great army ; after which James, earl of Douglas, one of the bravest who ever wore that formidable title, was detached with about 3,000 men, to ravage the county of Northumberland. This he accomplished by a skilful and rapid march, wasting and plundering the country as far as the city of York, after which, on his return, he halted before the gates of Newcastle in military triumph. The town was garrisoned by the brave Sir Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, and his brother Sir Ralph, who were not strong enough to meet their enemy in the field ; but the English knights occasionally dashed out from their defences to break a lance with the Scottish warriors, and many deeds of chivalry were performed on both sides. In one of these hostile meetings, Douglas and Hotspur encountered hand to hand, and after a long combat, the latter was discomfited, and his lance, with the silken flag at the extremity, was taken. This pennon the conqueror waved in triumph, and exclaimed, ‘ I will carry it to Scotland, and place it on the highest tower of my castle at Dalkeith, that it may be seen from afar.’ ‘ By heaven, earl of Douglas,’ cried Percy, ‘ you shall not bear it out of Northumberland : be assured, you shall never have this pennon in Scotland to brag of.’ ‘ Then you must come this night, and seek for it,’ replied Douglas, ‘ for I shall fix it before my tent.’ Such was the defiance that led to the battle of Otterbourne, one of

the fiercest engagements that had yet taken place between the English and the Scots.

1388.—Douglas resumed his march up the river Tyne, and encamped at night in expectation of his adversary's arrival; but Hotspur, who thought that the main body of the Scottish army was at hand, did not dare to follow. At length, on the second day, he learned his error, and after mustering between 10 and 12,000 men, he followed in the track of his enemy with furious speed, to recover his pennon. He came up with the Scots at midnight, but as the autumnal moon shone brightly, he gave the signal for instant onset, instead of resting his weary followers, and waiting for the dawn. The Scots were very skilfully posted at the hamlet of Otterbourne, in Redesdale, with one of their flanks protected by the river Rede, and the other by hills and morasses, while a vale in their rear gave assurance of a safe retreat. Hotspur charged with great fury, and might have taken his enemies by surprise; but their right flank, which he assailed, was defended by a strong barricade, and his followers were entangled among the intricacies of the camp, during which Douglas had time to draw out his troops in order. And now commenced the fury of the battle: the English shouted, 'A Percy! a Percy!' while the Scots raised the war-cry of Douglas, and the soldiers of both armies rushed at once to close encounter, and fought man to man with axes, swords, and spears. At length the numbers of the English threatened to bear down their adversaries, when Douglas resolved, like his ancestors, to turn the scale of battle by a desperate effort of personal prowess. He grasped his heavy battle-axe with both hands, shouted his war-cry, and plunged amidst the throng, dealing such terrible blows, that every thing fell before his impetuous onset. But the English closed upon his rear, and separated him from his followers, while three spears wounded and bore him to the ground, in spite of the goodness of his armour. The rescue, however, which his terrible onslaught had produced, animated the Scots, who threw themselves with fresh ardour upon the enemy, while the English, in turn, began to reel and fall back, so that several Scottish knights, as they fought onward, advanced to the spot, where their brave leader lay dying. They stooped over him, and asked him how he fared. 'But

indifferently,' he faintly answered; 'life is ebbing fast. There is a prophecy in our house, that a dead man shall win the field, and I think the time has come. Conceal my death, raise my banner, shout my war-cry, and revenge my fall.' The knights, in obedience to his dying order, charged among the English with impetuous fury, shouting the war-cry of their chief, whose death was still unknown to both armies; and the English being already dispirited, at last betook themselves to flight. Nothing could exceed the desperation of this conflict, in which family rivalry was added to national hatred, and the English, although defeated, appear to have fought bravely to the last. Both the Percies were taken prisoners, and many of their followers fell; but when the Scots discovered that their brave young chief had also fallen, their joy was turned into mourning. On the day after the battle, the bishop of Durham arrived at Otterbourne, with 7,000 soldiers, ready to renew the conflict. But when he found that Hotspur himself had been completely vanquished, he drew off his forces without striking a blow, while the Scots renewed their march in a sort of melancholy procession, and joined the main body of their countrymen.

In the mean time, as Richard attained the years of manhood, his incapacity for government became daily more apparent. His education had been neglected, and his uncles sacrificed the interests of the kingdom to their own selfish purposes; and when he took the reins into his own hand, he gave himself up, as his great-grandfather (Edward II.) had done, to worthless favourites, by whom the royal authority was engrossed, and the land pillaged. A deposition similar to that of his unfortunate ancestor was the result, the causes of which we can only briefly enumerate. In a parliament held at Shrewsbury, in 1398, a quarrel broke out between the duke of Hereford (son of John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster) and the duke of Norfolk, in which the former accused the latter of having uttered slanderous words against the king. Norfolk gave Hereford the lie, and offered to prove his innocence in single combat, upon which a day was fixed for the decision of this quarrel in the lists, according to the laws of chivalry. But when the combatants had met at Coventry, on the 16th of September, and had couched their lances for a mortal

career, in presence of the whole court, and a vast assemblage of spectators, the king commanded the champions to pause, and dismount from their warsteeds. He then pronounced this sentence—That the duke of Hereford should be banished for ten years from England, and Norfolk for life, but that each should be empowered, during his exile, to enjoy his paternal revenues. Thus the one was banished who had been charged with no offence, and the other against whom nothing had been proved. Norfolk submissively withdrew, and went on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; but Hereford was not of so pliant a disposition. He went no farther than the continent, where he brooded over the injury, and meditated revenge. An event soon happened that seemed to justify his resentment. His father, John of Gaunt, died in the following year, and Hereford, according to the king's letters patent, should have been recognised as the heir. But Richard, who needed money, and cared nothing for engagements, took arbitrary possession of the rich estates of the duke of Lancaster. This injury done to the exile was keenly felt by many of the English nobility, who were now weary of Richard and his favourites, and they sent invitations to Hereford to return to England, with promises to aid him in recovering his inheritance. It was easy for so popular a noble, thus strongly abetted, to confront even a better king than Richard, and the time was particularly favourable for Hereford's return, as the king was employed in an expedition in Ireland. He, therefore, set sail for England, with a small train of eighty armed followers, and landed at Ravenspur, in Yorkshire, on the 4th of July. He was immediately joined by the powerful earl of Northumberland, and his son Hotspur, after which all the northern barons flocked to his standard, so that he soon found himself at the head of 60,000 men. Although he declared, for the present, that he sought only to recover his inheritance, it is probable that a brighter prize animated his secret hopes. His modest pretence, however, was so available, that the duke of York, his uncle, who had been left regent of the kingdom, went over to him with all his forces, so that Hereford found nothing to oppose his career. He then captured and beheaded the obnoxious favourites without trial, and by this act he acquired additional popularity with all classes.

The king returned in the following month from Ireland, but perceiving the hopelessness of resistance, he disbanded his forces, and took refuge in Conway castle. The descent of a king can be nothing but a rapid downfall, and Richard's career was soon closed. He yielded himself to the duke, and was imprisoned; he was accused of incapacity, and obliged to resign the crown. Hereford talked no longer of his duchy, but of the vacant throne, to which he laid claim by a variety of absurd pretences; and as he had power upon his side, there was little inclination, for the present at least, to investigate the correctness of his title. Thus Henry of Lancaster, son of John of Gaunt, who was the fourth son of Edward III., stepped into the throne by the title of Henry IV., while the earl of March, grandson of the duke of Clarence, who was the third son of Edward III. was still alive. This usurpation took place on the 30th of September, 1399, and soon after the deposed Richard was found dead in his prison of Pontefract Castle, in Yorkshire. Whether he perished by famine or violence has never been correctly ascertained.

Henry had scarcely ascended the throne when he experienced the usual annoyances of usurpers, in foreign wars, as well as domestic commotions. About the beginning of the year 1400, a dangerous conspiracy was formed against him, among those nobles who still adhered to the cause of Richard; and they resolved to assassinate him at a tournament to be held at Oxford. But just the day before the appointed meeting, he accidentally received notice of their purpose, and sought refuge in London. The conspirators then resolved to effect by force what they could not by fraud, and having dressed up and tutored a false Richard, they soon raised, in his name, a considerable army. But when the king marched against them at the head of 20,000 men, the coalition was dissolved more speedily than it had been formed. The people of Bourdeaux, by whom Richard was beloved, as the son of the Black Prince, now threatened to throw off their allegiance to England, to which they were instigated by the French king; but a continental war was happily prevented, on this occasion, by the firmness and prudence of Henry, so that the malecontents returned to their duty. A war with Scotland afterwards ensued, and Henry, who resolved to act upon the

aggressive, summoned the whole military force of England to meet him at York, and sent an imperious mandate to the Scottish nobility, asserting the paramount claims of the English crown over the whole island since the days of Brutus the Trojan, and commanding them to meet at Edinburgh, on the 23d of August, to do homage to him as their lord. The Scots laughed at the message, upon which Henry set his forces in motion, and penetrated as far as Edinburgh; but the castle defied his efforts, and after wasting time in a useless siege, he was obliged to return to England. Scarcely, however, had he returned, when a new enemy appeared in the field, in the person of Owen Glendower, the celebrated hero of Wales.

This distinguished partisan warrior, who was about thirty years old when he assumed the office of a national champion, was born in Merionethshire, and was descended by his mother from Llewellyn, the last native prince of Wales. In his early days he entered the Inns of Court, in London, under his paternal name of Vaughan, and afterwards commenced public life as a barrister. But finding, perhaps, the study of the law unsuited to his active spirit, he threw aside his parchments, and became a squire of the body to Richard II. whose fortunes he followed until that king was deposed, after which he retired to his family estate in Wales. Here, however, he was disturbed by the aggressions of his powerful neighbour, Reginald, lord Grey, who unjustly dispossessed him of a portion of his land, upon which Glendower laid his case before the English parliament—but in vain. Lord Grey added to this injustice repeated acts of oppression; and the brave Welshman, finding that no help was to be found in the laws, resolved to right himself by force of arms. His descent from the ancient princes of the land, his scholarship, which passed with the simple Welsh for profound acquaintanceship with necromantic lore, and the impatience of the natives under the dominion of England, soon gathered multitudes to his banner, upon which he proclaimed himself Prince of Wales, and renounced allegiance to the English king. He then (A. D. 1400) attacked the estates of lord Grey, of which he took forcible possession, and was so successful in other daring achievements, that Henry resolved, on his return from

Scotland, to march against him in person. But this expedition proved as fruitless as that which the king had conducted against the Scots; for Owen Glendower fell back, and secured himself among the mountains in the neighbourhood of Snowdon, where he could not be assailed. As soon as Henry retired, the gallant Welshman sallied from his fastnesses, and fell upon several towns and castles belonging to the English in Montgomery and Monmouthshire, which he took and demolished, after having inflicted great loss upon his enemies; and the king, alarmed at these events, conducted another expedition into Wales, in the month of June 1401. But Glendower again prudently retreated before the advance of such superior numbers, and while he avoided a regular engagement, he harassed the English so incessantly in front, flank, and rear, that their advance was attended with all the calamities of a most signal defeat. In addition to these attacks of a flying enemy, whom he could never reach or encounter, Henry was assailed by the elements, that seemed to fight for the Welsh, and by famine and disease that wasted his troops, so that he began to believe, with the multitude, that Glendower was in truth a potent magician, as well as a stout warrior. As soon as the king was obliged to retreat, the dauntless Owen was again in the open field, at the head of his followers, and ready for aggressive warfare. He attacked his old adversary, lord Grey, at Ruthyn, took him prisoner, and either compelled or persuaded him to marry his daughter Jane, by which the Englishman was reduced to a harmless neutrality. After this exploit, he turned his arms against those Welsh districts that favoured the cause of England, and inflicted upon them a severe chastisement for their unpatriotic attachments. The cause of Glendower was now at its height. The Welsh students had abandoned the English universities, that they might join their national hero, while the Welsh labourers had forsaken their employers on the English plains, and ranged themselves under his banner. Prophecies, and portents also, were in abundance, to feed the country with assurances of freedom, and point out the descendant of Llewellyn as the promised deliverer. He led his followers, inspired by these hopes, against Sir Edmund Mortimer, and in a desperate engagement

which took place at Pilleth Hill, near Knighton, in Radnorshire, 1100 of the English fell; and Sir Edmund himself, who was uncle to the young earl of March, was taken prisoner, and from an enemy was soon converted into the friend and ally of Glendower. Henry, cursing the necromantic spells and ingratiating arts of his indomitable adversary, now planned a third Welsh invasion, in which the country was to be attacked at three different points at the same instant, by three strong divisions. According to this arrangement, the king was to muster the first division at Shrewsbury; Warwick, Stafford, and other nobles, were to assemble the second at Hereford; while the third was to be raised at Chester, by young prince Henry, afterwards the hero of Azincourt. But it was at this period that more important events than a Welsh invasion suspended the execution of the plan, and altered the whole character of the war.

A short truce subsisting between England and Scotland had terminated A.D. 1402, upon which the earl of Douglas embraced this opportunity for border warfare, and made an inroad into England. His first attempt was successful; but in a second, he was surprised at West Nisbet by an English army commanded by his rival the earl of March, a Scottish nobleman in the service of Henry, and defeated with great loss. Douglas, enraged at this disaster, gathered an army of 10,000 men, and plundered Northumberland to the gates of Newcastle, when he was encountered by a larger force, commanded by the earl of Northumberland, his son Hotspur, and the earl of March, at Homildon, within a mile of Wooler. Douglas was strongly posted upon a hill, and the fiery Hotspur was about to advance immediately to the charge, in which case he might have fared as he had done at Otterbourne, but his bridle was arrested by the earl of March, who entreated him to begin the battle with the cloth-yard shaft. The advice was taken; knights and men-at-arms halted while the archers stepped forward, and as the Scots were drawn upon the acclivity of the hill, every soldier stood as a fair mark, so that scarcely an arrow flew in vain. They were thus falling in heaps, when Sir John Swinton, a brave old Scottish knight, exclaimed impatiently, 'Why stand we here, to be shot at like a herd of deer? Let us down

upon these English, and fight them hand to hand, and die at least like men !' Only one Scottish knight, Sir Adam Gordon, obeyed the appeal, and both chiefs, attended by their respective followers, rushed down to close encounter ; but they were soon overpowered, and slain. Douglas now showed some inclination to descend the hill, but the opportunity had passed ; his ranks were broken, and they were soon put to flight, while himself, after receiving five wounds and losing an eye, was made prisoner. With him were also taken Murdock, earl of Fife, the earls of Murray and Angus, and about twenty Scottish officers of distinction.

This victory, instead of establishing, soon threatened to overturn, the throne of Henry, as well as the liberties of the kingdom. By an established law of chivalry, every victor was proprietor of his captive, whom he might ransom or detain at pleasure ; and as knights found greater profit in capturing than slaying an enemy, the atrocities of the wars of the middle ages were greatly softened by this mercenary principle. The rich ransoms also of knights and nobles were of immense importance in maintaining that costly style of living, and open hospitality, by which the power and popularity of every chief was measured, and Hotspur might reasonably calculate upon a princely amount, for the liberation of those whom he had taken at Homildon. But Henry had designs upon Scotland which the detention of the Scottish noblemen would greatly facilitate, and he commanded the victor on no account to compound for their deliverance. This command was felt by the Percies as the most stinging of all insults. When Henry landed at Ravenspur with only eighty followers, they had joined the outcast, and raised him to the throne ; and now, he refused them a right which was conceded to the poorest knight or yeoman ! To soften the injustice of this command, the king, by letters patent, conferred upon Hotspur the whole earldom and lands of Douglas ; but as these were still to be won, and could only be kept by the sword, the grant might as well have extended to the whole of Scotland. Another ground of the resentment of the Percies arose from the refusal of Henry to ransom Sir Edmund Mortimer, their kinsman, from Glendower, because he was jealous of the superior rights of the house of Mortimer. They now resolved to dethrone the ungrateful

sovereign, and exalt in his room the young earl of March, and for this purpose they formed a coalition that promised to be irresistible. They granted Douglas his liberty, on condition that he should join them with all his followers; and they admitted Glendower into the confederacy, who promised to aid them with 10,000 soldiers, as soon as they approached the borders of Wales. So confident now were the conspirators of success, that they divided England between them as if it had been an escheated property. Mortimer, in behalf of his nephew the earl of March, was to obtain all the country from the Trent and the Severn to the southern and eastern limits of the island; the earl of Northumberland was to have all the land north of the Trent; while the district to the north of the Severn was to belong to Glendower. Except in the case of the latter chieftain, we discover no particle of patriotism among the conspirators: all was the very soul of grasping selfishness, animated by the desire of vengeance.

1403.—Fortunately for England, the talents and activity of Henry were equal to the trial. He hurried to Shrewsbury, and took the command of the forces which he had prepared for the invasion of Wales; and by his able dispositions he prevented Glendower and the Welsh from joining the army of the Percies. In the mean time, Hotspur and Douglas, who were marching towards the border of Wales at the head of 14,000 men, in expectation of being joined by the Welsh army, were confronted by the king at Shrewsbury, at the head of an equal force. It would have been the best policy of the Percies, on this occasion, to defer the engagement, until either Northumberland himself had arrived with the main part of the army, or Glendower could have broken through the obstacles by which he was shut out from the confederates; but Hotspur was not of a temper to pause when an enemy was before him. He therefore published a fierce manifesto against Henry, charging him with treason, murder, and perjury, and renouncing his allegiance; and on the morning of the following day (July 21st), the battle of Shrewsbury commenced. Douglas at the head of his northern followers fell furiously upon the king's army, Hotspur advanced to sustain him, and as these two champions were reckoned the bravest soldiers of their respective countries, they were

eager to exceed each other on this occasion, in valour and daring. They therefore couched their lances, and drove abreast into the throng, unhorsing, throwing down, and slaying, all who were opposed to them. Douglas coveted above all the honour of killing the king of England with his own hand; but as Henry had caused several of his bravest knights to wear his arms and cognizances, the bewildered Scot struck them down wherever they appeared, and shouted in wonderment, 'I marvel to see so many kings rising again! where the devil do they come from?' On the other side, the king cheered his followers by word and example, while his brave son Henry, although wounded in the face by an arrow, continued to fight gallantly by his side. But the splendid charge of Hotspur and Douglas, which had almost decided the day, was too transcendent to be equally seconded by their followers, so that these chiefs were at last entangled among their enemies; Hotspur fell in the throng, and his panic-struck soldiers began to give way, after a desperate contest of three hours, in which victory had alternately inclined to either party. In this battle the number of slain on each side was nearly equal, but nothing could be more complete than the discomfiture of the rebels. The earl of Northumberland, who was or pretended to be sick, when the battle of Shrewsbury was fought, advanced when it was too late with a large body, to reinforce his son; but on hearing the disastrous issue, he made peace with Henry, pretending that he had only armed for the purpose of mediating between the parties—an apology which the prudent king saw fit for the present to receive. Several other members of the conspiracy, who afterwards renewed the insurrection, were overcome, not by stroke of sword, but by policy and craft; and the earl of Northumberland, who again took up arms, was so closely pressed by the king, that he was fain to fly, and take refuge in Scotland.

Henry had now the opportunity of directing the whole brunt of his wrath against the obnoxious Glendower, whom he had successfully shut out from the battle of Shrewsbury; and the young prince of Wales, although only seventeen years old, was appointed to head the expedition. But the Welsh chief entered into an alliance with Charles VI. king of France, in 1404, by

whom he was assisted with men and money; and notwithstanding the defeat of his English friends, he was enabled to act upon the aggressive, and recover several castles from the English. Young Henry's arrival, however, changed the scene. Even already he manifested those splendid talents for war which were afterwards so conspicuous in the conquest of France, and Glendower, after suffering two defeats from his titular rival, the one at Grosmont Castle in Monmouthshire, and the other at Mynydd pwl Melyn in Brecknockshire, was obliged to disband his few remaining forces, and become a solitary fugitive among his native mountains. But his patriot heart was still unconquered, and in consequence of the arrival of 12,000 French auxiliaries at Milford Haven, he was enabled once more to take the field as an open antagonist of England. But the French auxiliaries were soon weary of the war, in consequence of the vigorous proceedings of the king of England, so that, after a few skirmishes, they set sail from the principality, leaving the Welsh to shift as they best could. The history of the last and bravest of the Welsh princes, after this period, was an unceasing struggle against overwhelming multitudes, in which he might revenge his own wrongs without delivering his country. But whether at the head of a gallant band, or as a lonely wanderer among his native fastnesses, he still maintained his independence, and never ceased to be the enemy of the oppressors of his countrymen. In this manner he continued his resistance to the hour of his death, which took place at the house of one of his daughters, on the 20th of September 1415, during the succeeding reign, when he died with the melancholy consolation that he was still a free man, although his country was enslaved. The page is brief which history has vouchsafed to this unsuccessful patriot of a small principality; yet the record is precious, as exhibiting how much may be done under the most adverse circumstances by a single heart when it is animated with the love of country and the hope of liberty.

While the war that was carrying on against the Welsh was at its height, the weak, vain, and unprincipled earl of Northumberland, who had been alternately a fugitive in Wales and Scotland, was enabled in the latter country to gather a small force, with which he invaded Northumberland in 1408, and recovered several of his cas-

tles. Encouraged by this transient success, he advanced into Yorkshire, expecting to be joined by the whole force of the county, and published a manifesto, in which king Henry was stigmatized as a murderer and a usurper. But all his motions were closely watched by Sir Thomas Rokeby, the sheriff of York, who brought the earl to an engagement at Bramham Moor, near Haselwood, in which the rebels were routed, and Northumberland killed. The body of this ambitious intriguer was dismembered, and the head and limbs were set up at London, and other parts of the kingdom. The country was thus reduced to comparative quiet, and France, the enemy most to be dreaded, was so rent with civil commotions, that England had nothing to fear from her hostility. But the troubled reign of Henry IV. had now drawn to a close. The toils and anxieties of his usurped authority had reduced his strong frame to a premature decay, and he died at Westminster on the 20th of March, 1413, in the forty-sixth year of his age, and fourteenth of his reign. He was succeeded by his eldest son, Henry V. whose reign forms an important epoch in the military history of England.

HENRY V.

This illustrious sovereign was twelve years old at the period of his father's return from banishment; and he was distinguished by the early talents which he displayed for war, both at the battle of Shrewsbury, and in the campaigns which he conducted against the Welsh. But, as is often the case in courts, Henry IV. was jealous of the abilities of his successor, and there were pick-thank courtiers in abundance to widen the breach, in consequence of which the young prince was displaced from his seat in council, and forbade the court. By this exclusion from his proper sphere, his active mind was driven to low company and unworthy amusements, which were carefully reported to his jealous parent, so that even to the period of the king's death, young Henry was regarded by his father with suspicion and dislike. His excesses, however, have been magnified not only by courtiers and dramatists, but by historians, who report that he was wont to repair to the highway with his dissolute compa-

nions, and that he occasionally robbed the officers who were carrying money to his father's treasury. In consequence of these prevalent rumours, his accession to the throne of England was regarded with mistrust; but his prudence soon dispelled the feeling. He instantly dismissed his riotous associates, promoted and honoured the prudent ministers of his father, and devoted his whole care to public affairs and the welfare of his kingdom. His superiority to every feeling of jealousy and fear was also displayed in his magnanimous conduct towards those who were his hereditary enemies. After bestowing a royal funeral upon the remains of Richard II. at which he attended as chief mourner, he freed the earl of March from confinement, to which he had been subjected during the late reign, and restored the family of Northumberland to all those honours and estates which had been forfeited by their rebellion. These early measures dispelled the misgivings of the nation, and all parties united in applauding the virtues of their sovereign.

At this time the principles of Wyckliff (or Lollardism), which were similar to those of the Reformation, had made great progress in England, to the dismay of the prelates, who resolved to crush these opinions by persecution: but as the known humanity of the young king would have been averse to such a measure, they resolved to occupy him so effectually in foreign wars, that he should have no leisure to interrupt their proceedings. In this case, nothing was more easy than to revive the old claims of England to the crown of France, which had been so strenuously asserted by Edward III., whose rights were now supposed to rest in Henry V. It might even in this case have been alleged, that the claims upon France which Edward deduced from his mother Isabella were now vested in the earl of March, the lineal descendant; but the rights of the latter were for the present in a state of abeyance. Henry was easily instigated to the attempt of conquest, not only by the large subsidies which the clergy agreed to furnish, but by the state of France, which now lay prostrate beneath two furious factions, one headed by the duke of Burgundy, and the other by the duke of Orleans, while their unfortunate king, Charles VI., owing to mental derangement, was unfit for government. The English king, although

he saw his advantage, proceeded cautiously in his measures, and, without announcing his purposes, made every preparation for war. He even sought the French princess, Catherine, in marriage, as if his intentions had been wholly pacific, and negotiated for a long peace or truce; but he took care that nothing should be concluded, by always rising in his demands. At length, when all was ready, he threw off disguise, by ending the negotiation, and dismissing the French ambassadors. His preparations were finished, and his troops in readiness to embark, when he was startled by the tidings of a conspiracy that had been formed by several of the nobles, among whom were some of his own friends and relations, who designed to assassinate him, and proclaim the earl of March, king. The three ringleaders of the plot were the earl of Cambridge, lord Scrope, and Sir Thomas Grey, who were tried, condemned, and executed; after which Henry set sail from Southampton, on the 13th of August, 1415, with 6000 men-at-arms and 24,000 archers, and landed on the following day near Harfleur, which he immediately proceeded to invest. Even while the king was thus thundering at the gates of France, the French nobles were frittering away their opportunities in factious debating, whether the duke of Orleans or the duke of Burgundy should be made protector of the kingdom.

1415.—The siege of Harfleur lasted five weeks; and although the town was taken, the price which the conqueror paid for it was excessive, as it not only reduced his army by sickness, but gave the French court time to recover from its stupor; for the duke of Orleans was chosen regent, and an army of 100,000 men was collected, to intercept the English on their march to Calais. In the mean time Henry, who found his army so much reduced, resolved to return to England by the way of Calais, instead of embarking at Harfleur—a bold experiment, as he had now only 10,000 soldiers, while a long tract of hostile country was to be passed over. But the measure was necessary, as any other mode of departure would have seemed a flight, in which case his future attempts on France would have suffered from such a charge. This daring march of one hundred miles, through every species of opposition and danger, commenced on the 8th of October, the English army moving in three lines, with

bodies of cavalry on the wings ; and during their route, Henry never ceased to cheer them amidst their labours, while he fared like the meanest soldier. After a few skirmishes, in which the flying squadrons of the enemy were defeated, the English reached Abbeville on the 13th, and prepared to pass the Somme, near the ford which Edward III. had crossed before the battle of Crecy ; but here they learned that all the bridges were broken down, while the whole French army was drawn up on the opposite side of the river. Henry was therefore obliged to march up the bank, and while thus employed, he learned from some prisoners, that the French intended, on joining battle, to ride down and destroy the English archers by successive charges of cavalry, which were divided into squadrons for this purpose ; upon which he ordered every archer to furnish himself with a thick stake, six feet long, and sharpened at each end. A ford was fortunately discovered, and crossed by the whole army on the 19th ; after which they arrived at the village of Azincourt on the 24th ; where they found the whole French army drawn up to receive them.

Although the Somme had thus been crossed, the French were confident of victory, and not without a show of reason. They were not only ten times more numerous than their antagonists, but they were fresh in health and spirits, while the English were sick, and weakened by diseases contracted at the siege of Harfleur, and by the privations of their march. This feeling upon either side was productive of most important consequences. The French were so sure of success, that they took no pains to secure it, while Henry, conscious of his weakness, availed himself of every resource by which his little army could be strengthened. He saw that an action was inevitable, and while he prepared for the encounter, his looks and words inspired resolution into the meanest follower of the camp. Hearing one of his officers expressing a wish that a few of those brave fellows who were now idle in England were at hand to help them, the king magnanimously exclaimed, ‘ No ; I would not have one man more. If we are defeated, we are too many ; but if God gives us the victory, we shall have the more honour.’ A similar burst of courage was exhibited by David Gam, a Welsh captain, who was sent to reconnoitre the enemy. On being asked, at his return,

what was the number of the French army, he replied, 'There are enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away.' Even on the night before the battle, the English soldiers, when they heard the French shouting, and calling upon each other, began to mimic their outcries, till Henry was obliged to put a stop to their military merriment. The French nobles in the mean time were so certain of their prey, that they spent the night in playing at dice for the ransoms of the king of England and his nobles, who were to be taken prisoners on the morrow. As for the common soldiers, these were all to be put to the sword without mercy.

1415.—On the morning of Friday, the 25th of October, being the day of Crispin and Crispianus, the two armies were drawn out for battle. The van of the French, consisting of 8000 knights and squires, 4000 archers, and 15,000 cross-bows, accompanied by the princes of Orleans and Bourbon, and the chief nobility of France, was led by D'Albret the Constable, who commanded the whole army; the dukes of Alençon, Brabant, and Bar, conducted the second line, while the third was drawn up under several approved chiefs, as a rear-guard to support the other two. Henry, who resolved that his army should fight on foot, drew up his troops into a compact mass. His archers he placed at intervals, on every point of attack, having previously taught them to plant one end of their stakes firmly in the ground, with the point inclining outwards, to receive the French cavalry. His rear was protected by a village, and his flanks by briars and hedges. He had chosen his position so skilfully, that the enemy's numerous van could not come into action until it was drawn up thirty men deep, by which the greater part was rendered unserviceable. The French, hitherto so confident, were daunted at the skilful position and bold front of the English, and remained stationary; so that the king, fearing they would refuse battle, resolved to become the assailant. At ten o'clock he ordered the signal to sound, upon which the first line of the English knelt down, and kissed the ground: then starting to their feet, they discharged a shower of arrows. D'Albret answered this defiance, by a tremendous onset upon the different points at the same instant, by the weight of which charge the English reeled, and were borne backwards two or three paces. At this

spectacle the English chaplains, who were stationed in the rear, fell upon their faces, and sent loud orisons to heaven for the deliverance of their countrymen. But the lost ground was soon recovered, and the archers, darting out in detachments from the main body, and having stripped themselves of their upper garments that they might act the more freely, discharged their arrows so rapidly, and with such force, that plate and mail were pierced as if they had been cloth, while men and horses fell in heaps. In this manner those detachments of French cavalry that had been designed to disperse the archers were destroyed, after they had spurred up again and again to the formidable palisade of stakes, which they were unable to penetrate. The hardy archery plucked up their stakes, and planted them once more in advance, while the French soldiers and men-at-arms fell or fled before their missiles ; after which they rushed upon the enemy with their hatchets, swords, and mallets. This forward movement brought the English in contact with the enemy's main body ; and here the conflict was so terrible, that the crowded masses of the French fell in heaps, some of these frightful piles reaching to the height of a man, from the top or the sides of which the two parties alternately fought, as if these mounds of carnage had been common ramparts. Henry, who during the whole conflict had fought on foot, was conspicuous both by his valour and a coronet set with sparkling stones, which he wore on his helmet ; and on attacking the second line of the French, commanded by the duke d'Alençon, where the main struggle commenced, he was exposed to the utmost danger. The duke of Gloucester, his younger brother, was thrown to the ground, and the king beat off the assailants until the duke was removed to a place of safety. Eighteen French knights, who had resolved to slay the sovereign of England, or perish in the attempt, fought their way to the place where he stood, and one of them struck him so fiercely on the helmet that the blow brought him to his knees ; but in a few moments this devoted party perished to a man. The duke d'Alençon, animated by the fury of despair, struck down the duke of York with his battle-axe, and as Henry hastened to the rescue of his kinsman, he received a blow from the same weapon which hewed off a portion of his coronet. But Alençon was immediately slain ; and such was the

confusion of his dense but recoiling ranks, that no effort of valour or military skill could have saved them: they were driven backwards heaps upon heaps, and slaughtered almost without resistance. In this manner the second line of the French army was defeated, and the third fled without striking a blow. Even yet, however, the victory seemed in suspense: a noise of assault was heard in the rear of the English army, and Henry, apprehending that the enemy had rallied, gave hasty orders to his soldiers to kill all their prisoners, who were already more numerous than his whole army. But on learning that the attack was made by a mere mob of peasants for the purpose of plundering his baggage, he stopped the carnage before it was completed. Nothing could be more singular than the result of this terrible engagement. The English men-at-arms were so weakened by disease that many fought in their jackets, unable to bear the weight of their armour: many actually engaged without their lower garments, and not a few were hatless, and barefooted; and yet, after a three hours' conflict, their loss of men was as trivial, as if they had been engaged in a paltry skirmish. But of the French 10,000 had fallen, of whom more than 8000 were gentlemen, including a long array of princely and noble personages, almost equal in number to the whole nobility of England. It was no wonder that Henry, after the battle, declared to the French heralds, that the sins of France and not his soldiers had wrought their defeat, and that he ordered '*Non nobis Domine*' to be chanted by the whole army.

The English continued their march to Calais in triumph and unmolested, and embarked for England on the 16th of November. On their landing, the same evening, the people of Dover and the neighbouring country lined the shores, and even plunged into the sea to welcome the hero of Azincourt. When he reached London, the whole metropolis rang with triumphant jubilee, and all the splendour which the wealth and taste of the age could furnish was expended in pageants, to grace his entrance. But the modesty and piety of Henry on this occasion were again conspicuous: he marched immediately to St. Paul's, to return thanks to Heaven for his success; and he refused to allow his bruised and broken helmet to be exhibited, as a trophy of his valour. After this, instead of returning to France, he remained in

England for two years; but during this interval, the contentions of the French nobles weakened their country more effectually than any hostile invasion. Party feeling and disorder still raged as furiously in that country as if there had been no enemy to dread; and on the count d'Armagnac being invested with the direction of affairs, the duke of Burgundy, his unsuccessful rival, threw himself into the arms of Henry, and engaged to support his claims with all his forces. Being strengthened by the alliance of such a powerful prince, the king again left England, and landed in Normandy on the 1st of August, 1417, with an army of 25,000 men. In the mean time, the French court were so much occupied in resisting the duke of Burgundy, that they had no troops to oppose the English, so that Henry took in rapid succession the towns of Caen, Bayeux, Mantes, Alençon, and Falaise; and he blockaded Rouen, which was too strongly fortified and garrisoned to be taken by siege. No event of the war was of a more melancholy character than the blockade of this ancient and populous capital of Normandy. As the city was pressed by famine, all the unserviceable hands, to the number of 12,000, were driven cut, most of whom, after wandering about, perished miserably in the fields and ditches, after which the inhabitants subsisted about three months chiefly on horses, dogs, cats, mice, and rats, until 50,000 had died of hunger. After seven months of resistance, the wasted garrison sullenly opened their gates to the conqueror on the 19th of January, 1420. Thirty-five towns and castles, dismayed by this terrible example, yielded to Henry without a blow, and thus all Normandy was reduced to submission. He commenced his rule over the province by abolishing the heavy taxes that had been imposed by the French government, and causing his soldiers to treat the inhabitants with justice and humanity, so that the people were soon won by the popularity of his manners, and the gentleness of his government.

While the king of England was thus successful, one half of France was busily destroying the other. The party of the duke of Burgundy having become masters of Paris, massacred the Constable and 2,000 of his adherents; and on the subsequent entrance of the queen and duke into the capital, 14,000 more, of whom 5,000 were women, were butchered, so that the streets ran

with blood in torrents. A frenzy seemed to have pervaded all classes, that blinded them to every feeling but the desire of vengeance, and the national madness was at last crowned by the assassination of the duke of Burgundy, who was murdered by the Armagnacs, with the young dauphin at their head. This last stroke sealed the fate of France, by converting the Burgundians and their young duke into unscrupulous allies of the English, so that Henry, who had only 25,000 men to preserve his conquest of Normandy, was able to enforce his own terms with the French court. At length a treaty was settled at Arras, by the ministers of France and England, on the 2d of December 1419, of which the chief conditions were,—that Charles should enjoy the crown during life, but that Henry should be regent of the kingdom, and succeed to the throne on the demise of the French king; also, that he should espouse the princess Catherine, without expense to her father or the kingdom. In the May of the following year, the treaty was definitively confirmed, and the nuptials of Henry with the princess of France were solemnized. Being thus virtually the sovereign of France, he proceeded to repress the factions by which it had been torn in pieces; and this he performed so successfully, that the Armagnacs were deprived of their strong places, and their leader the dauphin was declared guilty of high treason, and incapable of the royal succession. Being thus every where successful, and having restored France to a state of comparative quiet, he left his brother the duke of Clarence lieutenant in his absence, and returned to England, where his queen was crowned on the 22d of February 1421, with great splendour and rejoicing.

The case of the dauphin now seemed hopeless, when a gallant reinforcement arrived in France, to retrieve his ruined affairs. This was a body of 5 or 6,000 Scots, under the command of the earl of Buchan, and containing many adventurous nobles and knights, who were eager to serve under so distinguished a warrior. They were encamped at Baugé, a village in Anjou, accompanied by a small body of Frenchmen, when the duke of Clarence, who was invading that province, soon learned that he was in the neighbourhood of these bold auxiliaries. The fiery prince was at table when the intelligence reached him, upon which he immediately started to his feet, with the

exclamation, ' Upon them, gentlemen ! Let the men-at-arms mount, and follow me ! ' He made a rapid march, hoping to surprise the Scots ; but a band of Frenchmen, who garrisoned the church of Baugé, resisted his progress until their allies had time to form, which they effectually did on the opposite bank of the river Coesnon. Clarence, however, was eager to engage, and spurred forward to possess the bridge, while the Scottish knights came down with equal speed to defend the passage. It was then that a terrible encounter ensued between the two armies, which, although small in numbers, were distinguished by national rivalry, and the highest military reputation in Europe. In the shock of battle, the English prince, who was conspicuous by a sparkling coronet of precious stones upon his helmet, was singled out by Sir William Swinton, who wounded and unhorsed him ; and as he strove to remount his steed, the earl of Buchan struck him dead with a blow of his mace. With him perished many brave English knights, and 1400 men-at-arms, besides the earl of Kent, and the lords Grey and Ross. Nothing could be more welcome to the dauphin than this bright gleam of success ; and Buchan was invested with the high office of Constable of France, while Stewart of Darnley, his companion in arms, was rewarded with the lordship of Aubigny.

Henry, on receiving the tidings of this disaster, hurried to London, and assembled a parliament, from which he obtained a grant of subsidies to renew the war ; after which he embarked his army, and landed at Calais on the 10th of June. Having entered Normandy, he hastened to the relief of Chartres, which was besieged by the dauphin, who retired at his approach. He then reduced Drenx, and several other places of strength, that still adhered to his rival. The dauphin took post at Beaugency, on the Loire, and there screwed up his courage for a manly effort ; but on the rapid approach of Henry he again fled, while his army dispersed. In the mean time, the English troops suffered so much from sickness, that they required some respite ; but after a rest of four weeks, the indefatigable Henry was again in the field, and employed in the siege of Meaux, one of the strongest towns in France. The garrison was commanded by a miscreant, called the Bastard of Vaurus, who had ravaged the surrounding country, and hanged

every Englishman who fell into his hands upon a certain tree, which was distinguished by the title of the *oak of Vaurus*. Henry pressed the siege with the most determined valour, and no quarter was given on either side. The town was taken, but the garrison held out in a quarter called the market-place, which was so strong as to be deemed impregnable; but after a stubborn resistance, it was obliged to surrender on the 10th of May 1422. On this occasion poetical justice was rendered to Vaurus, who was hanged upon his own oak. During the siege, the king was gratified by the tidings of his queen having been delivered of a son at Windsor, on the 6th of December 1421, and afterwards by the arrival of Catherine herself, who joined him in his camp before Meaux.

The dauphin, whose cause was thus baffled at every point, again collected an army which, with his auxiliaries from Scotland and Castile, amounted to 20,000, commanded by the earl of Buchan, now Constable of France; and with these he took La Charité, and then laid siege to Cosne, a town on the Loire, belonging to the duke of Burgundy. The garrison agreed to surrender if not relieved by a certain day, upon which the duke collected his forces to relieve the town, and sent to the king of England for a reinforcement. Henry declared, in reply, that he would march in person at the head of his troops, to share in the glory of the exploit,—but he was unconscious that his wars were ended. He had for some time been afflicted with fistula, which the medical skill of the age was unable to cure; and having proceeded with his army as far as Senlis, he became so feverish that he was obliged to pause, and send the troops forward under the command of his brother, the duke of Bedford. On the junction of the English and Burgundian armies, the Dauphin was unwilling to risk a battle, in which defeat would have been the ruin of his cause; he, therefore, broke up the siege of Cosne, upon which the duke of Bedford and the earl of Warwick hurried back to the sick-bed of their beloved sovereign, and found him dying. He was still young, and a conqueror; it was but lately that he had become a husband, and a father, and in a few months more the declining health of Charles would have seated him upon the throne of France. But these enjoyments and those prospects were equally to

be relinquished, while the successor to his throne and conquests was only a helpless infant. All this was an amount of bitterness such as few could experience, or even understand; but his pious and heroic spirit contemplated it without murmuring. After thanking his brother and friends for their affection and faithful services, he entreated them to serve his son with the same fidelity. The unsettled state of France chiefly claimed his anxiety, and, therefore, he entreated them to cultivate carefully the friendship of the duke of Burgundy, upon whose good offices their hold upon the French kingdom must depend, and to offer him the regency; but if he refused that office, it was to be held by the duke of Bedford, while the duke of Gloucester was to be Protector of England. After exhorting them to concord and unanimity among themselves, he charged them not to liberate the duke of Orleans, and other noble prisoners whom he had taken at Azincourt, so long as his son was a minor; and to make no peace with France without obtaining Normandy in full sovereignty. He then dismissed all secular cares, that he might attend to the welfare of his soul; he ordered his chaplain to recite the seven penitential psalms; and when that verse was read which prays for the building up of the walls of Jerusalem, the king eagerly interrupted him with the declaration, that he had intended, after becoming king of France, to deliver and rebuild the Holy City. A few moments after, he expired. This mournful event occurred on the 31st of August 1422, in the 34th year of his age, after a reign of nine years, five months, and fourteen days.

Such was the brief but glorious career of Henry V., one of the gentlest of sovereigns, and bravest of conquerors. However we may condemn his aggression upon France, we must recollect his peculiar situation. While he firmly believed that the rights of Edward III. were his own, and that they had been set aside by an unjust decision, the example of that monarch and his heroic son, the Black Prince, fired him with emulation, as well as showed the facility with which France might be won. The distracted state of that kingdom was also peculiarly tempting, and such was the enormous wickedness of its nobility, coupled with the wretchedness of the people, that he seems to have regarded himself as

an instrument in the divine hand, to punish the guilty and relieve the miserable. Such also were his gentleness and love of justice, that France was more effectually conquered by these, than by the force of his arms. As if to complete the picture, we are informed, that he was learned for the period, and a lover of music; of a beautiful countenance, and noble form; unmatched in every military and manly exercise, and so swift of foot, that he ran down a doe at the top of its speed. It was perhaps, however, as fortunate for England as for France, that his triumphant course was so quickly terminated. Both kingdoms could not have remained free under one government, and the weaker must have finally become a province of the stronger. England, relieved from the danger of such a union, has attained an elevation of national glory and prosperity, that might satisfy the most ambitious.

CHAPTER VII.

From the accession of Henry VI. to the expulsion of the English from France.

AT the demise of the hero of Azincourt, his son, the unfortunate Henry VI. was not nine months old. The duke of Bedford was appointed regent of France, and Humphrey, duke of Gloucester, protector of England, with a council of the nobles, by which his authority was limited; the earl of Warwick, a brave and chivalrous nobleman, was tutor to the infant sovereign by the will of the late king.

Henry V. had not long been dead when he was followed by his father-in-law, Charles VI.; and at his funeral the infant son of the former was proclaimed king of France and England by universal acclamation. But the death of Charles, instead of strengthening, only weakened, the claims of the English; for those who would not support the dauphin during the life of his father, were now willing to recognise him as the legitimate sovereign of France. He was therefore proclaimed king, at Poitiers, by his followers; but the solemnity was sad and imperfect, while the character of the youth, as yet only twenty years old, was ill qualified for a national hero and deliverer. His chiefs and councillors

also were eminent neither for virtue nor talent ; his resources were scanty ; and against him was opposed the whole power of England and Burgundy, headed by the duke of Bedford, a leader little inferior to Henry himself. Besides this, his capital and two-thirds of his kingdom were in possession of the English, while his only foreign allies were the Scots. The measures of the duke of Bedford still farther strengthened the ascendancy of England. He fixed the powerful duke of Bretagne in his interests, and drew closer the bond of alliance with the duke of Burgundy by marrying his youngest sister. He then took the field, and a number of skirmishes followed, in which the cause of the dauphin was reduced to the lowest ebb. At last the battle of Crevant, which occurred in July 1423, seemed to render the circumstances of young Charles utterly hopeless. While employed in the siege of Crevant, he was attacked by the earl of Salisbury, at the head of an army of English and Burgundians, and totally defeated. The loss fell chiefly upon his Scottish allies, who were basely deserted by the French ; 3000 of their number fell in the field of battle, and by this defeat Charles had lost the only army he could then assemble. He fled into obscurity, and alternately resigned himself to dissipation and despair, till he was again dragged into the field by the heroic remonstrances of his wife and his mistress, who seem to have been equally patriotic in the deliverance of their country. He was reinforced at the same time by the earl of Buchan, constable of France, who returned from Scotland with 5000 men, accompanied by the earl of Douglas, whom we have formerly seen at Homildon and Shrewsbury. This arrival was so seasonable, that Charles created Douglas ' duke of Touraine,' and entrusted the guard of his person to a body of Scottish soldiers. After several military movements of trivial importance, the English, under the earl of Salisbury, laid siege to Ivry, which was agreed to be surrendered if not relieved before the 15th of August, 1424. The dauphin, who, by reinforcements from Milan and Scotland, was at the head of 18,000 men, advanced to raise the siege ; but on finding the duke of Bedford himself with his whole army strongly posted to receive him, he retired, and invested Verneuil, in Perche. Bedford, on the fall of Ivry, hurried to the relief of Verneuil ; and having selected ground favour-

able for a battle, he sent a message to Douglas, telling him that he was coming to drink wine and revel with him; to which the earl replied, that the duke would be most welcome, as he had come all the way from Scotland to join him in a carouse. Such were the sportive preludes to the battle of Verneuil, which proved the fiercest engagement since the days of Azincourt. But the valour of the Scots was neutralized on this occasion by the jealousy of the French nobles towards Douglas, and the headlong impetuosity of their soldiers, who rushed on without orders, or regard to the unfavourable nature of the ground. The English archers planted their stakes, and discharged their arrows—upon which the Italians, who were first in the onset, fled in an instant; the French and Scots fought gallantly for three hours, but at length were driven from the field; and the earls of Buchan and Douglas, the greater part of the Scottish officers, and many of the French nobility, were slain. The loss of the English was also heavy, as 2000 of their bravest fell. This battle was fought on the 17th of August, 1424, and Charles, who was again without an army, hurried into his former concealment, and congenial dissipation.

The fate of France and its native sovereign seemed now to be reduced to the lowest point; but here, as frequently happens in common life, the period of reaction commenced. The conquerors, when there were none to oppose them, quarrelled among themselves, and negatived their successes by a series of irretrievable blunders. The members of the English council were at variance with each other, and contended, when they should have been unanimous in sending supplies to the duke of Bedford; so that this brave leader was never able to follow up his victories from want of men and money. The rash but amiable duke of Gloucester also embroiled the confusion, by marrying Jacqueline, countess of the fertile provinces of Hainault, Holland, Zealand, and Friesland, to the sore displeasure of her suzerain the duke of Burgundy, and levying an English army to reinstate her in her forfeited inheritance. Burgundy, although the effective ally of England, was by no means desirous to see these rich provinces of his dominions under the rule of an English prince, and therefore he naturally recalled his forces from the main army, to oppose the claims of

the intruder. The powerful chiefs of Richmond and Bretagne were also persuaded to forsake the interests of England, and espouse the cause of Charles. On account of these difficulties, the duke of Bedford could make no progress, and the war languished for nearly five years. But while these circumstances could only partially aid, without accomplishing, the deliverance of France, that great object was ensured by a stupendous miracle in the history of nations—by the appearance and supernatural career of Joan of Arc, the celebrated maid of Orleans.

This wonderful creature was born at Domremy, a small hamlet in Champagne, in 1411 or 1412. Her parents were humble cottagers, and her early youth was remarkable among her neighbours for modesty, gentleness, and kindness, and above all for amiable, devoted piety. At the age of thirteen, instead of joining in the village dances and songs, like the other young maidens of the country, she withdrew to the church, while her favourite theme among her companions was the character of the Deity, and the history of the Mother of our Saviour, of whom she spoke with affecting enthusiasm. Her principal occupations were the tending of sheep, and the usual work of her father's little farm, all which she performed with active care and cheerfulness. But even amidst these lowly occupations her mind was gradually visited by loftier impulses. The village in which she lived bordered upon the territories of Burgundy, so that she beheld at an early period the calamities of civil war, and she often heard the dauphin described as an amiable prince, only a little older than herself, excluded from his paternal throne, and obliged to become a helpless wanderer in his own country, exposed to the treachery of false friends, and the persecution of foreigners. As she brooded from month to month over these melancholy reflections, and contemplated the growing miseries of her country, her enthusiasm gradually underwent a change. She was now persuaded that France was to be delivered, and that Heaven had designed her for the work. This she was assured of by her sleeping dreams and waking impulses, as well as by the voices of invisible saints and angels, who often enlivened her solitude with accents that transcended the sweetest of earthly music, so that when they left her she wept, and wished they had taken her with them. It was also stated after-

wards by her contemporaries, that she was distinguished for strength and activity, as well as great skill and courage in horsemanship, from her practice of riding horses to water, and that she often tilted with a long stick, which she wielded like a lance. Was it a special divine impulse rather than natural enthusiasm, that directed her to these exercises, which were to be attended by such results? She frequently also alluded to a mysterious prophecy which, at this time, floated among the common people—that France having been destroyed by a married woman (the Queen of Charles VI.) was to be re-established by a virgin.

At length the extreme hour of the jeopardy of France brought forward the deliverer. The duke of Bedford had reconciled the dissentients, after which he directed his whole force to the siege of Orleans, the great bulwark of Charles's cause. The fall of this city would have involved the final ruin of the dauphin, as it was his last place of strength, and, therefore, while the English attacked, the French defended it with equal courage and desperation. Many heroic deeds of chivalry were performed on either side, but the English finding that they could not take Orleans by force, resolved to depend upon the slow though sure operations of a blockade. The place, therefore, was closely invested, and seemed to be upon the point of falling, while Charles was about to withdraw in despair to Spain or Scotland, when the public mission of Joan of Arc commenced. The heavenly voices had become more importunate and persuasive, and they commanded her to apply to Baudricourt, the lord of Vaucouleurs, for means of conveyance to the presence of the dauphin; but the astounded nobleman, when applied to, thought that she was mad, and refused her message with contempt. But Joan was not thus to be daunted at the outset. She continued her importunities, until Baudricourt was either persuaded of her divine mission, or stunned into compliance, so that he gave her a sword, a steed, and a small escort. When she was told of the dangers of the journey, she boldly replied, 'I fear not men-at-arms, and I am born for my enterprise.'

The small band of impoverished and despairing followers who now constituted the court of Charles, were living at Chinon; and on the arrival of Joan at that town, they deliberated whether she ought to be received

or not. There were few of them who would not have sneered at the idea of such a divine commission as that to which she laid claim; but their affairs were now so desperate, that nothing could injure them farther, while amidst the thousand chances of political events, the present might be successful. It was decided that she should have a hearing: but to test her prophetic skill, the dauphin stepped aside, while his knights, richly attired, occupied the front of the hall. The youthful shepherdess entered, and immediately selecting the dauphin from the gay throng, she knelt down and embraced his knees. Before the by-standers recovered from their astonishment, she said, 'Gentle dauphin, my name is Joan, the maiden, and the King of Heaven informs you, through me, that you will be crowned in the city of Rheims. You will be the lieutenant of the King of Heaven, who is the king of France.' The dauphin still appeared to hold out, and led her aside for a private conference, when he soon returned in visible perturbation, assuring the courtiers she had told him a secret known only to God and himself. The court soon was, or appeared to be persuaded, but it was necessary that the impression should be general, and, therefore, Joan was submitted to the rigid examination of lordly prelates and learned doctors, from the fear that she might prove an impostor, or even a sorceress; but she answered their arguments and removed their scruples so effectually, that they proclaimed their conviction that she was a saint and a prophetess. These wonderful tales in the mean time had gone forth, and as it was the interest of the people to believe that they would be delivered, they therefore believed readily, more especially when their deliverance was to be wrought by a miracle. Nothing now remained but to show her abroad; a suit of armour was, therefore, expressly forged for her; she girded to her side a miraculous sword that had lain buried behind the altar of St. Catherine, but which her voices had revealed to her, and she appeared before the multitude mounted upon a war-steed. Although as yet only in her eighteenth year, she managed her horse, and brandished her sword and lance, with all the gracefulness and ease of the most practised chevalier; while the expressiveness of her countenance, and beauty of her form, gave an additional charm to the display. The people were now as

elated with hope, as they had been formerly depressed with despair, and as the raising of the siege of Orleans was the first step of Joan's miraculous commission, they clamoured impatiently to be led against the English, over whom they were now confident of success.

1429.—The chiefs on the side of Charles were willing to avail themselves of this hopeful enthusiasm, and 7,000 men, headed by the Maid, and marshalled by the two celebrated captains, Dunois and La Hire, commenced their march to Orleans, which was now closely girdled with hostile fortresses, and reduced to the last extremity. The English had not been deaf to the strange tales that had lately been bruited abroad, but although they pretended to laugh at the French for resting their last hopes upon a silly peasant girl, they still felt a strange misgiving at heart, which all their philosophy could not banish, and wondered where the matter would end. Upon this point, at least, they were not kept long in suspense. The French army appeared in sight, full of courage, in a sort of half-military, half-religious procession, and at its head rode the Maid of Orleans, in complete armour, bearing aloft a white banner impressed with the picture of the Saviour, and the inscription—'Jhesu Maria.' Joan commanded that the convoy should cross the Loire at once, and advance on the right bank on which the city stood, but Dunois, who judged this scheme unmilitary, as it would lead them between the two strongest forts of the English, attempted another safer mode of relief,—which, however, failed. He returned, therefore, to her proposal, and every thing seemed unexpectedly to contribute to its success. The wind changed, and bore the vessels laden with provisions into the city; a sally of the garrison distracted the attention of the besiegers, and Joan, at the head of a party, entered the city gates at twilight. On her arrival in the town, which occurred on the 30th of April, the delighted citizens crowded round to touch the hem of her garment, or even see her at a distance, while all received her as an angel sent from Heaven. But Joan modestly shunned their acclamations, and retired to the principal church to perform her devotions, after which she refused the rich supper that was provided for her, and contented herself with a few morsels of bread dipped in wine, and retired to rest. On

the following day she ascended the ramparts, and summoned the English to surrender, or raise the siege, but they abused her so coarsely in reply, that she shed womanly tears of virtuous indignation. The convoy was now to be introduced within the walls, upon which Dunois went out to meet it, while Joan, with a party, stationed herself between the walls and the besiegers, to protect its arrival; but not a cannon was fired, not an arrow discharged. The French reinforcements approached, headed by the priests of St. Blois chanting litanies and hymns of triumph, while the English gazed from their posts, shuddering with religious dread, and undetermined whether Heaven or hell was arrayed against them. The convoy thus proceeded, and, amidst the acclamations of friends and the deep silence of enemies, entered Orleans unmolested.

The contending parties seemed now to have exchanged characters—on the one side there was nothing but eagerness and hope, while on the other all was despondency or despair. The English, indeed, still fought with their native hardihood; but even this could not long avail against that reaction of enthusiasm by which the French were inspired, so that they invariably quailed before the white banner of the Maid, and the onset of her eager followers. The premonitions of Joan in her prophetic character also seemed miraculous, and of this an instance was given in her first conflict with the besiegers. A part of the garrison, kindled by their new enthusiasm, had devoted themselves, unknown to the governor, to the capture of the English bastile, or fort, called St. Loup, which was one of the nearest to the city. They assailed, and possessed themselves of the redoubt, but were driven back, and on the point of being overwhelmed by numbers. At this moment Joan, starting from sleep, exclaimed, with a wild cry, ‘ My voices have told me that I must attack the English—the blood of our countrymen is running like water—my horse, and my arms!’ She spurred through the streets to which the wounded were returning, and hurried to the place of attack. The French rallied at the sight of her banner, and for three hours a desperate conflict raged, during which she was foremost in every danger, until at length the English were driven from their post, and the fort was taken. In an assault upon another fort, which was considered so

strong as to be impregnable, the French rushed on with a fervour of inspiration only to be paralleled in the early wars of the Moslem, with the Maid at their head, alternately fighting and exhorting, when, in attempting to be foremost to scale the rampart, she was wounded in the neck by an arrow, and fell to the ground. She was rescued by her friends, and withdrawn from the tumult; and then for a moment she was overcome with pain, and burst into tears. But again the sweet voices, which were like music to her heart, came to comfort and restore her, and causing the wound to be hastily dressed, she again rushed to the fight. Her fall had so dispirited the French, that Dunois, and the other chiefs, sounded a retreat, and were returning to Orleans, when Joan suddenly reappeared, as if she had risen from the dead. She countermanded the order, and the battle was renewed. The English, confounded by her unexpected appearance, and the fresh onset, knew not whether they fought with men or spirits; and they soon saw the Maiden herself upon the battlements waving her flag, and commanding them to surrender. The fortress was won, and after these conflicts, in which the English had lost about 8,000 men, they were compelled to raise the siege of Orleans. Thus, only five days after Joan's arrival this, the first promise she had made, and which had seemed to be an impossibility, was triumphantly fulfilled; and the second, which was the crowning of Charles at Rheims, without which she could never consider him as full king of France, was now a necessary consequence. Her mission had inflicted a deadly blow upon the moral energies of the invaders, that was soon to be felt even to the remotest hamlets of England, so that the hardy yeomen refused to enrol themselves for the wars of France, 'from fear of the Maid.' It is worthy of remark, also, that during these events before Orleans, Joan's measures, although decried as opposite to all military rule, and chiefly forced upon the officers by her popular ascendancy, were invariably attended with success. Without being conscious that she had adopted a system of strategy, she acted upon the same plan adopted by her great countryman of modern times, and which excited equal wonder among thorough-paced martinets—that of bringing the greatest force upon a single point, and destroying an enemy in detail. The English endeavoured to comfort themselves

in the thought, that Joan, instead of being commissioned by Heaven, was a child of the devil : but this argument brought slender consolation, for the devil, who had already expelled them from Orleans, might also drive them out of France.

The Maid was now impatient to commence the march to Rheims, where her mission was to be accomplished ; but in this movement she was obliged to overcome the timidity of the dauphin, and the military scruples of his officers, who thought of nothing farther at present than the reconquest of Normandy. Her enthusiasm and remonstrances overpowered their scruples, and a small army of 10,000 men, under the duke d'Alençon, was set in motion, to second her wishes. Jargeau, which was defended by a powerful garrison under the earl of Suffolk, was first invested, and, after some skirmishing, she ordered the trumpets to sound for a general assault. Alençon declared that it was not yet time, to which she answered, ' It is time when it pleases God.' Seeing him still hesitate, she added, ' Ah, gentle duke, are you afraid ? Did I not promise your wife to bring you back safe and sound ?' She immediately flew to the breach, and was followed by the whole army : she planted a ladder amidst a shower of missiles, and ascended, but was struck down by a heavy stone that lighted upon her helmet. The English shouted ' Victory !' but she instantly sprang to her feet, and calling out, ' Frenchmen, take courage ; our God has condemned them !' she returned to the assault, and the place was taken.

The strong mind of the duke of Bedford was perplexed amidst these emergencies, so new in the annals of warfare ; and he wrote home a mournful account of the war, in which he described his new antagonist under the terms of ' a disciple and limb of the Fiend, called the Pucelle, that used false enchantments and sorceries.' All that he could do was to collect 4000 men under Sir John Fastolfe, and send them to reinforce the remains of the English army under lord Talbot. A few weeks before, the French would have fled at the bare report of such a force ; but now they went in search of it. At their council of war, Joan exclaimed to the officers, ' In the name of God, let us fight the English though they were suspended in the clouds.' ' But where shall we find them ?' said the commanders. ' Forward, for-

ward,' cried the Maid, 'and God will guide you!' They found the English on the 18th of June, posted at the village of Patay, near Anville. But they were no longer an army of conquerors, but a confused and panic-struck crowd, some insisting that they should fight on horseback, and others that they should give battle on foot. They at last advanced in good order to engage, and the duke d'Alençon asked the Maid what was now to be done. 'Have you good spurs, my lord?' she exclaimed with promptitude. 'Are we to fly then?' asked the duke. 'No,' cried the heroine; 'it is the English who must fly, and you will need your spurs to overtake them.' The French advanced, and the English at the sight of Joan's standard fled like a flock of deer, and were chased with great slaughter, 1800 being killed in the pursuit, while lords Talbot, Scales, and Hungerford, and a hundred gentlemen, were taken prisoners.

These successes so revived the courage of the French, that numerous reinforcements joined the army, and Charles no longer hesitated to commence his march to Rheims. It was more like a triumphal procession than a hostile expedition; the gates of towns and fortresses flew open to welcome his coming, or if they were shut, it was only till Joan advanced with her sacred standard, and summoned them to surrender. At last the city of Rheims was reached, and here Charles hesitated, for the city was garrisoned by a strong English force, and he had neither cannon nor machines. Had he paused in his career, a reaction might have followed; but the enthusiasm of the Maid bore him onward without the power of resistance, and the dismayed garrison, instead of manning the walls, only consulted their own safety. Thus, only eighteen days after his march commenced, Charles was master of that city which had long enjoyed a peculiar sanctity from being the place of the coronation of the kings of France. This august ceremony was now performed, Joan standing by the side of the king with her white banner in her hand; and when all was done, she threw herself at his feet, clasped his knees, and shed tears of delight. She declared that her mission was ended, and begged permission to return to her former humble condition, but Charles thought that she might still be useful to the cause of France, and by earnest representations he persuaded her to remain.

The crowning of Charles at Rheims was by no means an idle pageant. On the contrary, it was the symbol of his legitimate authority, and a proof of his real power, so that even those Frenchmen who were under the dominion of England, now recognised him as the lawful king of the realm; and many places of strength that had hitherto stood out against him, expelled their English or Burgundian garrisons, and returned to their rightful sovereign. The English power was thus so much weakened, that the duke of Bedford was reduced to the melancholy condition of standing on the defensive, while hostile armies were in the field, and towns daily revolting to the new king; and as Charles was tampering with the duke of Burgundy, he was obliged to make large concessions to that powerful prince, to retain him in the English interest. In order also to counteract the coronation at Rheims, he resolved to crown young Henry at Paris; but England was so much exhausted by the expenses of the war, that six months were spent in raising money to defray the expense of sending the royal boy to France, for the purpose. He came to Calais attended by a considerable number of English troops; but most of these deserted, and returned home, dismayed by the tales that were told them about the Maid of Orleans. Henry was conducted to Rouen, where he stayed for eighteen months, because the events of the war were such that it was questionable whether he could be crowned at Paris or not, while the English finances were so low, that it would be some time before they could endure the cost of a coronation. At last, this ceremony was performed, December 17, A. D. 1431, but the speculation was too late to be profitable; and to understand this we must now resume the narrative of Joan of Arc, during the last stages of her heroic career.

The duke of Bedford had succeeded in fixing the duke of Burgundy in the English interests, by whom he was strongly reinforced; and an army of 5000 English, which had landed at Calais under the cardinal of Winchester, and which was designed for a crusade against the reformers of Bohemia, was incorporated with his troops, so that he was once more able to appear in the field. Joan, also, who had hitherto been so successful, was envied by the French leaders, who had become weary even of her successes, because all were attributed to her

guidance ; and she was disliked by multitudes of the soldiers, on account of her strict piety, and the rigid severity with which she banished all military licence from the camp. Even so trivial an event, also, as the breaking of her sword, while striking with the flat of it certain lewd women, and their companions, who had intruded into the encampment, aided in destroying the opinion of her invincibility. It was the weapon which had been found behind the altar of St. Catherine, and which she had worn in all her victories. The siege of Paris, which was the first repulse she had sustained, and in which she was severely wounded, still farther shook her credit with the French soldiery ; and although she afterwards took St. Pierre le Monstra, she was baffled in an attack upon Charité-sur-Loire. In May, 1430, she defeated after a desperate resistance a strong force of English and Burgundians near Lagny, but was unsuccessful in relieving Choisi, which was besieged by the duke of Burgundy. As Compeigne was next besieged, she generously threw herself into that town, and endeavoured to defend it. But her heavenly voices, which had so often counselled her in danger, and led her to victory, had for some time sadly warned her that she would fall into the hands of the enemy, and all she had asked in return was, that she might die speedily, without being long a captive. On the afternoon of the 23rd of May, the day on which she had entered Compeigne, she made a sally at the head of 600 men to beat up the camp of the confederates ; and although they were routed three times by her bold attacks, they as often rallied, and drove back her little party. At last, her followers retreated towards the town, while she took her post in the rear, to cover their retreat ; and as she was known by her dress and armour, and her white banner, the whole force of the Burgundians was directed against her, so that in a short time she was left alone. She still grasped her beloved standard, and wielded her sword, with which she beat off her assailants, and had already gained the city bridge, when the barriers were suddenly closed, so that she was shut out among the enemy. She then attempted to cut her way through them, and make for the fields ; but a strong soldier grasped her tunic, and dragged her from her horse, and a throng rushing in, she was

instantly overpowered and secured. All was now wild jubilee in the camp of the besiegers, and among the English party at Paris, by whom *Te Deums* were sung, and bonfires kindled, as if the conquest of France had been sealed by the event. She was regarded as a witch forsaken of her familiar, and the desire of vengeance as well as feelings of superstition made her enemies clamorous for her condemnation. Witchcraft in those ages was a crime for which there was no mercy, and after a long imprisonment, during the latter part of which she was heavily loaded with irons, as she had twice attempted to escape, she was brought to trial in January, 1431. Nothing could be more piteous than the condition of the forlorn enthusiast. Her clerical judges were in the English interest, and eager to condemn her; the French king whom she had seated on the throne, and his nobles whom she had raised from dastardly despair and led to victory, were willing to forget her services, and left her to her fate; and she was fifteen times brought before the merciless inquisitors, who racked her innocence and inexperience with ensnaring questions, that she might be led to criminate herself, and afford a plea for their cruelty. But to the last she repelled their odious charges, and believed that God had raised her for the deliverance of her beloved country. She was sentenced to be burned alive on the 30th of May, and on the morning of that day she was led to the market-place of Rouen, for execution. Her mind, exhausted by long confinement and suffering, underwent a momentary faintness at the sight of the dreadful apparatus, and she wept bitterly: but those duties of religion, which she had never forgotten during her heroic career, came to her aid, while the fervour of her devotion made the most obdurate of her enemies shed tears. She caused a cross to be held before her while the pile was kindled, and upon this she looked, calling upon the name of Jesus to the last.—Such was the end of Joan of Arc, the purest, the gentlest, and the best, of all those characters that have ever been engaged in the noblest of earthly undertakings—the deliverance of a country from bondage. A woman, she freed a land that above all others professes a chivalrous devotedness to women; and yet, strange to tell! her country has preserved the

same apathy towards her memory that was manifested at her death, while the only monument which French genius has erected to her, is a ribald poem designed to blast her with infamy. But her motives transcended those of mere earthly renown, and her reward was more substantial than that of eulogies and monuments.

Although the duke of Bedford had exerted himself to the utmost in procuring the condemnation of Joan of Arc, yet the event brought him no nearer to the conquest of France; the tide had now set against him so strongly, that it rolled on independently of the cause that first produced the reflux. The siege of Compeigne was raised after it had continued six months, and several other places were besieged by the English in vain, while the French leaders reduced many towns and castles to the dominion of Charles. At length the death of the duchess of Bedford, who was sister to the duke of Burgundy, snapped asunder the strongest tie between these ill-assorted confederates, and the latter was obviously waiting for a favourable opportunity to return to his legitimate sovereign; while the people of England, being no longer regaled with victories, refused to furnish supplies for the prosecution of the war. These circumstances led to proposals of accommodation, but while the English demanded too much, the French conceded too little. At length a solemn congress for the purpose was held at Arras, in 1431, and such was the importance attached by the whole of Europe to this meeting, that ambassadors from almost every court attended as mediators. The deputies of Charles proposed to cede the provinces of Normandy and Guienne to the king of England, to be held by homage to the French crown, provided Henry relinquished all title and claim to the throne of France, and resigned all his places which he held in that country; but at the bare mention of this proposal, the English commissioners thought themselves insulted, and left Arras in disgust. But the duke of Burgundy, who had now exacted full vengeance for his father's assassination, on seeing the pride of the English, resolved to form a separate peace for himself, which he was the more inclined to do, as every reasonable demand he could make would be conceded; and a solemn treaty was, therefore, sworn between him and Charles, on the 6th of September. The hopelessness of the re-conquest of France after this re-

conciliation was farther confirmed by the death of the duke of Bedford, who expired at Rouen, on the 14th of the same month, worn out by past toils and melancholy anticipations.

Weary as England had now become of the unprofitable war, she would not yet relinquish her French possessions without a struggle, and after some delay the duke of York was sent into France, as successor to the duke of Bedford. But before his arrival the French took Meulan, Pontoise, and other places on the Seine; Dieppe was surprised, and the province of Normandy was stirred up to revolt. But the most important acquisition of Charles was the city of Paris, which, in April 1436, opened its gates to L'Isle Adam, while the feeble English garrison that held it was forced to capitulate. The arrival of York, as Regent, with a reinforcement of 7 or 8,000 men, checked this career of success, and, chiefly owing to the exertions of the renowned Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury, several places of strength were recovered in France and Normandy. But the war had now lost its historical interest, having dwindled into a series of small aggressions and repulses, and while the English resisted chiefly through national pride and stubbornness, and to protract the period of their expulsion from the country, the French chiefs, relieved from their greatest danger, began to break into factions, as they had done before the English invasion. It would be tedious therefore to enumerate the marchings and counter-marchings, the captures and recaptures, that followed each other in rapid succession: it is enough to state, that the English still maintained their national reputation for valour, while their French possessions were yearly converging within a narrower circle. In 1437, the duke of York was recalled, and his command given to the earl of Warwick; but the earl died in two years, and York was reappointed; after which there was a pause to the warfare in consequence of plague and famine, that ravaged England and France simultaneously. When the war was resumed, the heroic old Talbot performed exploits that were worthy of the brightest days of Crecy and Azincourt. In 1440, he invested Harfleur, the first conquest of Henry V., and took it after a brave defence. In the following year Pontoise was invested by the French king, with an army of 12,000 men; but the duke of York, at the head

of 8,000, advanced, upon which Charles fled without risking an action. In 1442, Charles raised the siege of Tartas, took several towns, suppressed a rebellion commenced by the count d'Armagnac, and by the end of the year raised the siege of Dieppe, which had been blockaded by Talbot. Even yet the contending parties were not ripe for a lasting peace, although a meeting of the commissioners of France and England assembled at Tours for that purpose, and, therefore, nothing more than a truce was settled, which lasted from A. D. 1444 to A. D. 1450.

During the course of this protracted war, the English council at home had been rent into two factions, one of which was headed by the duke of Gloucester, protector of the kingdom, and the other by the wealthy and ambitious Beaufort, cardinal of Winchester, a natural son of John of Gaunt. These two parties were more industrious in traversing each other's measures than prosecuting the war in France, and hence the inefficiency of those supplies, both of men and money, which were sent to the continent. Henry VI. also, as he grew to manhood, exhibited a character completely the reverse of that of his illustrious father, being so imbecile as to be scarcely removed one step from positive idiotcy. It was conceived, in this case, that his lack of energy might be supplied by a talented high-spirited queen, and the honour of furnishing the state with such a mistress was eagerly contested by both parties. The cardinal, however, prevailed as usual, and the bride selected for the unfortunate Henry was the able, haughty, and unscrupulous Margaret, daughter to René, count of Anjou, and titular king of Sicily, Naples, and Jerusalem. But the evil of such an uncongenial union of tempers was not the worst. Margaret was naturally devoted to the French interests, having been brought up at the court of her uncle, Charles; and René, whose chief wealth consisted of high-sounding titles, instead of being able to bestow a dowry with his daughter, required and obtained one from the marriage contractors. With a flourish of the pen they restored to him the territories of Anjou and Maine, which were the keys of Normandy, and thus they virtually abandoned their hold upon France, after so many victories and sacrifices. The duke of Gloucester vehemently remon-

strated, and the people at large clamoured against a French marriage; but the influence of the cardinal was irresistible, and the union took place, at Southwich, in Hampshire, in April, 1445. After this followed the arrest and murder of Humphrey, endearingly called by the people the 'good duke of Gloucester,' who was assassinated by the contrivance of the queen, the cardinal, and the duke of Suffolk.

The chief obstacle to an inglorious peace with France was now removed by the death of the protector, and A. D. 1448, Charles proceeded to take possession of Anjou and Maine, according to stipulation. But the English garrisons were so indignant at the treaty, that several refused to evacuate their places of strength until they were dispossessed by force; and about 2,500 of these ejected troops, under the command of Sir Francis Surienne, a soldier of fortune, finding that they could obtain no settlement in Normandy, indemnified themselves by taking possession of the town of Fogeres, in Bretagne, and plundering the surrounding country. The duke of Bretagne complained to his sovereign, the king of France, who demanded satisfaction of the duke of Somerset, the English commander, but he rated the damages at so enormous an amount, as showed that he only sought a pretext for quarrel; and on Somerset rejecting the terms, Charles invaded Normandy in 1449, with four different armies. The English garrisons were small, and their fortresses in a state of disrepair; and such was the consequent success of the French, that in less than four months they were masters of the greater part of Upper and Lower Normandy. Rouen, the capital of the province, was then besieged, and the townsmen compelled the English garrison, and its commander Somerset, to consent to a most dishonourable capitulation, in which not only Rouen, but several towns were surrendered, as the price of a safe retreat. In August, A. D. 1450, the English were driven out of every part of Normandy: afterwards the province of Aquitaine was overrun by the French in a similar manner; and in August 1451, Bayonne fell into their hands, so that England had no longer a possession in France, except Calais, the conquest of Edward III.

CHAP. VIII.

From the commencement of the civil war between the Houses of York and Lancaster to the accession of Henry VII.

As France had been reduced to the brink of ruin under an imbecile king and a factious nobility, the same causes were now to produce the same effects in England, and the atrocities of the rival parties of Armagnac and Burgundy, that deluged the former kingdom, were now to be paralleled in the latter, by the dreadful contentions of the houses of York and Lancaster.

The commanding abilities of Henry IV. and the splendid conquests of his heroic son, had endeared the family of Gaunt to the English nation, so that their usurpation was forgotten, and the son of the latter was regarded as a legitimate sovereign. But this national feeling was gradually cooled by the reverses on the continent, and in consequence of the shameful treaties that followed, and the inglorious expulsion in which they ended, it changed into rage and hatred. In addition to these circumstances, the people were indignant at the assassination of their favourite, the duke good Humphrey, and the arrogance with which the queen and her favourites ruled, after they had engrossed the whole authority of the state; while the land was oppressed beneath a load of taxes that had been levied for the maintenance of wars which had terminated so unprofitably and disastrously. No condition could be more unfavourable for a usurped authority, and those who were impatient under the national disasters naturally turned to the long-forgotten claims of the elder branch of the Plantagenets. These were now concentrated in the person of the able and popular duke of York, who was the lineal descendant of Lionel, duke of Clarence, the third son of Edward III. while Henry VI. only claimed the throne from John of Gaunt, who was the fourth; and besides his superior right, he was endeared to the people by the bravery and prudence he had shown, while he held the chief command in France, and afterwards in Ireland. The duke was also cautious, and before he

proceeded to an open attack on the crown, he resolved to sound the affections of the people towards his family ; for which purpose John Cade, one of his emissaries, assumed the name of Mortimer, pretending to be descended from the royal house. The people immediately flocked to the standard of this demagogue, so that he was enabled to encamp on Blackheath, on June the 1st, 1450, from whence he sent manifestoes to the king, representing the grievances of the commons, and demanding redress ; and on being attacked at Sevenoaks, by an army of 15,000, commanded by Sir Humphrey Stafford, he defeated the royal troops, and slew their commander. After this Cade was allowed to enter London with his tumultuous forces, where for several days they behaved with great forbearance. But at last the rich shops were too tempting, and they began to plunder, upon which the citizens rose against them, and drove them from the city. On a royal pardon being afterwards proclaimed, the insurgents dispersed to their own homes ; and Cade, after skulking about Sussex, was discovered and slain in a garden by a Kentish gentleman.

This experiment had fully answered the purpose, and the duke of York, who at the time was ably quelling the disturbances in Ireland, returned from that country, and levied an army in Wales, among the adherents of the family of Mortimer, with which he marched towards London, professing that his only purpose in arming was to procure the redress of grievances, and bring the duke of Somerset to justice as a traitor. An army was raised by the queen and her minion Somerset to oppose him, and the rival forces encamped over-against each other on Blackheath. On a promise being given that Somerset should be confined, the duke of York dismissed his army, and repaired frankly to the royal tent ; but here he was confounded to find his enemy at large, and standing in the king's presence. York, however, unawed by this circumstance, and that of his own helplessness, impeached the duke of high treason, who retorted with equal bitterness, but greater effect, for the trepanned prince had no sooner left the tent than he was arrested, and hurried off to London, to be tried for treason. But a report having started up that the young earl of March, York's eldest son, was proceeding to London at the head of an army to rescue his father, the dismayed cour-

tiers were obliged to relinquish their prey. But before they dismissed him, they led him in solemn procession to St. Paul's, and there compelled him to swear upon the cross never to take up arms against the king ; after which he was allowed to depart to his castle of Wigmore in Herefordshire, where he waited the opportunity of revenge.

And this was not long in coming. The king fell into such a state of mental imbecility as totally unfitted him for even the show of business, upon which the duke of York, accompanied by the earls of Salisbury and Warwick, repaired to London, where his authority became so paramount that, on the 3rd of April, 1454, he was appointed protector of the kingdom, and afterwards invested with the government of Calais for seven years. Henry, however, recovered from his sickness as if he had awoke from a dream, and at the queen's instigation displaced York both from the protectorship and his government of Calais ; upon which the indignant duke retired to Wales, and began to muster his retainers. Supported by several powerful nobles, and about 3000 armed followers, he marched towards London. But the nobles on the side of Henry had been equally alert : they assembled a force of about 2000 men, and advanced to St. Alban's ; and such was their hatred of the duke of York, and eagerness for battle, that they concealed from Henry those conciliatory letters which the duke had sent, proposing terms of accommodation. The armies indeed on both sides were small, being chiefly composed of the high-born squires of knights and nobles ; but the conflict of such parties could not fail to involve the whole nation in the struggle. The battle commenced on the 22d of May, by a desperate attempt of the Yorkists to dislodge their rivals from the town of St. Alban's. They attacked it in three places ; but the Lancasterians, headed by lord Clifford, stood so resolutely on their defence, as to baffle every assault. At last the earl of Warwick moved to the garden side of the town, and forced his way into Holywell-street, while his followers shouted his war-cry so lustily that their enemies gave back in alarm. The whole throng of Yorkists then rushed into the town, and a desperate hand-to-hand encounter took place in the streets between men of high lineage, who were too proud to yield, and whose

love of combat was whetted by personal and party rancour. At length the followers of Henry were obliged to give way; his bravest supporters, the duke of Somerset, the earls of Stafford and Northumberland, lord Clifford, and several others, were killed, and the duke of Buckingham, the earl of Dorset, and lord Sudley, were wounded. The king himself was also wounded and made prisoner, but was treated by the victor with the greatest courtesy. The duke of York conducted his royal captive to London, and on a parliament being assembled, he was appointed protector of the kingdom, until prince Edward, the son of Henry, should be of age. His friend Warwick was made governor of Calais, and lord Bourchier, treasurer of England.

Hitherto the duke of York had made no direct attempt upon the crown; and had he been allowed to remain quietly in the protectorate, the claims of his family might have slept till another generation. But the violence of the queen soon drove him from his moderation, and obliged him to assert his rights in self-defence. He had only held his office three months, when Margaret and her party regained their sway over the facile mind of Henry, and at their instigation the duke was abruptly dismissed from the protectorship. He indignantly retired into Yorkshire with his friends Salisbury and Warwick, to meditate plans of vengeance; but the queen, who was apprehensive of their frequent meetings, endeavoured to entrap them, by carrying the king to Coventry, and inviting these nobles to meet him. They came without suspicion; but on receiving a hint of their danger, they fled from the town, York and Salisbury taking refuge in their strong castles, while Warwick escaped to his government of Calais. It was now the turn of France to triumph over the court dissensions of England, and two descents were accordingly made upon the English coast, which, although trivial in themselves, were of consequence, as they showed the extent of the national weakness and degradation. The hearts of the wise and the good in England now ached for peace, and with the archbishop of Canterbury at their head, they laboured earnestly with both parties to abandon their feud. All the principal leaders therefore were summoned by the king's letters to repair to London, in the beginning of A. D. 1458, for the purpose of being reconciled to

each other, and they came at the summons ; but it was with such multitudes of armed retainers, as showed that peace and unity were little in their thoughts. Then succeeded a pageant of reconciliation, in which the rival nobles walked hand in hand in procession to St. Paul's, with the king at their head—and not long afterwards there followed an affray between the king's servants and those of Warwick, in which the earl very narrowly escaped being killed. The earl believing that this was a design laid by the queen for his assassination, departed to Calais ; while the duke of York, finding himself no longer safe from her malignity, resolved to secure his own safety by the assertion of his royal claims, and the destruction of his antagonists.

1459 — War being now inevitable, the duke, Salisbury, and Warwick, agreed to muster their forces, and unite them at Kenilworth for a combined attack upon the king's party. But in this they were anticipated by their rivals, who marched against the earl of Salisbury before the junction could be effected. The two armies met at Blore-heath, on the 23rd of September. The royalists mustered 10,000 soldiers, while the earl of Salisbury had only 5000. But he resolved to counterbalance his deficiency by stratagem, and as the armies were encamped on the opposite banks of a narrow but deep and rapid rivulet, he ordered his soldiers to shoot their arrows across the stream and then retire as if in disorder. The Lancasterians thinking that their enemies had taken to flight, immediately plunged into the stream, and reached the opposite bank, when Salisbury, who watched their movements, and saw that enough had crossed for his purpose, suddenly wheeled about, attacked them with great fury, and routed them before their companions could come to their aid. The other half of the Lancastrian army was then attacked and discomfited with ease, after which the victorious Salisbury joined his forces to those of the duke of York at Ludford, near Ludlow, who was also reinforced by the earl of Warwick from Calais. But the royal army, still eager for the encounter, advanced to Ludford by forced marches, and on the 13th of October encamped opposite the Yorkists, so that a battle was anticipated on the following morning. Unfortunately, however, for the duke of York, he had, up to the present period, concealed his designs upon

the crown, so that they were only known to a few of his chosen friends, while in all his manifestoes he had professed the utmost duty to Henry, and only demanded a reform of abuses. On the present occasion, the secret was communicated to Sir Andrew Trollop, who was faithfully attached to the house of Lancaster, upon which this skilful commander deserted with all his veteran forces to the king. The duke of York was confounded by an event that turned against him the best part of his army, and not knowing whom to trust, he and the chiefs of his party fled from the field. The fugitive lords were proclaimed traitors, and their estates were confiscated, while the queen and her party triumphed in the hope that the adverse cause was annihilated. But their triumph was of short duration. Those Yorkists who had fled to Calais returned with 1500 followers; and their little army swelled so rapidly as they marched, that at last they entered London at the head of 40,000 men.

1460.—The queen and her adherents, who had gathered an army at Coventry, now marched towards London, to give battle to the returned insurgents; but instead of waiting her arrival, the earl of Warwick departed from the metropolis, to encounter her, at the head of 25,000 men. On the 10th of July, the two armies met near Northampton. The queen's army was strongly fortified with high banks and deep ditches, on the new fields between Harryngton and Sandyford, and was attacked by the Yorkists marshalled in three divisions. The height and slope of the ramparts at first repelled them, but those to whom their defence was intrusted, instead of offering resistance, extended their hands, and drew up the assailants. A furious conflict for two hours followed, in which the king's party were defeated; and whole troops were driven headlong into the stream below, where they were drowned. Henry was found by the conquerors sitting in his tent, and was courteously led away. Margaret, and her little boy the prince of Wales, fled from the town, in which they were nearly taken prisoners; they were attacked and plundered on their way by robbers, and at last they succeeded in reaching Scotland. The cause of York was now so triumphant, that he might at once have stepped into the throne, which was virtually vacant—but the greatness of his claims and the hazard of the attempt seem to have confounded him.

Having returned from Ireland, to which he had fled after the desertion of his partisans at Ludlow, he repaired to the House of Peers; and standing under the royal canopy, he laid his right hand on the cushion, expecting that the House would invite him to seat himself upon the throne. But he should have first sat down, and the invitation would have followed. As it was, the lords were not bound to show greater decision than himself, and they maintained a dead silence; and when afterwards the archbishop of Canterbury rose, and asked York if he would accompany him to wait upon the king, the duke answered that he knew no person to whom he owed such a mark of respect, and immediately quitted the house in great confusion. Having thus committed himself, he presented to the chancellor, in writing, his claim to the crown, on account of his descent from Lionel, duke of Clarence, the elder brother of the duke of Lancaster; and after several days of parliamentary debate upon the question, it was settled that Henry should enjoy the crown during life, and that at his death it should descend to the duke of York, or his heir.

In the mean time, Margaret of Anjou had not been idle in Scotland, where she allured several bold warriors to her standard; and being joined by the dukes of Somerset and Exeter, she marched into England, where she was reinforced by the earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, and the hardy soldiers of the northern counties, who swelled her small force to 20,000 men. As for the duke of York, he had divided his army, and with only 6000 men he took post in his castle at Sendal. The duke of Somerset advanced at the head of 18,000 soldiers, to besiege him, but York, instead of sheltering his small force within the ramparts, imprudently marched out to give battle. He took his station near the city of Wakefield; and still observant of the extravagancies of chivalry, he challenged the queen's army to appoint a day for the conflict. The day was fixed; but the Lancastrians perceiving that the Yorkists were careless in their discipline, resolved to make a sudden attack, without waiting for the stipulated period. On the 30th of December, 1460, they came on in three divisions, two of which were directed to out-flank the Yorkists as soon as the battle joined. The issue of such a conflict could not be long doubtful, and after an unavailing resistance of half an hour, the Yorkists were broken

and routed with the loss of nearly half their number, while the duke himself was taken prisoner. And now followed some of those hateful atrocities which can only be exhibited in civil war. The earl of Rutland, son to the duke of York, a boy of only twelve years old, and remarkable for personal beauty, was flying from the field to the town, accompanied by his tutor, when lord Clifford pursued and overtook him on the bridge. He asked to whom the boy belonged, and on understanding that he was one of the sons of the duke, the savage shouted in a fury, 'Thy father slew mine, and so will I thee, and all thy kin;' and immediately stabbed him to the heart with his dagger. As for York, his insulting captors placed him upon a mole-hill to ridicule his claims to the throne, and wove a crown of grass, which they placed with mock ceremony upon his head, bending their knees, and crying 'Hail, king without a kingdom!' They then struck off his head, stuck it upon a pole, and presented it to the queen as an acceptable offering. As her army consisted of borderers from both sides of the Tweed, who had been allured to her standard by a promise of the plunder of the country beyond the Trent, they now exercised their licence to the full, so that monasteries, churches, and private dwellings, were plundered or destroyed without mercy. She now marched towards London, to rescue her husband from the keeping of Warwick; but that chief, instead of waiting her arrival, advanced to St. Alban's to anticipate her purpose, with Henry in his company. The queen's borderers made a furious assault, but were driven from the great cross of the city by Warwick's archers; they rallied, however, and fought their way into St. Peter's-street, while other portions of the two armies maintained a desperate and equal conflict upon the heath, at the north end of St. Alban's. But the treachery or cowardice of lord Lovelace, the commander of the Kentish men, who suddenly fled while the battle was still in suspense, made the whole army of Warwick give way, and the queen was once more victorious. Henry, who during the engagement looked coolly on, was found by the queen's party after the battle, standing quietly among the slain, without guard or attendant, and was immediately led to his wife and son. The queen's military banditti again demanded and obtained their commission of spoil and havoc, and exercised it so unmercifully, and with so little discrimi-

nation between friend and enemy, that the royal cause was injured beyond recovery.

1461.—During the course of these events, the cause of the Yorkists was succeeding prosperously in Wales, under Edward, earl of March, the eldest son of the duke of York. Although this prince was not fully nineteen years old at the period of his father's death, he had already distinguished himself by great military talents, and as soon as he heard of that melancholy event, he marched to Shrewsbury at the head of 20,000 men, to give battle to the queen. There he learned that a mixed force of Welsh and Irish, under the command of Jasper, earl of Pembroke, Owen Tudor, and the earl of Wilts, were in pursuit of him, upon which he turned back and encountered them at Mortimer's Cross, near Hereford, on the 1st of February, and obtained a complete victory. The earls escaped from the field, but 3,800 of their followers were killed, and Owen Tudor, (grandfather of Henry VII.) with several knights and gentlemen who were taken prisoners, was beheaded after the battle,—a custom which was now prevalent with both parties. Edward now continued his march to London, which he reached eight days after the disaster of his friends at St. Alban's. His bravery, his youth, and remarkable personal beauty, stirred up the whole metropolis in his favour; his claims to the throne were canvassed and acknowledged, while the behaviour of the queen's followers had made the cause of Henry obnoxious to all who loved peace and regularity. The universal exclamation, therefore, was, that Edward should be king, and as he had more decision than his father, he boldly assumed the dangerous crown and sceptre, on the 4th of March, under the title of Edward IV.

The young king was not disposed to slumber upon his title, as the queen was still in the field, at the head of the largest army which had been raised since the commencement of the civil war. Without waiting, therefore, for the ceremony of a coronation, he sent the earl of Warwick forward with the first division of his army on the 8th of March, and followed with the rest of his forces on the 12th. The two armies met at Towton: that of Edward numbered 48,660 men, while that of Henry amounted to 60,000, commanded by the duke of

Somerset, the earl of Northumberland, lord Clifford, and Sir Andrew Trollop. Edward before the battle commanded his soldiers to take no prisoners, and give no quarter; and on the morning of March 28, the action commenced in the midst of a snow-storm that drifted in the faces of the Lancasterians. Lord Falconbridge, who commenced the onset on the part of Edward, promptly availed himself of this circumstance: he ordered his soldiers to discharge their lightest flight-arrows, and then fall back; upon which their blinded antagonists supposing that the Yorkists were within reach, began to empty their quivers at a miscalculated distance, so that every arrow fell short of the proper mark. As soon as they had thus disarmed themselves, their opponents came forward, and made wild havoc among their ranks, shooting not only their own shafts, but those they had gathered from the field; upon which Northumberland and Trollop impatiently advanced with the main body of the Lancasterians to close combat. A fearful scene of struggle and butchery ensued between two such numerous armies, equally brave, and inspired by the utmost of personal rancour, and several hours elapsed without bringing any advantage to either side. At last the duke of Norfolk arrived with a reinforcement to the Yorkists, and the other party gave way, and fled. In this sanguinary engagement no quarter was given, and nearly 40,000 persons lay dead on the field, among whom were the principal nobles who adhered to the cause of Henry. The king, queen, and prince, who had been left at York, fled to Scotland as soon as they heard of the discomfiture at Towton. After the battle, Edward, with whom mercy was not a cardinal virtue, caused the earls of Wiltshire and Devon, and several noble gentlemen, to be beheaded; and after repressing the disturbances of the northern counties, he entered London in triumph, on the 26th of June, and had the ceremony of his coronation performed on the 29th. Henry was consequently pronounced a usurper, and his principal adherents were attainted. Edward farther confirmed his power by liberally rewarding his friends, punishing his enemies, and forming alliances with France and Scotland, so that the indefatigable Margaret, after applying at the courts of both countries, was unable to procure effective aid. At last,

after much exertion, she contrived to muster, in 1464, a considerable army, composed of her English adherents, and several troops of French and Scottish soldiers, whom she attracted with promises of plunder; and with these she broke into Northumberland about the middle of April, and was at first successful, taking several castles, as well as receiving considerable reinforcements. But the energies of Edward soon triumphed over this momentary reaction. Lord Montague, brother to the earl of Warwick, was immediately sent with a part of the forces against the queen's army, a large division of which, under lord Hungerford, he attacked and routed at Hedgley Moor. He then pressed forward, and gave battle to the main army, which was collected at Hexham. Here he was again victorious, and Henry, who was present at the battle, made his escape from the carnage with great difficulty, and fled into Lancashire, where he was concealed for a time by his partisans. As for the queen, she escaped once more from the kingdom, with her young son Edward, and sought refuge at the humble court of her father René, duke of Anjou. Nothing could equal the misery of the fugitive Lancasterian nobles after this last defeat. They wandered in foreign countries, poverty-stricken and helpless, and one of them, the princely duke of Exeter, was seen in a town on the continent, barefoot and bare-legged, begging his bread from door to door. At last the duke of Burgundy took compassion upon the exiles, and allowed them a pittance for their support. And the fate of their sovereign, for whom they endured so much, was scarcely more enviable. Henry was at last betrayed (A. D. 1465), by a monk, and taken prisoner as he sat at dinner. On being brought to London, he was met at Islington by the earl of Warwick, who bound his legs to his stirrups with leather straps, and paraded him through the streets, causing him to ride three times round the pillory, after which he was imprisoned in the Tower, where he remained five years. Edward, who had shed such torrents of blood on the field and the scaffold, would have sealed his doom without mercy; but Henry was an enemy whom none could fear, while his temper was so amiable, that all parties would have cried out against such a needless atrocity.

Richard Nevile, earl of Warwick, who had hitherto

been the great champion of the house of York, was one of the most remarkable characters of that age. He was ambitious, brave, and skilful in war; and the popularity which he enjoyed in England was such as to ensure success to whatever cause he espoused. This popularity, however, he seems to have owed as much to his extraordinary hospitality as to his personal qualities; for 30,000 persons were regularly maintained in his numerous castles, while every London tavern was full of his meat; and any man might walk into his kitchen at pleasure, and take away as much beef or mutton as he could carry upon his dagger. Edward, when he was established upon the throne, evinced his gratitude to the powerful earl by heaping upon him new estates and dignities, and making the whole family of the Neviles share in the royal bounty. Thus John, lord Montague, the second brother of the earl, was endowed with the large estates of the earl of Northumberland, while George, the youngest of the family, was made archbishop of York, and chancellor of the kingdom. But a worm was already at the root of this palmy prosperity, and the tree that overshadowed while it protected the throne, was soon to wither and pass away. Edward, who was young and amorous, fell in love with and married Elizabeth Woodville, widow of Sir John Grey, in May, 1463; and as the new queen had numerous relatives, it was deemed necessary by their royal kinsman that they should assume a high place at court. Landless or untitled men, therefore, who rejoiced in the names of Grey and Woodville, had dignities and estates heaped upon them, or were married to the rich wards of the crown; and thus a new nobility started up in England, to the great resentment, as well as surprise, of the whole nation. It was natural that the proud and ancient blood of the Neviles should be indignant at this intrusion, more especially as it bore hard upon the ascendancy they had acquired as their well-earned meed, and removed the king himself beyond the sphere of their influence. It may be, also, that Warwick was the more indignant at the king's marriage with the widow of an humble knight, as he might think that his own daughter would have been a more eligible choice. At all events, he allied this daughter to the throne, by marrying her to George, duke of Clarence, second brother to the king; and as

Edward expressed high resentment at this union, the breach between him and his powerful subject was widened, while Clarence himself was also converted into a malcontent. Edward, after this, proceeded to show his distrust of the Neviles, by employing the queen's kindred in suppressing a popular commotion, and by resuming several of the liberal grants which he had bestowed upon the overgrown Nevile family—circumstances which the earl of Warwick was not likely to contemplate without alarm and resentment. This part of English history is obscure and contradictory that relates to the motives of the earl of Warwick's rebellion against the sovereign he had set up; but the foregoing causes were of themselves sufficient, at such a period, to ripen into a civil war. The earl and his son-in-law Clarence secretly fomented a rebellion against the king in 1470, but it exploded prematurely, and the insurgents were defeated, upon which these nobles fled to Calais, of which town Warwick was governor, and afterwards to the court of France. Louis XI. who was at this time king, had long been apprehensive of an English invasion headed by the warlike Edward IV.; and to counteract it, he resolved to reconcile the earl and queen Margaret, who at this time was also in France, against their common enemy. It was with difficulty that the high-spirited queen could be prevailed upon even to listen to such a proposal, for it was chiefly through Warwick that she had become an exile, and her husband a prisoner. But the necessity of her affairs conquered her pride, and she gave a reluctant assent to the measure, which was confirmed by a contract of marriage between her son Edward and Warwick's second daughter Ann. Upon this alliance Warwick, who had previously designed the throne of England for Clarence, changed his purposes in behalf of the house of Lancaster, and shifted the succession to his second son-in-law. That he could easily dethrone king Edward, he never for a moment doubted; he knew his popularity and power in England, and the dislike of the ancient nobility against the newly created courtiers. These consultations did not escape the observation of the duke of Burgundy, who sent to his brother-in-law the king of England a full account of Warwick's intended invasion, and the very port at which he would land. But the fearless Edward, who had no idea of loving war

for its own sake, was now immersed in the pleasures of love and revelry ; and he only admonished the duke in reply, to keep a sharp look out at sea, to intercept his enemy's retreat, after he should have beaten him on land. He evinced still greater rashness in depending upon Montague, and the adherents of the Neviles, whom he continued in their offices, and entrusted with military commissions. Warwick landed with a small force at Dartmouth, on the 13th of September, and his arrival was a signal to the discontented, who soon swelled his force to a numerous army. Edward, who was at Nottingham, ordered the marquis of Montague, in whom he so greatly confided, to bring up his forces to meet the invaders, and was seated with a few friends at dinner in a fortified house, while his troops were quartered in the neighbouring villages, when all at once he was startled with acclamations of ' God bless king Henry ! ' The cry was raised by the soldiers of Montague, who was pressing forward with headlong speed to take Edward prisoner. The king sprang upon his horse, and galloped off, leaving his followers to shift for themselves, and reached Lynn with a few attendants, where he set sail, without having so much money as to pay for his passage.—Such was a revolution that resembled more the sudden shifting of a pageant, than the reality of a great national event. The course of Warwick was now an unresisted march : he entered London on the 5th of October ; and on the day after, he freed king Henry from the Tower, paraded him in triumph through the streets, and proclaimed him the lawful king. The whole royal power however was engrossed by the earl of Warwick and the duke of Clarence, who turned out the adherents of Edward from office, and filled every place with their own supporters. Warwick himself was admiral of England ; Clarence was made lieutenant of Ireland, beside receiving a grant of all the estates of the family of York ; Montague was warden of the marches ; and the crown was to devolve upon Edward, prince of Wales, and his offspring, or, failing therein, upon the duke of Clarence and his issue.

1471.—In the mean time the duke of Burgundy, to whose dominions Edward fled for refuge, was sorely disquieted at the arrival of his royal brother-in-law. To reject so near a kinsman under such distressful circumstances would

have appeared infamous in the eyes of the world, while to give him aid would provoke the united vengeance of France and England. He adopted a middle course, and while he openly refused an interview with the fugitive king, he privately assisted him with a few ships, and a small sum of money. Edward, who was as brave and prompt in decision when danger was at hand, as he was indolent in peace, fearlessly set sail with 2000 men to recover his lost kingdom, and arrived at Ravenspur on the 14th of March. All men were astonished at the temerity of the attempt, more especially as few repaired at first to his standard; but Edward had calculated his resources, and he knew upon whom he could depend. As he marched through those parts of the country that were most opposed to his claims, he pretended that he sought nothing more than his patrimonial dukedom; he even caused his followers to shout for king Henry wherever they came; and the city of York, deceived by this show of moderation, received him within its gates. As he continued to march southward, several of his old partisans flocked to his standard, so that he was soon at the head of a considerable army, upon which he threw off the mask, and resumed the title of king. The earls of Warwick and Oxford were now at the head of an army, with which they marched from the south against Edward, and had they been joined as they expected by the duke of Clarence with his force, they would have been strong enough to have crushed the invasion by a single onset. But Clarence had been tampered with before the landing of the king; and it was found that he was not only discontented at being set aside in the succession in favour of prince Edward, but unwilling to see his father's house supplanted for the sake of that of Lancaster. He therefore purposely delayed his arrival, so that the two earls were not in sufficient force to give battle without him. At length he reached Coventry, where the two parties confronted each other; and here he embraced the opportunity of declaring himself, by marching over to his brother's camp, with all his forces. Edward was thus enabled to proceed triumphantly to London, where his winning appearance and popular manners made the citizens forget the flesh-pots of the earl of Warwick, so that Henry was removed without ceremony from the throne to his old lodgings in the

Tower. Warwick being joined in the mean time by his brother the marquis of Montague, took his station at Barnet, to decide the contest by a battle, and Edward was not slow to meet him. The earl's army considerably outnumbered the other, but Edward had never yet fought a battle which he did not win.

It was on the 14th of April, that the decisive engagement of Barnet was fought. The gloom of the whole night had been illuminated by Warwick's artillery, that cannonaded the spot on which Edward's left wing was supposed to be posted ; but as its position had been previously altered by a fortunate mistake, the shot did no harm. Between four and five in the morning, both armies prepared for battle, although they were shrouded in a heavy mist that almost wholly concealed each other's military cognizances. A few shots only were discharged on each side before they rushed impatiently to close combat ; and here the mistake which had been so fortunate for Edward during the night, had almost lost him the battle. His left wing, from the post it occupied, was completely outnumbered and outflanked by the earl of Oxford, who attacked, broke it, and chased it off the field. This event however remained unknown on either side, and Edward who led the centre made a desperate attack on that of Warwick, and bore it backward by the violence of his onset, while Gloucester, who commanded the right wing, outflanked the left of the Lancasterians, where Warwick himself was posted. The earl's situation became more and more desperate ; defeat was inevitable, unless the victorious Oxford returned in time to his assistance. And Oxford at last returned, but it was only to accelerate the evil. The cognizance of Edward's party was a sun, and that of the other a star with rays ; but in the heavy mist these emblems were so equivocal, that Oxford's followers on coming up to aid their friends were mistaken for Yorkists, and received with a shower of arrows, upon which they cried out ' treachery,' and fled from the field. Warwick, who fought on foot, perceiving that all was on the brink of ruin, rushed desperately among the enemy, either to retrieve the day or find a soldier's death, and fell covered with wounds ; his brother Montague, who made in to his rescue, also perished ; and 7000 Lancasterians lay dead on the field, while the whole amount of their enemies

had not exceeded 9000 men. After this victory, Edward returned to London, where those who had hitherto kept aloof from his doubtful fortunes embraced his cause with alacrity.

An enemy as formidable as even the king-making Warwick still remained, in Margaret of Anjou, to dispute the throne of England with Edward. That proud and resentful, but heroic and high-minded woman, had been detained during the winter on the continent; and when she embarked with her son prince Edward, she was tossed about for three weeks in the Channel by contrary winds, so that she did not land till the evening of the day on which the battle of Barnet was fought. Unaware of this melancholy reverse, she imagined that nothing farther remained for her than to march to London, and ascend the throne; but when she heard of the defeat of her partisans, and the death of Warwick, her wonted courage forsook her, and she gave way for a few moments to a passion of tears. She soon, however, took courage, on being persuaded by her friends that her cause, instead of being weakened, had only become stronger by the death of the overbearing and selfish king-maker, as those adherents of Lancaster would gladly join her who were unwilling to co-operate with Warwick. The soundness of their advice was manifested in the fact, that in a few days she was at the head of 40,000 men. But Edward, who was terrible by his activity and decision, was upon her track, and anxious for an engagement, so that her leaders, who dreaded the issue, endeavoured to procrastinate the war until they had become still stronger. They therefore proposed a march into Wales and Cheshire, to gain reinforcements of archers; but Edward followed and overtook them at Tewkesbury, where they were encamped, on the banks of the Severn. They were strongly posted with the town in their rear, while their front and flanks were defended by muddy lanes, ditches, and hedges, as well as by hills and valleys. Edward, after carefully surveying their position, advanced to the attack on the morning of the 4th of May. His brother Gloucester began the battle, but was soon so impeded among the obstacles of the ground, that he could not break through them to join in close encounter; he therefore ordered heavy discharges of cannon and archery to commence, in order to provoke the Lancasterians from

their defences. This plan was successful. The duke of Somerset, who commanded the queen's forces, at last rushed out, and attacked the centre of the Yorkists with such violence, that he drove it backwards to the foot of a neighbouring hill; he then charged and staggered the duke of Gloucester's division, and would have beaten it, in which case his victory was certain, but for an ambush which Edward had placed in a wood that the Lancasterians neglected to occupy. This reserve sallied out, and attacked Somerset in flank so opportunely, that Edward had time to rally and return to the charge. The Lancasterians were now pressed in turn with such unexpected vigour, that they were driven back pell-mell into their entrenchments, where they were followed by their pursuers; and Somerset, grown almost frantic at this reverse, turned upon lord Wenlock, the commander of the centre division, who had remained inactive during the conflict, and dashed out his brains with his battle-axe. The victorious Yorkists pursued their success so closely, that their opponents were broken and scattered in all directions; and as no quarter was given, the run-aways were massacred in multitudes. The fate of prince Edward, now only seventeen years old, set the seal upon this fearful scene of carnage. Being taken prisoner, he was brought after the battle into the tent of the victor, who tauntingly asked him, why he had dared to come into England in hostile fashion? 'I came,' replied the gallant boy, 'to recover my father's kingdom, and to punish his enemies.' Edward, at this magnanimous answer, struck the prince on the face with his gauntlet, and the royal attendants taking this as a signal of execution, rushed upon him with their daggers, and stabbed him to the heart. As for the unfortunate Margaret, who had retired into a religious house before the battle commenced, she was taken from that sanctuary and committed to the Tower.—The battle of Tewkesbury was the twelfth that had taken place between the rival houses of York and Lancaster; and in these engagements, or upon the scaffold, sixty princes of the royal family, and half of the nobility and gentry of England, besides 100,000 of the commons, had fallen. And all this bloodshed had accomplished nothing more than a change of the sceptre from Henry VI. to Edward IV.—from an amiable but imbecile sovereign, to an able, but

profligate and sanguinary tyrant. National evils were still unmitigated, and national abuses unredressed. Every man found himself in the same situation as formerly, except that he had the death of some dear friend or kinsman to deplore.

Edward had now obtained an alarming character for invincibility, as he had fought nine pitched battles, in every one of which he had been successful. When he was, therefore, settled upon the throne of England without a rival, it was thought that he would commence some splendid career of foreign conquest, and men anxiously wondered to what quarter his military enterprise would next direct him. France was selected by Edward as the victim—a selection which was dictated by a very obvious policy, for the love which the English bore to the house of Lancaster was based upon the conquest of that kingdom by Henry V. But Edward, although perhaps as brave and skilful, lacked all the higher qualities of the hero of Azincourt, and Louis XI. was a very different sovereign from Charles VI. As the reconquest of France was always a popular argument in England, Edward was soon at the head of a more gallant army than had ever yet crossed the Channel. The flower of the English nobility and knighthood attended him to the number of 1500 persons, in complete armour, each having a retinue of several armed horsemen; 15,000 archers on horseback, and a great force of infantry and artillery, composed the body of his army; while his brother-in-law, Charles the Bold, duke of Burgundy, whose power and dominions were at least equal to those of the French king, was to join him on landing with all his forces. Thus the destruction of France seemed to be inevitable, and minstrels and glee-singers had strung their harps to celebrate greater exploits than had yet been achieved by Englishmen, when the very commencement of the campaign made their tongues cleave to the roof of their mouths. Edward passed over to Calais in June 1475; but he of Burgundy, instead of being ready according to appointment, had entangled himself in a war with the Germans, from whom he received nothing but defeats; and when at last he repaired to the English camp, it was with a small train of well-beaten soldiers, rather than a powerful army. Edward, however, sent a thundering defiance to

Louis, commanding him either to come forth and fight for his crown, or resign it; but this most astute of monarchs, who laughed at chivalry as a freak of fools or madmen, instead of starting to arms at the message, overwhelmed the astonished herald with soft words and kingly presents. He even prevailed upon this officer, whose function was to threaten and defy, to labour in bringing about a peace between the two countries, and the purchased herald was transformed into a gentle mediator. But, when Louis followed the application by privily showering gold into the craving pockets of the already half-beggared English nobles, a wonderful change in their belligerent propensities ensued, so that they now became eloquent advocates for the propriety of establishing a league of Christian amity with the moderate and gentle Louis. As for the English common soldiers, they, too, were not neglected, the French king sending to their camp, which was in the neighbourhood of Amiens, 300 cart-loads of wine; and of this they made such use, that they reeled about from morning to night in a state of drunken jollity. Louis, however, was very anxious to remove such dangerous neighbours, and therefore he carried on the negotiation so promptly, that on the 29th of August a truce for seven years was concluded, the terms of which were—that he should pay to Edward 75,000 crowns within fifteen days—that he should pay him 50,000 crowns a year during their joint lives—that the dauphin of France should marry the princess Elizabeth of England—and that Edward should evacuate France as soon as the 75,000 crowns had been paid. In addition to all this, Louis agreed to pay 50,000 crowns for the ransom of Margaret of Anjou. Besides these various disbursements, he bound the principal English lords to his service, not only by liberal gifts in money and plate, but by secret pensions, which he settled upon them to the amount of 16,000 crowns a year. Louis might well laugh, as he often did among his confidants, during the progress of the negotiation, at the manner in which he outwitted the bull-headed islanders and their luxurious sovereign. His only aim was now to rid France of their presence, and therefore he paid the crowns within the stipulated time; and Edward arrived in England, with his whole army, on the 23th of September, amidst the amazement of all his brother

kings of Europe, who could not comprehend by what mysterious jugglery the French sovereign had annihilated such a formidable danger.

After this period, the history of Edward IV. may be dismissed in a few words. As no warrior had ever been more successful in battle, so no warrior was ever more eager to doff his harness when the hour of exertion was past; and therefore, when he returned from his inglorious expedition, he plunged into every species of dissipation, by which his health was gradually undermined, and that boasted beauty in which he excelled all his contemporaries was exchanged for bloatedness and obesity. The quarrels also between his brothers and the family of his queen jarred amidst his hours of intemperance; and after a series of dark manœuvres, which it is impossible fully to comprehend, he was persuaded to sign the death-warrant of his brother Clarence, who was privately executed in the Tower, A.D. 1478. Edward died at Westminster, not through disease, but exhausted by a course of profligacy, on the 9th of April, 1483, in the forty-first year of his age, and twenty-third of his reign.

On the death of Edward IV., his son, prince Edward, was proclaimed king; and, as the young sovereign was only thirteen years old, a fierce conflict commenced between the duke of Gloucester, aided by the ancient nobility, on the one side, and the queen and her kindred on the other, about the management of affairs during the minority. But the Woodvilles, the Greys, and their adherents, being no longer upheld by the authority of the late king, were no match for the dark and powerful Richard of Gloucester, backed as he was by the soldiery, with whom his bravery had made him a general favourite. He caused the nearest relations of the queen to be arrested and imprisoned in Pomfret Castle, and thus he got the person of young Edward into his own keeping; after which, a great national council was held at London, where he was chosen Protector of England. He then seemingly prepared for the coronation of his nephew Edward, which was to be performed with great splendour on the 22nd of June, the young king being in the mean time lodged in the Tower, the place from which the English sovereigns were wont to ride in state to their coronation at Westminster. But fearful tragedies occurred during the short period that elapsed before the

above-mentioned date. On the 13th, the protector held a council in the Tower, in the midst of which he caused lord Hastings, the chief friend of the late king and his family, to be arrested upon the most frivolous pretences, and beheaded immediately upon the premises; while, on the same day, the kinsmen and friends of the queen, whom he had thrown into prison, were beheaded by his orders without any trial. The queen had fled, on the first alarm, into the sanctuary at Westminster, with her son, the duke of York, and her five daughters; but it was now necessary for the protector's purposes that York should be under his control, as well as young king Edward; upon which he convoked another council on the 16th, where he represented the disgrace of allowing the boy to remain in sanctuary among thieves and murderers, at the approach of his brother's coronation. Upon this remonstrance a deputation was sent, by whom York was brought and delivered to Richard, who placed him also in the Tower. The winding-up of this terrible drama was now rapidly accelerated. It was given out that the young princes were illegitimate, for that their father had privately married lady Eleanor Butler before he was united to lady Grey, so that his last union was illegal; and that, as the children of Clarence could not succeed, on account of the attainder of their father, therefore the duke of Gloucester, who stood next in succession, ought to inherit the crown of England. To this representation, even darker and fouler hints were added by the partisans of the wily protector, viz. that even Edward IV. and the duke of Clarence were begotten in adultery, and that Richard alone was the true son of the duke of York. These iniquities were preached in a sermon at Paul's Cross, on the 22nd of this month, by Dr. Ralph Shaw, a popular divine, and brother to the lord mayor of London. The public mind being thus prepared for something wonderful, the duke of Buckingham, who had been the chief actor in Richard's late tyrannical proceedings, made an harangue to the mayor, aldermen, and chief citizens of London, in Guildhall, on the 24th, where he enforced the arguments about the illegitimacy of the late king's children; and as a few caps were tossed up, with the feeble cry of 'Long live king Richard!' Buckingham pretended to take this faint acclamation as the voice of the whole people. On the

following day, therefore, he repaired with a few nobles, and the obsequious town council at his heels, to Baynard's Castle, where the protector lodged—and here commenced a scene unparalleled in the annals of political hypocrisy and grimacing. Buckingham made an eloquent sermon on the iniquities of the late reign and the illegitimacy of Edward's children, and requested Richard to assume the crown, as his undoubted right; but the protector, wrapped up in his integrity, deprecated the temptation like another Cæsar, and declared that his love for his brother's children was more to him than a crown. The duke then waxed warm, and declared that England would none of Edward's spurious brood; but still Gloucester demurred and hesitated. At last Buckingham roundly told him, that unless he consented to be king, some other person would be found who would not refuse the offer; and here the protector seemed to be staggered. He begged some little time for consideration, and sent away the deputies not wholly in despair. On the succeeding day they returned to the charge; and upon their urgent petition, fairly written, signed, and sealed, the protector, with a sigh, undertook the toils of royalty, and was forthwith acclaimed by the title of Richard III. In addition to those 'most sweet voices' which thus called him to the throne, he had a strong military force in London to confirm the wavering or persuade the discontented. His coronation followed on the 27th, in the thirty-first year of his age. Soon after, the young princes in the Tower ceased to exist; and when it was remembered whose interest was most promoted by their untimely and obscure death, the general report was, that they had been assassinated by the command of their unscrupulous uncle.

Although Richard had thus burdened his soul with an inheritance of remorse to ascend the throne of England, he soon found that it was not to be enjoyed in security. The princes, indeed, were dead, but a more formidable rival still lived in Henry, earl of Richmond, who was now in the full vigour of manhood. This nobleman was descended, by his mother, from an illegitimate son of John of Gaunt, by Catherine Swineford, whose family, although it had been legitimated by act of parliament, had been expressly precluded from all right to the royal succession. But, notwithstanding this dis-

qualification, the Lancasterians, after the death of Henry and his son Edward, regarded Richmond as the representative of their cause, a feeling that became more general on account of the atrocities of Richard's accession. Edward IV. had long regarded this scion of the rival house with an evil eye, and plotted to entrap him; but Henry, whose youth was spent in exile and amidst such perilous intrigues, was continually upon his guard. Not only the Lancasterian party, but many of the discontented Yorkists also, were anxious that the earl should now set himself up as the rival of the usurper; and to strengthen his defective title, as well as to unite the claims of the two contending houses, it was proposed that he should marry Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Edward IV. This plot was farther thickened by the duke of Buckingham, who having quarrelled with Richard, whom he had made king, was now anxious to unravel his whole work, and transfer the crown to the earl of Richmond. The duke was joined in his scheme by several of the English nobility who hated the tyrant, and they agreed to proclaim Richmond in several places at once, to distract the attention of their opponents. But want of decision was no fault of Richard, and he was soon at the head of an army ready to act wherever his presence might be required. In the mean time, Buckingham had raised forces in Wales, with which he attempted to pass the Severn and join the confederates; but the river had so greatly overflowed its banks, that it was impassable: the Welsh, in consequence, forsook him, and after wandering about the country in concealment, he was betrayed by a perfidious servant, and executed at Salisbury without trial. In consequence of the failure of this principal member of the conspiracy, the rest fled to the continent, or sought refuge in sanctuaries and concealments. Richmond had been very active in mustering a small army, with which he embarked for England to join his partisans; but his fleet was dispersed and driven back by a violent storm, and on returning home, it was only to hear that his friends in England were dead or dispersed, and that the conspiracy had come to nothing.

Richard, notwithstanding this signal success, continued to be more and more miserable; he had lost not only the affection of the nobles, but he was soon be-

reaved by death of his only son, in whom he had hoped that his royal line would be perpetuated; and then followed the demise of his queen, that daughter of the earl of Warwick who had been betrothed to Edward, the son of Henry VI. When he recovered from these stunning blows, he began to weave his ambitious web of policy anew, by soliciting in marriage Elizabeth, his own niece, by which union he hoped to traverse the matrimonial designs of Richmond. The weak and worthless queen-dowager, whose sons, brothers, and friends, Richard had murdered, was eager for this measure, by which she hoped to regain something of her former consequence in society, and even Elizabeth herself was well inclined towards this unnatural union. It therefore behoved Richmond to hasten his preparations before the crown should be secured beyond his reach, and his policy and ambition were equally alert at the tidings. The English exiles on the continent were gathered to his standard, and these, with 2000 French adventurers, composed a force of 3000 men, with which he set sail, and arrived at Milford Haven on the 7th of August, 1485. Although this army was so small, Richmond did not undertake the measure in a spirit of desperate adventure. Richard was ignorant in what quarter a landing would be made; his coffers were impoverished; he knew not which of his nobles to trust, while he was aware that several were ready to betray him to his rival. As soon as he heard of the landing, he ordered certain chiefs to muster their troops and give battle to the invader; but instead of this, they joined their retainers to those of Richmond, whose army swelled as it advanced; and lord Stanley, who had raised 5000 men, although he followed the king's banner, agreed to desert to Richmond with all his forces as soon as the battle joined. Under these different auspices, the two armies approached each other. The forces of Richard trebled those that were arrayed against him, while the earl had never yet fought a battle; but they were an army wholly composed of lukewarm indifference or meditated treachery and desertion.

It was on the 23rd of August that the battle of Bosworth was fought—that conflict which closed the sanguinary tragedy of the contentions between the houses of York and Lancaster. Richard, with a royal crown

upon his helmet, marshalled his troops ; and after exhorting them to do their duty bravely, the battle joined. But scarcely had the first shock of onset been given, when it was shown how little dependence could be placed upon the fidelity of the tyrant's forces. The largest part of them did not strike one stroke ; the earl of Northumberland withdrew his men, and looked on, as if he had been contemplating a holiday spectacle—and Stanley, who had hovered at a distance with his numerous forces, to the great perplexity of both armies, all at once turned the beam by throwing himself into the scale of Richmond. All that mortal skill and bravery could now accomplish on the part of Richard was unavailing : he saw that his last hour was come, and he rallied all his energies for a home blow of vengeance, if not of victory. Laying his lance in the rest, and shouting ' Treason, treason ! ' he dashed amidst his adversaries, and at the first charge transfixed Sir William Brandon, Richmond's standard-bearer, so that man and banner rolled in the dust. He then unhorsed Sir John Cheyny, a knight of gigantic stature and strength, and seeing Richmond himself at no great distance, he drew his sword, and fought his way through the press, in the hope of grappling with his rival. But Stanley interposed, and surrounded him with all his forces, and Richard perished, desperately fighting to the last, and looking terrible even in death. His lifeless body after the battle was dragged from amidst a heap of slain, and the battered coronet was torn from his temples, and placed upon the head of the earl of Richmond, who was instantly saluted king. In consequence of the apathy or desertion of Richard's followers, this contest was short, and attended with less bloodshed than most of those engagements that have changed a royal dynasty, as the slain upon both sides scarcely amounted to 1500. The nation was now so weary of that dreadful civil contention by which it had been torn in pieces, that it gladly recognised the claim of the successful competitor, notwithstanding the defective nature of his title, and the smallness of his army, so that after the victory of Bosworth, Henry proceeded to exercise the royal authority without opposition. He was crowned on the 20th of October, and on the beginning of the following year (1486), he married the princess Elizabeth, by which the contending claims of the rival houses were united in his own person.

CHAPTER IX.

*From the accession of Henry VII. to the death of
Queen Elizabeth.*

ALTHOUGH Henry VII. endeavoured to reconcile the Yorkists to his accession by marrying the daughter of Edward IV., the violence of party feeling, which had ruled for so long a period, could not so suddenly subside. The adherents of the house of York, who were still very numerous, looked with a jealous eye upon the king because he was a Lancasterian; and they hated him for the reservedness of his manners, and the severity with which he watched every movement of the old friends of Richard and Edward. Their chief object therefore was to set up some person of the former royal line under whom the claims of their faction might be revived; and for this purpose they pitched upon the name of the young earl of Warwick, son of the duke of Clarence. The earl himself had been a prisoner in the Tower from infancy, and was therefore inaccessible to the Yorkists; but as it was easy to find some one to personate him, a youth named Lambert Simnel, the natural son of a baker, was selected for the purpose. Him they carefully trained in the deceit, and then they sent him to Ireland, where the people were ignorant of the person of the earl of Warwick. Simnel assumed the title, and played his part to admiration. The Irish were charmed with his beauty and affable manners, and as they had been always devoted to the house of York, they soon mustered a formidable army for the invasion of England. The duchess of Burgundy, also, who, as sister of Edward IV., hated the whole race of Lancaster, lent herself to the deceit, and sent 2000 German soldiers to Ireland, to aid the insurgents. All being now in readiness, the army, to the number of 8000 men, embarked for England, and landed in Lancashire, on the 4th of June, 1487. Henry rapidly assembled his forces, and met the invaders at Stoke, near Newark, on the 16th. A desperate conflict ensued, in which the valour of the rebels, who expected no mercy if they were defeated, and the veteran skill of Martin Swartz, who commanded the German auxiliaries, kept the victory in suspense for three hours. It was even

thought at one period, that the cause of Henry was on the brink of ruin, for his soldiers began to give way. But the Irish kerns, who had no defensive armour, fell in heaps before the English archers, and were at last put to flight. The earl of Sincoln, lords Lovel and Gerardine, Martin Swartz, and sir Thomas Broughton, fell, with 4000 of their followers, while the loss of the king was about 2000. As for Lambert Simnel, who had been crowned in the cathedral of Dublin with a diadem taken from the head of the Virgin, he was made prisoner; and Henry—as if to illustrate the shortness of the step from the sublime to the ridiculous, sent the lad to the royal kitchen, where he was usefully employed as a turnspit, from which office he was afterwards promoted to that of falconer.

The faction opposed to the king were not to be daunted by the failure of one conspiracy, and a new impostor was brought forward to personate the duke of York, youngest son to Edward IV. who had been smothered in the Tower by command of Richard III. This was Perkin Warbeck, a native of Tourney, who, personating the young prince, recited a plausible tale of his escape from the Tower, and his subsequent wanderings and hardships, while he astonished even the most sceptical by his vivid recollections of the court and person of Edward IV. The duchess of Burgundy received the youth with rapture as her long-lost nephew, and after furnishing him with money, she sent him to Ireland, to restore the ruined line of Plantagenet. But the Irish, who still smarted under the defeat at Stoke, wisely kept aloof on this occasion, upon which Warbeck repaired to Paris, where he was at first received by the French king with royal honours, but soon dismissed without ceremony, when peace was about to be proclaimed between France and England. The youthful vagabond then took refuge in the court of Burgundy, whither the malcontent Yorkists repaired, to do homage to their royal chieftain. When the plot had ripened for action, Warbeck, through the aid of the duchess, mustered a considerable force of desperate men belonging to different nations, and landed in Kent, near Sandwich, on the 3rd of July, 1495. But the inhabitants were so dismayed at the sight of his motley array, that instead of joining him, they took 150 of his men prisoners, who were all hanged by the king's orders, for

an example. He then tried Ireland once more, but with no better fortune than at first ; upon which he repaired to the court of Scotland, where he was more successful ; James IV. being completely cajoled by the melancholy tale and engaging manners of the pretended prince, to whom he gave in marriage his own kinswoman, lady Catherine Gordon, daughter of the earl of Huntley, one of the most beautiful and accomplished ladies in Scotland. James now raised a powerful army, and marched into England in October, 1496, accompanied by Warbeck, who published a manifesto to his loving English subjects, stating his claims to their allegiance. But the craft and cruelty of Henry were now so well known and dreaded, that the summons was ineffectual ; and James, on finding the people so lukewarm, began to suspect that he had been deceived, and therefore marched home with the adventurer in his company.

As the Scots had wrought great havoc upon the English borders during their expedition, Henry applied to parliament for money to carry on a war of retaliation, upon which £120,000 was granted, to be levied under certain restrictions. But the king, in whom avarice was a predominant passion, began to collect the money with the severity of a usurer, and the semi-barbarous people of Cornwall broke out into open rebellion. A large multitude armed with miscellaneous weapons marched through the counties of Devon and Somerset, and being joined by lord Audley, who became their leader, they advanced within sight of the capital, and encamped on Blackheath. In this emergency, Henry recalled lord Daubeney and his troops from the north, and was so superior in numbers, that he divided his army into three squadrons, to enclose the insurgents on every side. On the 22nd of June (1495), the men of Cornwall were attacked by the royal troops, and so completely routed after a brave but unavailing resistance, that 2000 were killed, and almost all who survived were taken prisoners. The ringleaders only were sent to execution, while the king allowed his soldiers to ransom their captives at two or three shillings a head. During this commotion, England was again invaded by the Scots, who besieged Norham castle, and plundered the neighbourhood ; but on hearing that the earl of Surrey was approaching at the head of 20,000 soldiers, they retreated

into Scotland. Surrey then marched a few miles across the border, where he demolished the paltry castle of Aytton, and then returned to Berwick. It was contrary to the interests of Henry to prosecute this war while he was disturbed by the machinations of the Yorkists: he therefore entered into a treaty of peace with the Scottish king, in consequence of which Warbeck was gently informed that he must seek an asylum elsewhere. The fugitive then repaired to Ireland with his amiable wife, and about 120 followers; but finding himself neglected, he resolved to try the affection of the people of Cornwall, who, notwithstanding their late defeat and pardon, were still ready for insurrection. He landed at Whitsand Bay on the 7th of September, 1498, and was joined by 3000 of the discontented, upon which he laid siege to Exeter; but he soon showed that he was as unfit for action, as he was unable to be at rest. The men of Exeter made a stout defence, and compelled him to raise the siege; and on hearing that the royal forces were marching against him, he completely lost heart, and fled from his faithful followers, to take sanctuary in the monastery of Bewly, upon which the insurgents submitted to the king. As for Warbeck, who had shown such a lack of royal spirit, he was paraded through the streets of London by the king's orders, amidst the hootings and taunts of the populace; he was obliged to give a full confession of his false pretences and imposture, and after this exposure he was committed to the Tower. He then attempted to escape from prison, but was discovered, tried, condemned, and executed; and the unfortunate earl of Warwick, who had been entangled by him in the same design, was beheaded a few days after. Thus perished the last hopes of the Yorkists to shake the throne of Henry, whose subsequent reign was one of uninterrupted peace, and in which his sole occupation was to extort and hoard up money. He died at Richmond on the 21st of April, 1509, in the fifty-fourth year of his age, and twenty-fourth of his reign.

In the course of our history, we have deemed it unnecessary to allude to a powerful agent occasionally used in the conflicts of the middle ages, and which was now beginning to change the whole character of warfare. This was gunpowder, which seems to have been used by the English in the reign of Edward III. when that mo-

narch made a campaign against the Scots A. D. 1327. On that occasion Barbour, the rhyming historian of Robert Bruce, mentions cannon, which he calls ‘crackys of war.’ These instruments were also used at the battle of Crecy, where four pieces were planted on a little hill; and although they do not appear to have done much execution, they astonished the French soldiers with their alarming noise. As we proceed in the history of England, we find more frequent allusions to gunpowder, and its uses, which were yearly becoming more prevalent; but the application of such a tremendous power was still so imperfect, that it had little effect upon the fate of a battle. The first weapon of fire-arms was the cannon, or as it was then called the bombard, which was wholly made of iron bars, or pieces of iron fitted together lengthways, and hooped with iron rings, and the cannon balls were made of stone. These engines, however, were so clumsily fabricated, that they were almost as dangerous to friends as enemies, being liable to burst; and from an accident of this nature, James II. of Scotland was killed by one of his own cannon at the siege of Roxburgh, A. D. 1459. About the middle of the fifteenth century, cannon began to be cast in one piece, and were formed of a mixed metal instead of iron. These pieces went under several names according to their calibre, such as cannon, culverines, falcons, serpentines, &c. and as the process of pointing and discharging them was both slow and uncertain, they were more depended upon in the operations of a siege, than the more rapid emergencies of a field engagement.

The first attempt to use hand artillery was made at the end of the fourteenth century, and the contrivance was of the rudest description. A portable piece called a hand-cannon was contrived, which was carried by two men, and fired from a rest fixed in the ground. At this period of our history, (Henry VII.) the musket had been invented, and introduced into armies; but it was so clumsy, that it had to be laid on a rest before it could be discharged; and although the bullet could break through every kind of defensive armour, yet the piece was so long in loading, and the match with which it was fired was liable to so many accidents, that the long-bow still continued to be the favourite and effective artillery of England. In spite therefore of the irresistible powers of gunpowder, knights

and men-at-arms still retained the heavy panoply, and cultivated the usages, of the early chivalrous ages.

The accession of Henry VIII. was marked by such favourable circumstances as few of his predecessors had enjoyed. He was in his eighteenth year, handsome, learned, and accomplished. With an overflowing treasury, he possessed the love of his subjects; there was no competitor to the throne, and the nation was at peace with Europe. But Europe itself was up in arms, through the plots of Ferdinand of Spain and pope Julius II. against France; and it was deemed of high importance that the young, wealthy, and powerful king of England should be included in the league against Louis XII. Ferdinand, who was Henry's father-in-law, undertook a negotiation for this purpose, and succeeded. Henry was delighted with the flatteries of the pontiff, and the prospect of the title of Most Christian King, which Louis was declared to have forfeited; and he began to prepare for war with great activity, while the nation was equally gratified with the prospect of new victories and conquests in France. An army of 10,000 men, chiefly archers, was raised, and embarked at Southampton on the 16th of May, 1512, under the command of the marquis of Dorset; but on arriving at Guipiscoa, no traces of that Spanish army was to be found which was to have joined the English on their landing. Ferdinand, who had brought matters to this point, had purposes in view to which his allies were to be passively and unconsciously subservient. Instead therefore of joining them with his forces for the conquest of Guienne, according to agreement, he fell upon the kingdom of Navarre, and conquered it in a few months. In the mean time the English, who could not proceed without their ally, remained impatient and inactive in their camp at Fontenabia, until Guienne was fortified, and the opportunity lost. Thus the selfish Ferdinand had merely used them to keep the French in check until his conquest of Navarre was completed, after which their presence was of no farther service; and they returned home in December discontented, and diminished in numbers, amidst the indignant murmurs of the whole country.

Henry, equally undaunted and untaught by this example, resolved to prosecute the war with France by land and sea, and his continental allies agreed to second

his measures with all their forces ; but in this they only designed, like Ferdinand, to use him for their tool. He also endeavoured to prevail upon his brother-in-law, James IV. of Scotland, to enter into his measures, but the Scottish king preferred the ancient alliance with France—upon which Henry added James to the list of his enemies. England was now preparing at one and the same time for an offensive war with France, and a defensive one with Scotland, so that while the wardens were assembling their forces upon the borders, fleets were preparing and troops were mustering at the sea-ports. On June 30th, Henry set sail from Dover with a strong reinforcement to his army before Terouenne, and upon his absence the storm burst from Scotland upon the English border. The king of France had been soliciting the Scottish monarch to make a diversion in his behalf, and James had listened and deliberated ; but when the French queen also joined in the request, his chivalrous feelings overcame his political calculations. She sent him a ring from her own finger, conjuring him, as her knight, to risk one day's march into England for her sake ; and lest want of funds should interfere with such a deed, she accompanied the gem with 14,000 golden crowns. James therefore sent a fierce defiance to Henry in his camp of Terouenne, and then prepared for war upon an extensive scale, by summoning the whole military array of the kingdom to meet him at Edinburgh, with provisions for forty days. He entered England with one of the best armies that had ever followed a Scottish king, and took several border castles, among which was that of Ford ; but in this last place was a fair syren, the wife of the castellan, whose blandishments delayed his proceedings, so that his army, from want of provisions, began to melt away. In the mean time the earl of Surrey, who had mustered a numerous array, advanced to defend the English frontiers, and sent a challenge to the Scottish king to abide his coming in the open field ; but James, who should have retired before such a force, ended as he had commenced, in the spirit of a knight errant. He accepted the challenge against the remonstrances of his best counsellors, and proceeded, with the infatuation of a man doomed to ruin, to prepare for the conflict. The only evidence he gave of reflection was, to take up a strong position on the hill of Flodden, where his flanks

were inaccessible, and his front defended by the river Till; so that when Surrey advanced, he found an attack impossible, and would soon have been compelled to retreat from want of provisions, had James but exercised a little patience. But Surrey determined to bring on an action under less formidable obstacles, by turning the flank of the Scots, and placing himself between them and their own country; and James, who might have attacked and routed the English during this dangerous manœuvre, looked on like an unconcerned spectator. The earl was allowed to execute his plan, so that he confronted the rear of the Scottish army, while only a gentle slope intervened; and then, when it was too late, James set fire to his tents, and advanced to battle amidst thick clouds of smoke. The English were divided into two battles, each of which had two wings; the Scots into five battles drawn up in line, about a bow-shot from each other. The engagement began at four in the afternoon, (September 9th, 1513), by a desperate attack of Huntley and Home upon a part of the English van, which they routed, and chased from the field. But the cavalry under lord Daeres advancing to the rescue, checked the victorious progress of the two earls, of whom, Huntley's followers were at last defeated, while those of Home, being chiefly borderers, had thrown themselves upon the spoil. The centre of both armies, headed by the king and the earl of Surrey, now joined battle; but James, instead of keeping aloof, and watching the changes of the combat, rushed into the fore-front of the conflict, like a common man-at-arms eager to display his personal prowess, while his nobles, ashamed to forsake him, were obliged to follow his example. The Highland divisions of the right wing of the Scots now rushed down to the melee, headed by the earls of Lennox and Argyle, but were met with such a terrible shower of arrows, against which they had no defence, that they were eager to come to blows with their axes and broad swords. They therefore hurried forward like madmen, and threw themselves in a mass upon the enemy. The shock for a moment was tremendous, but the English squares recovered, and stood firm; they then attacked in turn with such uniform vigour, that the undisciplined half-armed Gael were soon trampled down in heaps, or scattered over the field. Sir Edward Stanley after this success immediately wheeled, and at-

tacked the Scottish vanguard in the rear, while it was engaged with Surrey in front. The situation of James was now desperate, his thinned and exhausted ranks were completely surrounded; but in that trying moment there was no thought of fear, or word of surrender—the nobles, who forgot his rashness, and thought only of his amiable qualities, fought by his side, and fell at his feet. Amidst this confusion, the darkness of night at last gathered over the field, and the combatants separated; the English remaining under arms during the night, uncertain as yet on what side the victory had fallen. But this was too sadly known to the Scots, who stole homeward during the darkness in confused groups without a chief to head them. Ten thousand men had fallen on each side; but the defeat and loss were wholly on that of Scotland, for not only her king had perished, but her chief nobility, so that every house of name deplored the death of a relative, while some were wholly extirpated. Although the body of James, in a frightfully mangled condition, was dragged from amidst a heap of slain, and afterwards interred by the English at Richmond, the Scots still persisted in believing that he had escaped from the carnage, and that he would return to their aid in the hour of extremity. They showed however their superiority to despair more wisely, by adopting energetic measures for the national defence, and every citizen of Edinburgh was ready to muster at the sound of the bell: but Surrey, instead of intending an invasion, had only contemplated the defence of the borders, which was now effectually secured.

In the mean time, Henry, who had commenced the siege of Terouenne, notwithstanding the secession of his allies, was interrupted in his proceedings by the arrival of a French army to relieve the town. Every preparation was made for battle; but the French cavalry, after a brilliant charge, in which they succeeded in throwing some gunpowder within reach of the besieged, wheeled round to regain their main body. They were pursued however so closely by the English mounted archers and several squadrons of German horse, that their retreat was soon changed into a headlong flight, while their bravest commanders, among whom was the chevalier Bayard, disdaining to fly, were made prisoners. Henry congratulated his illustrious captives on the activity of their sol-

diers, at which the light-hearted Frenchmen laughed, declaring that the whole affair had been only a battle of spurs—by which name the engagement has been ever since distinguished. But the king was not skilful enough to avail himself of this panic; and he showed still greater fatuity in wasting time upon the siege of such a paltry town as Terouenne, instead of marching forward to co-operate with 20,000 Swiss, whom he had hired to aid him, and who were now besieging Dijon, the capital of Burgundy. Terouenne surrendered; but Henry, instead of pursuing his success by more important achievements, laid siege to Tournay, at the suggestion of Maximilian the emperor, who was now moving the king of England for his own ends as successfully as Ferdinand had done in the previous campaign. In a few days, this town also surrendered; but the Swiss, who were disgusted with such dilatory and inconclusive proceedings, concluded a separate peace with the king of France, and abandoned their capricious ally. Nothing farther could be done, as the season for action had expired; and therefore Henry, after a few tournaments and military pageants, which were more to his taste than real warfare, returned to England on the 22d of October. Even had he been now inclined to follow up the victory of Flodden by an invasion of Scotland, he would have found the attempt impracticable, as the Scots had recovered from the blow, while his funds were exhausted by his late frivolous campaign.

1544.—It would neither be instructive nor yet amusing to trace the progress of Henry VIII. during a course of years, in which he was alternately the ally of Francis I. and Charles V. During the fierce wars between these great potentates, he might have become the successful umpire, and given peace to Europe; but, instead of this, he was alternately the dupe of either, according as his passions or his counsellor Wolsey suggested. Thus, from being one of the richest, he became one of the poorest monarchs of Christendom, and yet, with a body unwieldy from corpulence and disease, and an empty exchequer, his voice was still for war. He entered this year into an agreement with Charles V. for the complete conquest and partition of France; and although two or three similar plans had already failed, yet by this one, which was to be infallible, Charles was to penetrate

the country by Champagne, and Henry by Picardy, while no pause was to be made on either side until they had fought their way into Paris, where they were to dispose of the French monarchy according to their own good pleasure. But, after Henry had mustered 30,000 soldiers, by imposts under which the land groaned, and been reinforced by 15,000 auxiliaries from the emperor, he blundered upon the very threshold, by laying siege to the town of Boulogne, notwithstanding the impatient remonstrances of his ally. This paltry affair detained him for two months, during which the opportunity of action was lost; and the emperor, in despair of such an associate, at last made a separate peace for himself, and left Henry to shift as he could. Henry, therefore, after having won the town of Boulogne at an expense of 400,000 pounds of English money, found himself forsaken and incapable of any farther enterprise; upon which he returned to England greatly impoverished, and complaining of the emperor's perfidiousness.

While France had been the prize of Henry's ambition, his view had been directed with equal cupidity towards Scotland, the discontented nobles of which he allured to his cause by weighty bribes and pensions. In this manner he had sown dissensions in the court of James V., and on the death of that unfortunate, broken-hearted monarch, he hoped to unite Scotland to England by a marriage between Mary, the infant daughter of James, and his son Edward. But this wise scheme was defeated by the impetuous, arbitrary manner in which he prosecuted it, so that the proud-spirited Scots were alarmed at his boisterous style of courtship, and naturally stood upon their defence. When he left England on his blundering expedition to Boulogne, he had given a commission to his lieutenants to invade Scotland both by land and sea; and this was done accordingly, so that both the coast and inland country were wasted with fire and sword. But this kind of warfare only made the Scots more unanimous in their resistance, and even those nobles who had been enriched with English pensions took up arms against the invaders. Of this description was the earl of Angus, now the head of the Douglasses, who, by his marriage with the widow of James IV., was brother-in-law to the king of England. Henry had granted most of the lands of this powerful nobleman to Sir Ralph

Evre, if he could win them; upon which, Angus swore that he would write Sir Ralph a seisin upon his skin with sharp pens and in bloody characters. Evre had laid waste the border, and advanced to Melrose, the beautiful abbey of which he defaced, and made wild havoc among the tombs of the Douglasses; and Angus, burning with rage, mustered a few followers, with whom he followed the route of the English to Ancrum Moor, on the Teviot. As the latter amounted to 6000 men, among whom were included about 600 Scottish borderers, Angus, whose force was not a third of that number, did not venture an attack until he was joined by Sir Walter Scott, the veteran chief of Buccleuch, with 1200 spearmen. His forces were still greatly inferior to the English, and by the advice of Sir Walter he repaired his defect in numbers by an ingenious manœuvre. A part of his troops was dismounted and placed in concealment, while a troop of camp boys were set upon the horses, and posted on the summit of the hill, to look like a second army. The English advanced to the attack on horseback, expecting to ride down what seemed a feeble array at a single charge; but before they could ascend the hill, they found themselves in the midst of a phalanx of Scottish spearmen, who started from their ambush, and closed upon the front and wings of the assailants. The dense array of their ranks, and the superior length of their weapons, were a complete overmatch on this occasion for the English, who gave way after a short conflict; and in the rout which followed, not only the peasantry, but even the women and children, rose upon the fugitives, and slaughtered them without pity, on account of the atrocities with which this invasion had been accompanied. In this engagement, 800 of the English were killed, among whom were the two commanders, Sir Ralph Evre and Sir Brian Latoun, and 1000 were taken prisoners.

On the death of Henry VIII., which occurred on the 28th of January, 1547, his favourite scheme of obtaining possession of Scotland by a matrimonial alliance was not abandoned; and the duke of Somerset, who was appointed to the protectorship of England during the minority of Edward VI., urged the proposal of marriage between his young sovereign and Mary Stuart with great ardour. But while the duke was at the head of

the Reformation in England, the cause of Rome still predominated in Scotland, and accordingly the Scottish nobles were induced to refuse the application. Upon this, the protector resolved to accomplish the measure by force of arms, and collected an army of 20,000 men and a fleet of sixty-five vessels, with which he invaded Scotland at the end of August. The land forces, after ravaging the country as they advanced, encamped in the neighbourhood of Preston Pans, where a communication was kept up with their fleet, which had entered the Frith of Forth, and anchored over-against Leith. A Scottish army, equal in number to that of England, had been assembled for the defence of Edinburgh, and lay encamped within two miles of the invaders; and after a few preliminary skirmishes, both parties prepared for battle on Saturday, the 10th of September—a day long remembered in Scotland under the title of ‘Black Saturday.’ The Scots, who were fired with religious as well as national hatred against their enemies, were only eager that they should not escape, on which account they rashly abandoned their strong position, and advanced to the attack. Before they came to close combat, they were staggered by the artillery of the English, and by a flanking fire from the admiral’s galley, that threw them into considerable disorder; but they still pressed impatiently forward, brandishing their long spears, and crying out, ‘Come on, English heretics!’ Such was the force of their onset, that for a few moments the victory seemed to be their own. The cavalry, in which kind of force the English were strongest, began to fly, while their leader, lord Grey, was severely wounded; and Somerset himself had some thoughts of sounding a retreat, but on this occasion the earl of Warwick succeeded in restoring the confidence both of leader and soldiers. The English were rallied, and became assailants in turn; their artillery, which was admirably pointed and served, made fearful gaps among the Scottish ranks; and their cavalry, burning with revenge on account of their temporary defeat, seconded the effects of the cannon by an impetuous onset. The Scots at first slowly gave back; but on being vigorously followed, their retreat was turned into a perfect rout. The country far and wide was thronged with fugitives flying to Leith, to Edinburgh, or Dalkeith; while the fields were bestrewn with their wea-

pons, which they threw away to expedite their escape, and with the bodies of those who were overtaken and trampled down by the English cavalry. Thirteen thousand Scots are said to have perished in the flight and pursuit, while only 1500 were taken prisoners—a circumstance which shows the intensity of hatred with which the English were animated on the occasion. This engagement has been commonly called the battle of Pinkie, from the mansion of that name which stood in the neighbourhood. It was now expected that Somerset would follow up his success, and for a short time he seemed inclined to undertake the sieges both of Leith and Edinburgh. But the spirit of the Scots was not to be subdued by even a deadlier defeat than that of Pinkie; and they prepared themselves, as they had done after the battle of Flodden, for a stubborn and unanimous resistance. The protector, therefore, instead of advancing, commenced his march for England, and crossed the Tweed on the 29th. His victory, also, so far from having accomplished the matrimonial union of the two crowns, extinguished every prospect of such an event; for on a proposal being made by the French court to unite the infant queen of Scotland in marriage with the dauphin, the measure was gladly assented to by the Scottish nobles, in consequence of which a powerful French force was sent to their aid; and Mary Stuart, now in her sixth year, was sent to the court of France, to be educated as its future queen. Somerset, in consequence of this disappointment, was eager for revenge, and repeatedly sent troops into Scotland; but the courage of the people had now recovered so completely, and the aid of the French veterans was so effective, that these invasions, which were conducted upon a small scale, were wholly abortive, and in most cases attended with signal defeat.

No English military movement of importance occurred during the rest of the short life of Edward VI. or the reign of his sister Mary. The chief contention that now raged was a war of religious opinions, in the intensity of which the grounds of political strife were reduced to mere secondary importance. An event which accelerated the final downfall of popery in England, was the taking of Calais by the French. This town, the chief acquisition of Edward III., had since that early period remained in

possession of the English, and although it was comparatively valueless, it had continued to be held at a great expense as a trophy of the former conquest of France. From an idea that it was impregnable during the winter season, the garrison at that time was always greatly reduced, a circumstance that did not escape the attention of the active and enterprising duke of Guise, who unexpectedly appeared before the walls with a large army on the 1st of January, 1558. The defenders were so few that they could offer no effectual resistance, and in eight days their enemies were masters of a town which had been in possession of England for 211 years. The triumph of the French on this occasion could only be equalled by the grief and rage of the English. But the latter might have consoled themselves with the thought, that by such an event a most pernicious reign was drawn more speedily to a close. Towards the end of the year Mary sickened and died, declaring to her attendants with her last breath, that when she was opened they would find Calais lying in her heart.

On the succession of the sagacious and lion-hearted Elizabeth, A. D. 1558, the situation of England was critical in the extreme. The principles of the Reformation had now made such progress, that they were entertained by the majority of the people; but still so large a portion of the ancient aristocracy, as well as the commons, adhered to the church of Rome, that a civil war seemed to be at hand. Had the queen in this case possessed the temper of her headstrong father, or her bigotted sister, such a result would have been inevitable, and the atrocities of the religious wars of France would have been repeated in England. But fortunately for the country, Elizabeth was so temperate, or rather so cool upon the subject, that her adherence to the Reformation was at first only suspected, rather than ascertained; and her measures were so prudent, that the hopes and fears of both parties were held in suspense, whilst she laid the foundations of Protestantism, and silently raised the superstructure. Thus when the ancient institutions of the national faith had been stealthily sapped, and were about to fall, its adherents awoke as from a dream, only to discover that their opportunity had elapsed, and that all resistance must be hopeless. Such was the general nature of the wars of Elizabeth. The land was daily in-

creasing in resources, and assuming a higher importance among the nations of Europe—but it was not amidst the clash of arms, and the blaze of military triumphs. The mighty fabric, under her politic administration, rose in silence like the temple of Solomon, where the sound of the axe and hammer was unheard. Another circumstance which divested her reign of great and striking military events was, the existence of a new aggressive power, which was now to constitute the right arm of British warfare. This was the navy, which she summoned from the comparative obscurity in which it had hitherto languished, and to which she owed her greatest safety and success; and therefore the chief exploits of her long reign are of a naval character, and were achieved by the Howards, the Drakes, the Raleighs, and the Forbishers, whose abilities she so ably discovered and employed.*

When Elizabeth had composed the dissensions of England, and found herself firmly established upon the throne, she naturally turned her attention to Scotland, where the war of religious opinion was at its height. In this country, also, the Roman Catholic party would now have formed a considerable minority, but for the countenance of Mary of Guise, widow of James V. and regent of the kingdom, and the aid of France, which of all nations had now become the most zealous of propagandists; and although the protestant nobles and their followers were numerous and brave, they were no match for Mary in diplomacy, or for her French veterans in military science. The latter had fortified themselves so strongly in Leith, that all the efforts of the Scottish lords could not dislodge them; and in this emergency they applied for aid to the powerful and protestant queen of England. Elizabeth at first was cautious in committing

* As the present work is designed to serve as an accompaniment to the British Naval Biography, this circumstance will account for the transitory notice or total omission of naval affairs during the progress of our military narrative. As the rise also of our maritime greatness may be dated from the destruction of the Spanish Armada, it will be seen why so large a portion of Military Biography should precede that most important epoch. After the reign of queen Elizabeth, the history of our country is chiefly a naval history, and from that period therefore our Naval Biography commences its chief details. It is thus hoped that the two volumes will be found to supply and illustrate each other, and comprise a complete account of the rise and progress of British dominion both by land and sea, from the invasion of Julius Cæsar to the present period.

herself, as open measures would have embroiled her with France ; she however supplied the applicants in secret with many encouragements and some money, by which they were enabled to persevere. At last, when so open a measure could be hazarded with safety, 6000 English soldiers were sent to Scotland, in April 1560, to co-operate with the army of the protestant lords, while an English fleet blockaded the port of Leith to prevent the arrival of succours from France. But although the French garrison, which amounted to no more than 3000 men, was thus cooped up by land and sea, it gallantly maintained the town, and inflicted severe losses upon the numerous assailants. The English and Scots, indeed, showed no lack of their ancient courage and hardihood, and on this occasion they fought for the first time side by side, inspired by national emulation as well as religious zeal ; but during a long interval of comparative peace their discipline had been neglected, while their French antagonists had been perfected in military science in the great wars of the continent. The only hope of the besiegers therefore was to reduce the garrison by famine, and as Elizabeth continued to send more troops and money, they were enabled to persevere, notwithstanding the terrible losses which they sustained in every sortie. At last, after a resistance had been made the gallantry of which was famed throughout Europe, and when all their provisions were consumed, the garrison reluctantly surrendered upon honourable terms, on the 7th of July. The governor d'Oisel, as soon as the conditions were settled, politely invited the Scotch and English captains to a banquet ; and there, to their astonishment, they were regaled with a rich variety of thirty or forty dishes. But all this display of luxury was produced from the flesh of a powdered horse, and a few herbs gathered from the trenches, or the tops of the old walls. It was no wonder that brave warriors, so skilled alike in cookery and fortification, were able to maintain themselves against the forces of two kingdoms, and at last obtain a free passage to France in English vessels. One circumstance that accelerated the surrender was, the death of Mary of Guise, who died in Edinburgh castle on the 10th of June. Elizabeth was by no means disinterested in thus sending aid to the protestant Scots against their foreign enemies and domestic oppressors.

On the contrary, it gave her a claim in the management of Scottish affairs, which she took care to use for her own interests; and by successfully fomenting the quarrels of different parties, she was enabled, under the character of a mediator, to reduce all to her arbitration. In this manner she contrived, during the several regencies and afterwards in the reign of James VI., to establish a more complete ascendancy over Scotland than had ever been effected by the bravest and most successful of her predecessors.

The great talents of Elizabeth, and the wise ministers by whom she was surrounded, not only sufficed to keep the two rival kingdoms in a state of peace, but prevented those numerous wars with continental powers in which her position would otherwise have involved her. Her brave admirals and well-manned ships kept foreign enemies aloof, and inspired a dread of English prowess, especially after the destruction of the Spanish Armada, which had been hitherto unfelt among the nations of Europe. Indeed, it was only when she remembered her sex too well, and acted like a very woman, that she tarnished the glory of her reign and detracted from the merits of her own character. Such was the case in her hostility to the unfortunate Mary Stuart, whom she persecuted to the death for her superior beauty and accomplishments; and such was also the case when she translated her carpet-knight the earl of Leicester into a general, and sent him to the aid of the United Provinces, at the end of the year 1585. This gay courtier, who was pitted against the duke of Parma, one of the best generals of Spain, squandered away the chances of the campaign in a series of irretrievable blunders; but it is questionable if even success itself would have atoned for the loss of the brave and accomplished Sir Philip Sidney, the ornament of the court, and pride of the nation, who prematurely fell in a hopeless engagement before the walls of Zutphen. After a long and glorious administration, Elizabeth died on the 24th of March, 1603, in the seventieth year of her age, and forty-fifth of her reign.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

THIS gallant officer, who was the son of Sir Henry Sidney, by Mary, the eldest daughter of John Dudley, duke of Northumberland, distinguished himself very early at the court of Elizabeth; for, after having made the tour of Europe, he was esteemed such an accomplished young gentleman, that in the year 1576, when he was but in the twenty-second year of his age, he was sent by the queen to congratulate Rodolph II., emperor of Germany, on his accession to the imperial throne; and in his way home he visited don John of Austria, governor of the Low Countries, a most haughty prince, accustomed to treat all foreigners with insolent contempt. Sir Philip Sidney, therefore, met with a very cool reception; but afterwards, upon the report of his courtiers, that he was a gentleman of great learning and knowledge of the world, though so young, the governor condescended to converse with him, and from that time he showed him every possible mark of respect and esteem.

Sir Philip possessed the ancient spirit of British freedom, which he exerted manfully upon all occasions, particularly when a quarrel happened between him and the earl of Oxford at the royal tennis court, which was carried to such lengths that the queen interposed, and told Sidney 'to consider the difference in degree between earls and gentlemen; adding, that princes were under a necessity to support the privileges of those on whom they conferred titles and dignities; and that, if gentlemen contemned the nobility, it would teach peasants to insult both.' To which he made the following reply, with due reverence: 'That rank was never intended for privilege to wrong; witness her majesty herself, who, how sovereign soever she were by throne, birth, education, and nature, yet was she content to cast her own affections into the same moulds with her subjects, and govern all her prerogatives by their laws; and he besought her majesty to consider, that although the earl of Oxford were a great lord by birth, alliance, and favour, yet he was no lord over him; and therefore, the differ-

ence in degrees between free men could challenge no other homage but precedence.'

With the same independent spirit he wrote an elegant Latin letter to the queen, containing the soundest arguments, founded on the principles of general policy, and the constitution of the kingdom, dissuading her from the marriage then nearly concluded between her majesty and the duke of Anjou; which letter was well received, and is preserved in the British Museum.

But his natural fire and vivacity made him scorn the idle life of a courtier, and led him on to the field of military glory; the queen, therefore, by the recommendation of Walsingham, whose daughter he had married, and of his uncle, the earl of Leicester, appointed him governor of Flushing, and lieutenant-general of the horse. Being arrived in Zealand, he formed a close friendship and intimacy with Maurice, son of the prince of Orange, and in conjunction with him entered Flanders, and took Axel by surprise. Though the prince is named in this enterprise, yet the honour of the contrivance and the execution of it is generally ascribed to Sidney, who revived the ancient discipline of silent order on the march: and by this conduct his soldiers were enabled to scale the walls in the dead of night, when no enemy was expected. Having succeeded so far, a chosen band made directly to the guard chamber on the market place, took the officers prisoners, and thus became masters of the place before the commandant, who had the keys of the town in his bed-chamber, had the least notice of the surprise.

Encouraged by this success, he made an attempt upon Gravelines; but the design proved abortive, through the treachery of La Motte, the commanding officer. His next and last service was at the siege of Zutphen. Here he was constantly engaged in the heat of the action, and signalized himself by prodigies of valour. He had two horses killed under him, and was mounting a third, when he was wounded by a musket-shot from the trenches, which broke the bone of one of his thighs; and being then unable to manage his horse, the faithful steed bore him from the field, 'the noblest bier to carry a martial commander to his grave.' In this agonizing situation he rode to the camp, nearly a mile and a half

distant, and passing by the rest of the army, faint with the loss of blood, he called for drink; but when it was brought to him, as he was putting the bottle to his mouth, he saw a poor soldier carried along more dangerously wounded than himself, who cast a longing eye towards the bottle. The generous, heroic Sidney observing this, gave it to the soldier before he had tasted, saying—‘Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.’ He did not drink until the soldier had been satisfied, and he was then carried to Arnheim, where the principal surgeons were stationed. During sixteen days they entertained hopes of his recovery; but at last, finding that they were not able to extract the ball, and a mortification ensuing, this brave man prepared to meet death with a pious fortitude and resignation, correspondent to the great actions of his life. He expired in the arms of his brother, Sir Robert Sidney, on the 17th of October, 1586, in the thirty-second year of his age.

The states of Zealand requested of the queen that they might have the honour of burying him; but this was refused: and her majesty, in consideration of his uncommon merit, ordered the body to be embarked for England, which was accordingly done, with the usual military honours. It was received in the same manner at the Tower; and after lying in state several days, was interred with great pomp in St. Paul’s cathedral. But, besides his military fame, he left an unfading memorial of his fine genius, in his celebrated romance, entitled ‘Arcadia.’

SIR JOHN PERROT.

SIR JOHN PERROT was the reputed son of Thomas Perrot, Esq. of South Wales, by Mary, the daughter and heiress of James Berkeley, Esq. second son to the lord Berkeley; but it was generally believed that he was the natural son of Henry VIII., whom he greatly resembled both in person and disposition. At the age of eighteen he was received into the house of the marquis of Winchester, lord high treasurer, to complete his education. His reputation for personal valour, strength, and dexterity in martial exercises, which had been his chief

rural sports, reached London before him, and it served to introduce an extraordinary scene in lord Winchester's house on his arrival, which at once discovered the cast of his disposition. One of the young noblemen, the lord of Abergavenny, was so fierce and hasty, that no servant or gentleman in the family could continue quiet for him; but when young Perrot came, his lordship was told there was now a youth arrived who would be more than a match for him. 'Is there such a one?' said he; 'let me see him.' Upon which, being brought where Perrot was, for the first salutation he asked him, 'What, sir, are you the kill-cow that must match me?' 'No,' said Mr. Perrot, 'I am no butcher; but, if you use me no better, you shall find I can give you a butcher's blow.' 'Can you so?' said he; 'I will see that.' And so, being both angry, they fell to blows, till lord Abergavenny found himself overmatched, and was willing to be parted from him; after which, the serving men and others, when they found the young lord unruly, would threaten him with Mr. Perrot.

But this trial of their skill produced for a time a respectful behaviour to each other, which ripened into a short-lived friendship: being founded, however, only on a forced restraint of their fiery tempers, it was not likely to be permanent. Accordingly, having agreed to make a joint entertainment for their common acquaintance, on the day appointed they quarrelled, upon what subject is not known, and repairing to the buffet, wherein they had provided good store of glasses, before their guests came, they broke them all about each other's ears; so that when they arrived, instead of wine, they found blood spilled in the chamber, and the reproaches of their mutual friends only served to widen the breach between them.

Shortly after, it was Mr. Perrot's fortune to go into Southwark (as it was supposed to a house of pleasure), taking only a page with him, where he fell out with two of the king's yeomen. They both drew on him; but he defended himself so valiantly, that the king, being then at Winchester House, near the place, was told how lustily a young gentleman had fought with two of his majesty's servants. Henry being desirous to see him, sent for him, and demanded his name, country, and kindred. This being boldly related, it pleased the king

very highly to see so much valour and audacity in so young a man; and therefore he desired him to repair to the court, where he would bestow preferment on him. It is highly probable that Perrot took this opportunity of giving the king some intimation of his affinity to him. Henry died soon after this interview, and it is beyond a doubt, by the early notice taken of him at the court of Edward VI., that he left some private instructions concerning this youth: for, at the coronation, he was made a knight of the Bath; and soon after, when the marquis of Southampton went into France to treat of a marriage betwixt king Edward and the French king's daughter, Sir John Perrot accompanied him.

The marquis being a nobleman who delighted much in all feats of activity, keeping the most expert men that could be found for most kinds of sport, the king of France understanding this, engaged him to hunt the wild boar; and, in the chase, it fell out that a gentleman charging the boar did not hit right, so that the beast was ready to run in upon him; upon which, Sir John Perrot, perceiving him to be in danger, came in to his rescue, and, with a broad sword, gave the boar such a blow as almost parted the head from the shoulders. The king of France, who saw this, came presently to him, took him about the middle, and, embracing him, called him *Beau-foile*. Our English knight, thinking the king came to try his strength, took his majesty also about the middle, and lifted him up from the ground; with which the king was so far from being displeased, that he offered him a good pension to serve him. To this compliment Sir John Perrot nobly replied, 'That he humbly thanked his majesty, but he was a gentleman that had means of his own; or, if not, he knew he served a gracious prince, who would not see him want, and to whom he had vowed his service during life.'

During the reign of queen Mary, Sir John Perrot was regarded with an unfavourable eye, as a friend of the Reformation, so that his life was chiefly passed in retirement in the country. But his ambition and his hopes revived on the accession of queen Elizabeth, from whom he met with a most gracious reception, and he had the honour to assist at her coronation, being one of the knights who supported her canopy of state in the procession. From this time to the year 1572 nothing memo-

table is related concerning Perrot ; but in that year his valour and activity were employed in the service of his country, and he was appointed lord president of the province of Munster, in Ireland. This province was in a desolate condition, having been laid waste by the earl of Desmond and his accomplices, who were in actual rebellion against the queen ; but chiefly by one Fitzmorris, the earl of Desmond's lieutenant. Sir John landed at Waterford on the 1st of March, 1572 ; and three days after, the rebel Fitzmorris, by way of defiance, burned the town of Kyllmalog, hanged the chief magistrate and others of the townsmen, and carried off all the plate and wealth of the town ; upon which, our new president hastened to Dublin to take his oath before the lord deputy, Sir Henry Sidney, to qualify himself to proceed without delay against this cruel and arrogant rebel. Upon his return to Cork, about the 10th of April following, he instantly marched with his forces to Kyllmalog, where he took up his quarters in a house that had been partly burnt down, and then issued a proclamation, inviting all the inhabitants who had fled to return to their homes, which they did accordingly, and began to build their gates, repair the town walls, and rebuild their houses. After he had properly fortified this place and restored tranquillity, he pursued the rebels from place to place with such diligence, that they never chose to come to a regular battle, only hazarding slight skirmishes where they had the advantage of situation ; which Sir John Perrot observing, he pursued them night and day without remission, even in the midst of winter, and lay out many nights in the field both in frost and snow, enduring such hardships as would hardly have been believed, if two of his followers, men of great credit, had not related them. In less than the space of a year, by continual pursuits, by harassing the rebel army, and by cutting off their communications, he entirely dispersed the power of Fitzmorris, and made him glad to sue for pardon, offering to submit himself to the queen's mercy ; which Sir John Perrot consented to grant, but in the following humiliating manner. Fitzmorris came to Kyllmalog, where, in the church, the lord president caused him to lie prostrate, putting the point of his sword to his heart, in token that he had received his life at the queen's hands. Then he took a solemn oath to con-

tinue a true subject to the crown of England, whereby the province of Munster was restored to as good a state of peace and obedience as any part of Ireland.

The severity Sir John Perrot had exercised in the course of his campaigns, in order to put an end to the rebellion, particularly his hanging up some merchants who supplied the rebel forces with provisions and brandy, and his obliging the earl of Thomond, with other Irish noblemen, whom he suspected to be secret favourers of the rebellion, to follow his camp, occasioned some heavy complaints to be sent home against him, accusing him of abuse of authority. His temper took fire upon the first reproofs transmitted to him from the ministry of England, and without waiting for leave of absence, he suddenly embarked for England, in March 1573. When he came to court, it was thought that the queen would have been highly offended at his coming over without licence. Yet as soon as he appeared before her, and had related the state of Ireland, the particulars of his services, and the cause of his coming over, her majesty commended his conduct, and desired him to return speedily to his charge, lest in his absence some disturbance might arise: to which Sir John answered, that for the general state of the province, it was so well settled that no new commotion on a sudden need to be feared; yet there were many particulars which might be amended without any great difficulty, which being allowed by her highness, he was ready to serve her there, whensoever it should please her to appoint him; and that the same might be the better understood, he presented a plan to the queen, to be considered by her majesty and her privy council. In general, it contained many excellent regulations; but the carrying some of them into execution was likely to be attended with greater inconveniences than those he intended to remove, and he himself owned the difficulty of accomplishing some points. The fact is, he was a better soldier than a statesman; but being unable to brook opposition, on the council rejecting his plan, he desired leave to retire for his health to his estate in Wales.

Sir John Perrot had enjoyed his retirement but a few years, when, upon intelligence that Fitzmorris, since his submission, had been in Spain, and procured the promise of ships and men to invade Ireland, the queen sent for

him to take the command of such ships as should be ready, to intercept the Spanish armament. Sir John made such speed that he came from Pembrokeshire to Greenwich in less than three days. The queen, when she saw him, told him, she thought he had not heard from her so soon: 'Yes, madam,' answered he, 'and have made as much haste as I might to come unto your majesty.' 'So methinks,' said the queen, 'but how have you done to settle your affairs in the country?' 'May it please your Majesty,' said Sir John, 'I have taken this care for all; that setting private business aside, in respect of your majesty's service, I have appointed the white sheep to keep the black: for I may well enough venture them, when I am willing to venture my life in your majesty's service.' With which answer the queen was well pleased, and she conferred with him privately for some time; then dismissed him, and appointed him to receive farther directions for that service from the lords of her privy council.

After this interview with the queen, he prepared for his expedition with all speed; and the fleet being ready, Sir John left London about August, 1578, and went from thence in his barge, accompanied by several noblemen and gentlemen. As they lay against Greenwich, where the queen kept her court, Sir John sent one of his gentlemen on shore, with a diamond, as a token to Mrs. Blanch Parry, willing him to tell her, that a diamond coming unlooked for did always bring good luck with it: which the queen hearing, sent Sir John a fair jewel hung by a white cypress; signifying, that as long as he wore that for her sake, she believed, with God's help, he should have no harm. The message and jewel Sir John received joyfully, and he returned answer to the queen, 'That he would wear that for his sovereign's sake, and doubted not, with God's favour, to return her ships in safety, and either to bring the Spaniards (if they came in his way) as prisoners, or else to sink them in the seas.' As Sir John passed by in his barge, the queen looking out at the window shook her fan, and put out her hand towards him, upon which he made a low obeisance, while he put the scarf and jewel about his neck; and then repaired to his squadron, which was riding at anchor off Gillingham, and consisted of three ships of the line and three pinnaces. He

sailed from thence to the Downs, and passing by Fal-mouth and Plymouth put to sea for Ireland, and arrived at Baltimore, a sea-port town in the province of Munster. The people, in grateful remembrance of his former government, appeared in great numbers upon the shore upon his landing, some embracing his legs, and others pressing to touch their deliverer from the cruelties of Desmond and Fitz-Morris: but these marks of their affection had nearly produced fatal consequences; for the vice-admiral, mistaking them for some hostile intention, had pointed his guns to fire upon them, which Sir John perceiving, instantly sent off a boat with proper signals, to invite him on shore.

The squadron remained on the coast till the season was far advanced, and intelligence was received that the Spaniards had laid aside their design for that year, when it was ordered home. Sir John on his return was graciously received at court, and permitted to retire to his estate in Wales; but the affairs of Ireland still remained in an unsettled state. Rebellion and lawless licentiousness destroyed all order, and rendered private property, as well as the lives of the inhabitants, insecure. In this situation of things, as no commander could be found of equal intrepidity and capacity for the service, Sir John Perrot, by the advice of Walsingham, was appointed lord deputy of Ireland, in 1583.

Before his departure, he drew up a plan for the government of the country, which was approved by the queen and council; and as if there had been magic in his very name, his landing in Ireland struck the rebels of every faction with a panic; so that when it was known that he proposed to make a progress through the country, many considerable parties came to Dublin, and made their submission. But O'Neale, O'Donnel, Connaught, and several other considerable Irish chiefs, still remained in arms, and were supported from Rome by the pope with money, while the Spaniards occasionally landed small detachments of men, headed by veteran officers, to discipline the raw Irish rebels. A resolution, therefore, which had been taken in England to proceed in a summary way with the Irish, was carried into execution with great rigour; and as many innocent persons suffered with the guilty, this raised a great clamour against the lord deputy, who was charged with exceed-

ing his commission. His commission empowered him to execute the rebels as traitors by martial law, when found in arms, and to sell their estates on the spot to any adventurers, at easy rates, who would undertake to cultivate and improve the land. This brought over many persons from England, often of bad characters, but possessed of money, to buy the forfeited estates; and the lord deputy was accused of favouring the rapacity of these purchasers, and of hanging some considerable men, whose guilt was not very apparent, that he might put an end to the rebellion on their extensive estates, by the sale of the lands. The charges however, though vague and ill-supported, were founded upon the abuses of the purchasers. Whole baronies were exposed to sale, and the new proprietors turned the innocent Irish as well as the guilty out of their possessions. Yet this measure was politic; for the chiefs, seeing that they should not only ruin themselves, but their posterity, by continuing in arms against the queen, came in bodies to the lord deputy on his progress, to surrender in time, particularly O'Neale and all his adherents, and the lords of Ulster, who swore fidelity to the queen, and gave hostages, that they would raise troops for her service against the other rebels.

But Sir John Perrot's temper was suited only to the field. His impatience of control in the council made him unfit for the milder duties of civil government; and, therefore, every remonstrance from the queen and her ministry, founded on complaints sent home against him, exasperated him beyond measure; and upon these occasions he would vent his wrath in the most disrespectful and indecent terms against the queen.

At length, he displeased the English as well as the Irish; for the queen having sent over a proclamation to repress the rapacity of the former, in the purchases of the forfeited estates, he executed it with such rigour, that the country reaped the benefit, many of the natives being reinstated. But it made the English outrageous against him; and as to the Irish nobility, their nearest relations having been either executed by him, or deprived of their estates, they secretly sought his ruin. At length, the discontent against him ran so high in Ireland, and the queen was so displeased with his rude behaviour towards herself, that she recalled him in 1588.

And this led him into another error, the consequence of his proud spirit; for instead of embarking for London, and making use of his remaining interest at court, he set sail from Dublin for his castle of Carew in Pembroke-shire, and arrived there with a numerous and splendid retinue. Such a step could not fail of alarming the queen, especially as it was now reported, and afterwards made an article of his impeachment, that he held a secret correspondence with the duke of Parma and the queen's foreign enemies. After four years of delay, during which the resentment of his adversaries had not slept, he was brought to trial, on the 27th of April, 1592, in Westminster-hall, a special commission being granted for that purpose to the lord chancellor and the two chief justices.

The only charge proved against him was, his having treated the person and character of the queen contumeliously; but by the artful management of Popham, the attorney-general, he was convicted upon the other articles of the accusation, which were, that he had relieved Popish priests, that he held a secret correspondence with the queen's foreign enemies, and that he had fostered the commotions in Ireland. Nothing could be more absurd than the last article, since it was evident, on the contrary, that Ireland had never been in such a state of tranquillity as when he presided over it. But the true motive of his condemnation was, his own imprudent boastings, that he was the queen's brother, that she knew his value too well to let him fall a sacrifice to his 'frisking adversaries;' and that whenever the Spaniards landed a force in Ireland to join the disaffected there, he should then be cherished again, and be, once more, one of her White Boys. In a word, finding he had deceived himself by an ill-grounded confidence in the secret of his birth and his great military services, his violent passions, after sentence of death was passed on him, preyed on his constitution, and in September he died in the Tower, leaving it doubtful whether Elizabeth intended to have pardoned him.

CHAP. X.

From the Accession of James I. to the death of Charles I.

THAT great national event, the union of the English and Scottish crowns, which had occasioned so many wars, and cost so much bloodshed, was peaceably accomplished by the accession of James VI. of Scotland to the English throne. It might have been expected that national pride and resentment would have imposed insuperable, or at least serious difficulties to such a measure; but from the wars of the houses of York and Lancaster, the English had sufficiently learned the evils of a contested succession. James was therefore received with all the cordial welcome of a native sovereign.

Although the reign of James I. of England was so pacific as to furnish no events for the military annalist, those causes that produced the subsequent civil war by which the monarchy was overturned, were mainly indebted for their origin to his political mismanagement. The new king's ideas of the royal prerogative were so high, that they would only have suited an eastern despot, or the darkest period of the middle ages, while, on the other hand, the principles of liberty were now too well understood by the nation to allow such assumptions to be tolerated. James, a very pedant in theology, would first settle the form and spirit of the Anglican church; and this he did in so despotic a manner, that he gave mortal offence to the puritan party, who composed a large part of the nation. He was also devoted as much as ever king had been to worthless favourites, to enrich whom he was obliged to apply frequently to his parliament for money. But the House of Commons now possessed many enlightened, high-spirited, and independent members, who refused such claims, while they expressed their indignation at the arrogance with which they were urged. As if it had not been enough also to kindle such a spirit in England, he repeated the blunder in Scotland, where he endeavoured to overturn the presbyterian system, and introduce his favourite episcopacy in its stead. But the Scots, who were devoted to their national church, as well as jealous of their civil rights, arose as one man against the innovation. Well has it

been observed, that James was one of those kings whom God seems to send for the express purpose of hastening revolutions.

James died on the 27th of March, 1625, after a reign of twenty-two years over England, during which period his administration filled all parties with indignation or contempt. None but a sovereign of the highest talents, and one conformable to the advanced spirit of the age, would have been suited for such a crisis ; but Charles I. the unfortunate successor of James, was not such a sovereign. He had been educated in all the arbitrary notions of his father, so that he imagined his will alone should be the sole dictator of church and state, and with archbishop Laud for his spiritual counsellor, and lord Strafford for his superintendent in political matters, the revolutionary spirit of the nation reached its crisis. All liberty of opinion was stifled by the remorseless punishments of the Star Chamber, and the prisons were filled with those unfortunate victims who had expressed their aversion to the prevailing tyranny. But it was in this dark hour that a champion arose to give fearless utterance to the feelings of the nation. This was the illustrious John Hampden. The king had for some years levied the tax of tonnage and poundage, not only without the authority of parliament, but in an oppressive manner, and Hampden being called on for his share, refused compliance. His estate in Buckinghamshire was assessed in the sum of twenty shillings, but notwithstanding the smallness of the sum, he resolved to risk the hazard of an opposition to the royal authority, and the expenses of a trial ; and accordingly the case was solemnly argued for twelve days in the Exchequer Chamber. The arguments in favour of Hampden's cause could not be rebutted by the royal advocates, and of the twelve judges only seven voted against him. But although he thus lost his cause, and exposed himself to royal persecution, this small majority was justly considered as a triumph rather than a defeat by the friends of Hampden and national freedom.

It was from Scotland, however, that the first ominous trumpet-blast of onset was sounded. The opposition which the king met with in England, in his endeavours to establish uniformity of worship, might have checked his impatience to introduce the same innovations in the

church of Scotland ; but he persisted in this measure, and excited such a spirit of opposition in the Scotch, that they entered into a covenant to suppress the bishops, and resist the royal authority. This was considered as an open declaration of war, and Charles summoned the nobility of England, who held lands of the crown, to furnish troops to suppress the confederacy. In 1639, the covenanters prepared in earnest for war. Many of their officers had acquired reputation in the German campaigns, particularly under Gustavus Adolphus ; and they were invited over to assist their country in the present crisis. The command was entrusted to Lesley, a soldier of experience and ability. Forces were regularly enlisted and disciplined, and arms were imported from foreign countries. A few castles which belonged to the king, being unprovided with victuals, ammunition, and garrisons, were soon seized ; and nearly the whole country being in the covenanters' hands, was soon put into a tolerable posture of defence. Charles, on the other hand, was not deficient in his endeavours to oppose this formidable combination. His fleet was formidable and well supplied ; and having put 5000 land-forces on board, he entrusted it to the marquis of Hamilton, who had orders to sail to the Frith of Forth, and cause a diversion in the forces of the malcontents. An army was levied of nearly 20,000 foot and 3000 horse, and put under the command of the earl of Arundel ; the king himself joined the army, and summoned all the peers of England to attend him. The whole had the appearance of a splendid court rather than a military armament, and in this situation the camp arrived at Berwick. The Scottish army was as numerous as that of the king, but inferior in cavalry. The officers had more experience ; and the soldiers, though ill disciplined and armed, were animated by that religious enthusiasm which occasioned the war. They punctually observed the king's proclamation, not to approach within ten miles of the borders, till the earl of Holland marched into Scotland by the way of Kelso, with 3000 foot and 1000 horse, and then Lesley, the Scotch general, sent a body of forces to oppose his march ; upon which the earl thought fit at last to retire. The Scots now thought they should be justified in approaching the borders, and Lesley marched towards Kelso with 12,000 men ; upon which the king saw his

mistake, in thinking their obedience to his proclamation was the effect of fear. He had still a farther reason to dislike the expedition, when his generals advised him, upon the approach of the Scots, not to give battle, though he was superior to them in numbers. In consequence of this mutual forbearance, a treaty was entered into, on June 17, in which it was stipulated, that the king should withdraw his fleet and army; that within forty-eight hours the Scots should dismiss their forces; that the king's forts should be restored to him; his authority be acknowledged; and a general assembly and parliament be immediately summoned, in order to compose all differences.

This peace was not of long duration. Charles could not prevail on himself to abandon the cause of episcopacy, and secretly intended to seize every favourable opportunity to recover the ground he had lost. But no sooner had he concluded the peace, than he was obliged to disband his army, from want of money; while the covenanters, in dismissing their troops, had been careful to preserve nothing but the appearance of a pacification. In 1640, however, he contrived to draw an army together; but, finding himself unable to support it, he was obliged to call a parliament, after an intermission of about eleven years. As the sole design of the king was to obtain a supply, and the only reason the members had for attending was to procure a redress of grievances, it is not to be supposed there could be any harmony between them. The king accordingly insisted on money, and the parliament on their grievances, till a dissolution ensued. Money, however, was partly solicited and partly wrung from other sources, which enabled the king, though with great difficulty, to march his army, consisting of 19,000 foot and 2000 horse. The Scots, though somewhat superior, were sooner ready than the king, and marched to the borders of England. Notwithstanding their warlike preparations and hostile attempts, the covenanters still preserved the most submissive language, and entered England with no other design, they said, than to obtain access to the king's presence, and lay their humble petition at his feet. At Newburn upon Tyne they were opposed by a detachment of 4500 men under Conway, who seemed resolute to dispute with them the passage of the river. The Scots

first entreated them, with great civility, not to stop them in their march to their gracious sovereign; and then attacked them with great bravery, killed several, and chased the rest from their ground. Such a panic seized the whole English army, that the forces at Newcastle fled immediately to Durham: and, not yet thinking themselves safe, they deserted that town and retreated into Yorkshire.

The Scots now continued to advance, and despatched messengers to the king, who was arrived at York. They took care, after the advantage they had gained, to redouble their expressions of loyalty, and they even made apologies full of contrition for their late victory. But Charles was in a very distressed condition; as he was obliged to subsist the Scottish army as well as his own to save the northern counties from spoliation. He was obliged therefore to call together that parliament by whose doom his ruin was afterwards sealed, and lay before them an account of his necessities, with urgent requests for money. They answered by impeaching his chief minister, the earl of Strafford, to whose evil counsel they attributed the chief evils of this reign, and after a long trial he was proclaimed guilty of high treason, and subsequently brought to the block.

This successful example of the Scots was not lost upon the leaders of the English parliament, and after a successful impeachment both of Laud and Strafford, they proceeded to more vigorous measures. Tonnage and poundage were declared to be illegal, and those officers who had levied it even by the king's authority were condemned, and heavily fined. The sentences of the Star Chamber were condemned or reversed, and the judges who had given sentence against Hampden were impeached, and obliged to give security for their appearance. In consequence of the Irish rebellion the parliament levied money, ostensibly for the purpose of suppressing it; but having thus strengthened themselves with the means of resistance, they stored it up for the conflict which now inevitably impended. And Charles himself, still untaught by the signs of the times, accelerated that fatal crisis by an act of almost incredible infatuation. Having given orders to the attorney-general to enter an accusation of high-treason against lord Kimbolton, Sir Arthur Hazelrig, Hollis, Hampden, Pym, and

Strode, whom the parliament refused to deliver up to his messengers, he followed up the rash deed by repairing to the House of Commons attended by a few guards, with the purpose of seizing the persons of the accused, but who in consequence of a friendly warning had left the hall a few moments before he arrived. This flagrant violation of the national rights closed the door upon farther reconciliation, and both parties began to prepare for war, while each was anxious to avoid the blame of having commenced it. This however was at last incurred by the king. 'His towns,' he said, 'were taken from him; his ships, his army, and his money: but there still remained to him a good cause, and the hearts of his loyal subjects; which, with God's blessing, he doubted not would recover all the rest.' Collecting therefore some forces, he advanced southwards, and erected his royal standard at Nottingham, on the 25th of August, 1642.

The king found himself supported in the civil war by the nobility and more considerable gentry. On the other hand, the city of London, and most of the great corporations, took part with the parliament. At first every advantage seemed to lie against the royal cause. The king was totally destitute of money. London, and all the sea-ports except Newcastle, being in the hands of parliament, they were secure of a considerable revenue; and, the seamen naturally following the disposition of the ports to which they belonged, the parliament had the entire dominion of the sea. The nature and qualities of his adherents alone gave the king some compensation for all the advantages possessed by his adversaries. Had the parliamentary forces, however, exerted themselves at first, they might have easily dissipated the small number which the king had been able to collect, and which amounted to no more than 800 horse and 300 foot; while his enemies were within a few days' march of him with 6000 men. In a short time the parliamentary army was ordered to march to Northampton; and the earl of Essex, who had joined it, found the whole to amount to 15,000. The king's army too was soon reinforced from all quarters; but still, having no force capable of coping with the parliamentary army, he thought it prudent to retire to Derby, and from thence to Shrewsbury.

While Charles lay at Shrewsbury, he received the news of an action, the first that had happened in this war, and in which his party was victorious. On the appearance of commotions in England, the princes Rupert and Maurice, sons of his unfortunate brother-in-law the elector palatine, had offered their services to the king; and the former at that time commanded a body of horse which had been sent to Worcester in order to watch the motions of Essex, who was marching towards that city. No sooner had the prince arrived, than he saw some cavalry of the enemy approaching the gates. Without delay he briskly attacked them, as they were defiling from a lane, and forming themselves: colonel Sandys their commander was killed, and the whole party was routed, and pursued above a mile.

On the 23d of October, 1642, a great battle was fought between the two armies, at Keynton, or Edge-hill, in Warwickshire. The king's troops at first had the advantage; but prince Rupert pursuing Essex's routed cavalry too far, the foot of the royal army were so pressed by the parliamentarians that they were in danger of being totally defeated. Sir William Balfour, who commanded a body of reserve under lord Essex, even took the royal standard; but it was afterwards recovered. Both sides claimed the victory, and both sides sustained very great loss, the number of the slain being about 5000. The next day they faced one another from morning till evening, without either desiring to renew the fight. The king took Banbury Castle two or three days after, and then retired to Oxford. The king's friends in the city and parliament now pressed for peace; and as the parliament could not properly refuse such a proposal, they sent to desire a safe conduct for a committee, which the king granted. In the mean time he began to march towards London, either with a design to surprise the city, or raise such commotions there as might turn to his advantage. But he was followed closely by the earl of Essex, who arrived with his army near London about the same time that the king reached Colnbrook. Here Charles received the parliament's petition, to which he returned a gracious answer; so that they sent orders to their forces to forbear all acts of hostility. But in a few hours after the king marched towards Brentford, where some of the parliament's troops were quartered.

As soon as he arrived (November 12,) he attacked the town, and, after a smart action, wherein many of the parliament's soldiers were slain, and others driven into the river, he became master of the place. The earl of Essex immediately posted to his army, which the parliament took such expeditious measures to strengthen, by the city trained-bands, that the king thinking not fit to hazard a battle, withdrew to Kingston, and from thence again to Oxford. There was a sharp fight at Salt-beath, near Stafford, on the 19th of March, 1643, which lasted four hours, till the earl of Northampton being slain, the parliament's troops got the victory. The same day Sir William Waller fell upon the lord Herbert, as he was besieging Gloucester, killed 500 of his men, and took 1000 prisoners. And about the same time, Sir Ralph Hopton defeated a party of parliamentarians at Bradock-down, in Cornwall, slew abundance of them, and took 1200 prisoners.

In 1643, the treaty for peace was carried on, but without any cessation of hostilities; and on the 27th of April, Reading surrendered to the parliamentary forces under the earl of Essex. The earl of Northumberland united in a league for the king the counties of Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and the bishopric; and engaged some time after other counties in the same association. The same nobleman also took possession of York, and dislodged the forces of the parliament at Tadcaster. The earl of Stamford, the parliament's general in the West, was defeated by Sir Ralph Hopton, in the battle of Stratton. On the 18th of June, there was a fight in Chaldgrave-field, in which the famous Mr. Hampden, the great champion of English liberty, was slain.

The queen now joined her royal consort at Oxford, with a good body of troops, and a considerable quantity of artillery and ammunition, which she brought over from Holland; and on the 5th of July was fought the battle of Lansdown, in which, though the marquis of Hertford, who commanded for the king, lost almost all his horse, yet Sir William Waller was at last compelled to quit the field. Sir William met with a worse fate on the 13th, when at Roundway-down, in Wiltshire, he was entirely defeated, 5 or 6000 of his men being killed, and 900 made prisoners. Then followed the siege of Bristol, which surrendered to prince Rupert on the 25th of the

same month. Such a continued run of misfortune greatly dispirited the parliamentarians; and such confusion now prevailed in London, that some proposed to the king to march directly to the metropolis; but it was resolved first to reduce Gloucester, in consequence of which he would have the whole course of the Severn under his command.

The siege of this city commenced on the 10th of August; but being defended by Massey, a resolute governor, and well garrisoned, it made a vigorous defence. At length, however, it was reduced to the utmost extremity; and the parliament, as their last resource, despatched Essex with an army of 14,000 men, in order to raise the siege. This he accomplished; and when he entered the city, he found only one barrel of gunpowder left, and other provisions in the same proportion. The earl, in his departure from Gloucester, made himself master of Cirencester.

On the 20th of September, a long and bloody battle was fought at Newbury. It continued from morning till late at night, when the king retired with his army, having lost above twenty officers of note. Though the victory was left undecided, Essex next morning proceeded on his march, and reached London in safety, where he received the applause for his conduct which he deserved. The king followed him on his march; and, having taken possession of Reading after the earl left it, he there established a garrison, and straitened by that means London and the quarters of the enemy. On the 25th, prince Maurice, brother to prince Rupert, took Exeter for the king.

These however were but trivial skirmishes compared with those which followed when Fairfax, and especially Cromwell, became the leading heroes of the war. Victory then settled upon the banner of the parliament, and the royal cause was reduced to the lowest ebb by a series of disastrous defeats. But it was while the king's affairs thus went to decay in England, that they seemed to revive a little in Scotland, through the conduct and valour of the earl of Montrose. He had been introduced to the king; but, not meeting with an agreeable reception, had gone over to the covenanters, and been active in forwarding all their measures. Being commissioned, however, by the covenanting authorities to wait upon the

king while the army lay at Berwick, he was so gained by the civilities and caresses of that monarch, that he thenceforth devoted himself entirely, though secretly, to his service. For attempting to form an association in favour of the royal cause, Montrose was quickly thrown into prison; but, being again released, he found the king ready to give ear to his counsels, which were of the boldest and most daring kind. Though the whole of Scotland was occupied by the covenanters, while great armies were kept on foot, and every place guarded by a vigilant administration, he undertook by his own credit to raise such commotions, as would soon oblige those Scottish forces to be recalled, which had so sensibly turned the balance in favour of parliament. The defeat at Marston-moor had left him no hope of succour from England; he was therefore obliged to apply to the earl of Antrim, a nobleman of Ireland, for some supply of men from that country. After having used various disguises and passed through many dangers, he arrived in Scotland, and lay for some time concealed in the borders of the Highlands.

The Irish did not exceed 1100 foot, very ill armed; but Montrose immediately put himself at their head; and, being joined by 1300 Highlanders, he attacked lord Elcho, who lay at Perth with 6000 men, utterly defeated him, and killed 2000 of the covenanters. He next marched northwards, in order to rouse anew the marquis of Huntly and the Gordons, who had formerly taken arms, but been suppressed by the covenanters. At Aberdeen, he attacked and entirely defeated lord Burley, who commanded 2500 men. Montrose, however, by this victory, did not obtain the end he proposed, for the marquis of Huntly showed no inclination to join an army where he was so much eclipsed by the general.

Montrose was now in a very dangerous situation. Argyle, reinforced by the earl of Lothian, was behind him with a great army: the militia of the northern counties, to the number of 5000, opposed him in front, and guarded the banks of the Spey. To save his troops, he turned aside to the hills, and after some marches and counter-marches, Argyle came up with him at Faivy-castle; and here, after some skirmishes, in which he was always victorious, Montrose got clear of a superior army, and by a quick march through these almost inac-

cessible mountains put himself absolutely beyond their power.

It was the misfortune of this general, that very good or very ill fortune was equally destructive of his army. After every victory, his Scottish soldiers went home to enjoy the spoil, and, had his army been composed of these only, he must have soon been abandoned altogether: but his Irishmen, having no place to which they could retire, adhered to him in every change. With these, therefore, and some reinforcements of the Atholmen and Macdonalds, Montrose fell suddenly upon Argyle's country, and let loose upon it all the horrors of war. Argyle, collecting 3000 men, marched in quest of the enemy, who had retired with their plunder; and he lay at Inverlochy, supposing himself to be still at a good distance from them; while the earl of Seaforth, at the head of the garrison of Inverness, and a body of 5000 new-levied troops, pressed the royalists on the other side, and threatened them with total destruction. But by a sudden march Montrose hastened to Inverlochy, and presented himself in order of battle before the covenanters. Argyle alone, seized with a panic, deserted his army; but although deprived of their chief, they made a vigorous resistance, and were at last defeated and pursued with great slaughter. After this Montrose was joined by a great number of Highlanders; Seaforth's army dispersed of itself; and the lord Gordon, eldest son to the marquis of Huntly, having escaped from his uncle Argyle, who had hitherto detained him, now joined Montrose with a considerable number of his followers.

The council at Edinburgh, alarmed at these victories, sent for Baillie, an officer of reputation, from England; and, joining him in command with Urrey, sent them with a considerable army against the royalists. Montrose, with a detachment of 800 men, had attacked Dundee, and, having carried it by assault, had given it up to be plundered; when Baillie and Urrey came suddenly upon him. He instantly called off his soldiers from plunder, put them in order, and secured his retreat by the most skilful dispositions; and having marched sixty miles in the face of an enemy much superior, without stopping, or allowing his soldiers the least sleep or refreshment, he at last secured himself in the mountains. His anta-

gonists now imprudently divided their forces, to multiply their chances of success. Urrey met him with 4000 men, at Alderne, near Inverness; and, trusting to his superiority in numbers (for Montrose had only 2000 men), attacked him in the post which he had chosen. Montrose, having placed his right wing in strong ground, drew the best of his forces to the other, and left no main body between them; a defect which he artfully concealed by showing a few men through trees and bushes with which that ground was covered; and that Urrey might have no leisure to perceive the stratagem, he instantly led his left wing to the charge, made a furious attack on the covenanters, drove them off the field, and obtained a complete victory. Baillie now advanced, to revenge Urrey's defeat; but he also met with a similar fate at Alford. Montrose, being weak in cavalry, lined his troops of horse with infantry; and, after putting the enemy's horse to the rout, he fell with united force upon their foot, which were entirely cut in pieces. Having thus prevailed in so many battles, he prepared for marching into the southern provinces, to put an end to the power of the covenanters, and dissolve the parliament, which had been ordered to meet at St. Johnstone.

Nothing could be more welcome to the desponding royalists in England than this unexpected success of their cause in Scotland; and had Charles but succeeded in his march northward, so as to have united his forces with those of Montrose, the civil war and its miseries might have been fearfully protracted. But while the king was fully occupied with Fairfax and Cromwell, the covenanters in Scotland recovered from their temporary panic, and recalled the skilful Leslie from the parliamentary army to their defence. The tumultuary soldiers of Montrose also, according to their usual custom, retired in great numbers after their last victory to secure the spoil; and this successful chief, instead of being able to occupy a single place of strength, was obliged to elude his enemies by continual marches and counter-marches. In the mean time Leslie, who had arrived in Scotland with all his cavalry, followed the track of his opponent so rapidly, that he came up with him near the village of Philiphaugh, and joined battle without a moment's delay. Montrose, who had so often surprised his enemies, was now taken by surprise in turn; his army was over-

whelmed and annihilated ; and he himself escaped from the field almost alone, and took refuge among the fastnesses of the Highlands.

As the events of the life of Charles after the discomfiture of Montrose are of a civil nature, as well as universally known, they may be summed up in a few words. After every place of refuge in England had successively failed, he resolved to take refuge with the Scottish army at Newcastle, from whom he hoped for protection in extremity. But the Scots had already been too deeply injured to be so easily reconciled, and it could scarcely be expected that they would have opposed their friends of the south, and renewed the war between the two nations in behalf of one whose sincerity they had cause to suspect. In this mood, they were sufficiently ready to listen to the proposals of the English parliament ; and after a negotiation of four months, they consented to deliver up the king on condition of being paid the long pending arrears that were due for the services of their army. The stipulated sum was raised from the sale of the bishops' lands, as the parliament had abolished episcopacy in England, and the soldiers of the covenant returned to their homes rejoicing in having thus despoiled the 'priests of Baal.' And now the question in England was, to which party of the state should the keeping of the royal captive belong ? But the Independents, of whom the bulk of the army consisted, were soon an overmatch for the Presbyterian parliament : they possessed themselves of the royal person, and soon quashed the negotiations which their rivals had been for some time conducting with the king. The Presbyterians, whose favourite theory of government was a limited monarchy, had aimed in all their efforts merely to restrain the absolutism of the king, and guard the liberty of the subject ; but the Independents, who were devoted to republicanism, would be satisfied with nothing short of the abolition of monarchy, and the erection of a Commonwealth upon its ruins.

A new exhibition was now afforded in the history of civil government—a nation sitting in judgment upon their sovereign, as a magistrate who had betrayed his trust. Such was the end of those towering sentiments respecting the divinity of kings, in which Charles I. and his more culpable father had so fondly put their trust.

In the beginning of 1649, all was ready for this unprecedented trial, and Charles Stuart, king of England, was formally impeached of high treason. The House of Lords had refused to concur in this measure, and therefore they were set aside, the Commons declaring that those who were chosen by the people as their representatives were the supreme authority in the state and the source of all law. They erected therefore their high court of justice, and before it their royal prisoner was summoned to answer for his long course of mal-administration, and the bloodshed he had occasioned during the civil war. Charles, as might be expected, refused to recognise the authority of this court, and objected to its proceedings as informal; but all his arguments were overruled. The result is too well known to be repeated here. He was sentenced to die the death of a traitor; and while the world looked on in perplexity and doubt, scarcely imagining that such an event could be, the sentence was carried into effect on the 30th of January, 1649.

From the beginning of these ominous conflicts, the downfall of the royal cause could scarcely be doubtful. To Charles, that singular compound of irresolution and obstinacy, of religious bigotry and political insincerity, were opposed the matchless perspicacity, energy, decision, and military skill, of Oliver Cromwell; and to the frivolous courtiers by whose counsels Charles was influenced, there were such antagonists as Hampden, Pym, and Vane, men who singly would have influenced society in any nation or age. The disparity also was almost as great in the military resources of the two parties. The cavaliers were men of chivalrous courage, but unsteady principle; men who were terrible in the first brunt of an onset, but who, when opposed and broken, could never again be led back to the charge; while the republican soldiers, to their natural courage and hardihood, added a strength of religious enthusiasm that never permitted them to doubt of the final success of the 'good cause,' and made them ready at all times to die in its defence. Men who were thus prompt to dare or endure the uttermost, could not in the nature of things be otherwise than successful; and they only laid down their swords when they had accomplished the destruction of the royal power, and the establishment of a republic in its stead.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

OLIVER CROMWELL was born at Huntingdon in the year 1599, and was descended from an ancient family of Welsh extraction, originally of the name of Williams; but one of his ancestors marrying the sister of Thomas Cromwell, earl of Essex, a son by that marriage assumed his mother's maiden name, and transmitted it to his son Sir Henry Cromwell of Hinchinbrooke, grandfather to Oliver. Mr. Robert Cromwell, his father, was the second son of Sir Henry; and his mother was a daughter of Sir Richard Stewart, of the isle of Ely. At about the age of seventeen, Cromwell was sent to Sidney-college in Cambridge, to pursue his studies; but without reference to any particular profession. His father being a younger brother, the scanty income of his estate was not sufficient for the decent support of his family, consisting of a son and four daughters, on which account his mother engaged in some branch of the brewing trade, without the participation of her husband, applying the profits to raising portions for her daughters, whom she married into good families. This was the situation of the family, when Mr. Cromwell the father died, about two years after his son had been at the university, and, upon this event, he was called home by his mother; but the irregularity of his conduct giving her great uneasiness, she was advised to bring him up to the law, and, in consequence, she sent him to Lincoln's Inn. However, as she continued her business, this short residence at home furnished an opportunity to the cavaliers to style him contemptuously a brewer, and the son of a brewer.

A fortunate incident soon took Oliver Cromwell from the study of the law. Sir Richard Stewart, his maternal uncle, bequeathed him an estate worth five hundred pounds per annum: and, having now seen the folly of dissipation, he retired into the country, and became as sober and religious as he had formerly been extravagant. For some time after he was a devout member of the church of England; but, upon paying his addresses to Elizabeth, the daughter of Sir James Bouchier, of Essex, whom he afterwards married he became acquainted

with some eminent puritan ministers and gentlemen. His wife being of that persuasion, he was soon prevailed upon to adhere to their party, now growing very powerful ; and, by their interest, he was elected to serve in the third parliament of Charles I. which met on the 17th day of March, 1628.

When the king had dissolved this parliament, and resolved to act upon his own responsibility, Cromwell conducted himself with great prudence and caution. He passed his time quietly in the isle of Ely, and devoted himself to religious rather than political studies, frequenting the meetings of the non-conformists, and distinguishing himself by his gifts of praying, preaching, and expounding. But when the misguided monarch had exhausted every expedient for levying money on his subjects without the consent of parliament, and felt the necessity of calling one, Cromwell ingratiated himself with a leading man in Cambridge, and was chosen to represent that city, in the parliament which was summoned to meet on the 21st of April, 1640. This, however, was dissolved by the king, when he found that it would grant no money to prosecute a war against Scotland. But the unsettled state of the kingdom occasioned petitions from the city of London, and other corporations, for a new parliament ; to which the king consented ; and the memorable long parliament met on the 3d of November, when Oliver Cromwell was again chosen for Cambridge. His attendance in parliament now became very close, his speeches were frequent, and his warmth and activity in opposition to the measures of the court were remarkably conspicuous. Nor was he less zealous in promoting petitions against the bishops, for their severe prosecutions and inhuman punishments in the ecclesiastical courts. He had likewise a principal share in the remonstrance upon the state of the nation, in which the enormities of the king's government were strongly pointed out. This remonstrance was carried after very warm debates, and ordered to be printed on the 15th of December, 1641.

At length, when the dissensions between the king and the parliament came to an open rupture, Cromwell exhibited a new character ; for having obtained a captain's commission from the Commons, he immediately raised a troop of horse in the country ; and, both in the choice of

his men, and his manner in disciplining them, he displayed uncommon military genius. His men were remarkable for their sobriety, industry, and bravery; they were most of them the sons of freeholders, who were taught to believe that they were fighting for the defence of their own property; and being religiously disposed, they acted upon principles of conscience. Such soldiers could not fail of subduing common mercenaries, who fight only for pay—and therefore, whenever they engaged them, they were victorious.

Cromwell's first military exploit of any consequence, was his securing the town of Cambridge for the parliament, and stopping the university plate, ready packed up to be sent to the king. Not long after, he seized Sir Thomas Connesby, high-sheriff of Hertfordshire, on the road to St. Alban's, where he was going to proclaim the parliament officers traitors. For these services he received the thanks of the house, and was promoted to the rank of colonel. He then enlarged his plan of operations, and, by the strength of his increasing interest, soon raised a regiment of 1000 horse, with which he prevented the exertions of recruiting parties of the royalists in several counties; and, by his activity and success, recommended himself to farther promotion. He was next appointed lieutenant-general under the earl of Manchester; and, having raised a greater force of such as came freely to him, he marched towards Lincolnshire, with a resolution to assist those forces which lay about Newark, one of the strongest garrisons then held for the king. In his march through Huntingdonshire, he disarmed many that were ill-affected to the parliament. He was now above 2000 strong, and received an addition of horse from captain Hetham. At his first approach before Newark he performed a good piece of service: for captain Wray, with his Lincolnshire horse, too rashly quartering near the town, was in the night set upon by the garrison, which made a sally, and took all his men. But the alarm coming to Cromwell, he advanced, and at ten o'clock at night fell upon the Newarkeers, and rescued captain Wray's troop, with the slaughter of many of his opponents. After this, sitting down before the town, he took many men and colours at several times; and soon after, meeting with twenty-four troops of the king's horse and dragoons near Grantham, he encoun-

tered them with such resolution, that, though he had but seven troops with him, he entirely routed them.

The earl of Newcastle, being informed that the lord Willoughby of Parham had got possession of the town of Gainsborough for the parliament, sent his brother colonel Cavendish, lieutenant-general of his army, with a great party of horse and dragoons, to summon it, himself marching after with the foot. Upon this Cromwell resolved to attempt the relief of that place, and with twelve troops of horse and dragoons he marched thither, where he found the royalists, who were drawn up near the town, to be more than thrice his number, and no way to attack them, but through a gate and up hill; he undauntedly fell upon them notwithstanding, and entirely defeated them, killing many of their officers, and among others lieutenant-general Cavendish.

Thus was Gainsborough relieved; but the victors had but a short time of rejoicing, for within two or three hours the routed army rallied, and joining with the rest of Newcastle's army, marched against them; where-upon they retreated to Lincoln that night in good order. Lincoln not being defensible, Cromwell marched the next day to Boston, to join the earl of Manchester, who, with his new-raised forces, had reduced Lynn under the power of the parliament. To prevent this junction, the earl of Newcastle advanced with his army, and detached a strong party of horse and dragoons towards Boston, commanded by Sir John Henderson, an old soldier, who, understanding that Cromwell was drawn out before him with the horse and dragoons, made haste to engage, before the earl of Manchester, with the foot, could march up. A furious battle accordingly ensued, at a place called Winsby-field, near Horncastle. In the first shock Cromwell's horse was killed and fell upon him, and as he rose he was again knocked down by the gentleman that charged him. He never was in more danger in his life; but with difficulty he got remounted on a poor horse by a soldier, when he charged the enemy with great resolution. The encounter was very sharp, but lasted not an hour before the royalists were entirely routed by Manchester's troops, about 1500 of them being killed, among whom were lord Widdrington, Sir Ingram Hopton, and other persons of quality. Very few were killed on the parliament side. The routed forces were

pursued by the parliamentarians almost as far as Lincoln; several of them were killed and taken prisoners, and many horses and arms taken. After this victory, the earl of Manchester marched directly to Lincoln, sat down before it, and afterwards took it by storm, with very inconsiderable loss.

Manchester having taken Lincoln, A. D. 1644, united his army to that of Leven and Fairfax; and York was closely besieged by their numerous forces. That town, though vigorously defended by the marquis of Newcastle, was reduced to the last extremity, when prince Rupert, having joined Sir Charles Lucas, who commanded Newcastle's horse, hastened to its relief with an army of 18,000 men. The Scots and parliamentary generals raised the siege, and drawing up on Marston-moor, proposed to give battle to the royalists. Prince Rupert approached the town by another quarter, and interposing the river Ouse between him and the enemy, safely joined his forces to those of Newcastle. The marquis endeavoured to persuade him, that having so successfully effected his purpose, he ought to be contented with his present advantage; but the prince, hurried on by his natural impetuosity, pretended positive orders from the king; and without condescending to consult with Newcastle, immediately issued orders for battle, and on the 7th of July drew up his army on Marston-moor. The prince's army now consisted of 14,000 foot, and 9000 horse; its main body was commanded by the generals Goring, Porter, and Tellier; the prince headed the right wing, and Sir Charles Lucas and colonel Hurry the left. The main body of the parliament army, which was at least equal to the prince's in number, was commanded by the earl of Manchester, the earl of Leven, and lord Fairfax; the right wing was headed by Sir Thomas Fairfax, and the left by Oliver Cromwell. The charge was begun with such courage and intrepidity by the left wing of the parliament's army, that prince Rupert, contrary to his usual fortune, was put to flight. Newcastle's regiment alone, resolute to conquer or perish, obstinately kept their ground. In the other wing, Sir Thomas Fairfax and colonel Lambert broke through the royalists, and, transported with the ardour of pursuit, soon reached their victorious friends. After this tempest, Lucas, who commanded the royalists

in the left wing, reducing his broken forces to order, attacked the parliamentary cavalry, threw them into confusion, and pushed them upon their own infantry in great disorder. But just when he was ready to seize their carriages and baggage, he perceived Cromwell returning from the pursuit; and both were surprised to find that they must again renew the combat. This second battle was as furious as the first: but the victory was obtained by Cromwell. Four thousand of the royalists were slain, and 1,500 taken prisoners; while the loss on the side of the parliament is said to have amounted only to 300 soldiers.

Cromwell's military reputation was established in such a manner that he was dreaded by the royalists after he had so eminently signalized himself at the battle of Marston-moor. He now therefore became the general subject of conversation, and the eyes of all men were fixed upon him; but he was greatly envied by his brother officers, and the earls of Essex and Manchester were his most powerful adversaries, the latter having even vowed his destruction for having accused him of cowardice. Yet such was the general good opinion conceived of Cromwell by the parliament and the people, that he soon perceived his own strength, and retaliated upon his opponents by complaining of the misconduct of the war, which he imputed to the venality of the commanders, who wanted to protract it for their own interest. In consequence of this, it was resolved to new-model the army, and pass an ordinance called 'the self-denying ordinance,' by which all members of parliament were excluded from civil or military employments, and the earls of Essex and Manchester, with several other general officers, were thereby dismissed.

Sir Thomas Fairfax was now appointed commander-in-chief of all the parliament's forces; and, by a strange evasion of their own law, Oliver Cromwell's service in the house was dispensed with, that he might act under Fairfax, to whom he was appointed lieutenant-general of the horse. Cromwell did not remain a single day inactive, but, in his way to the main army, defeated the earl of Northampton and lord Goring, made himself master of Bletchington House, and then joined general Fairfax at Gilsborough. It is observed by all the historians of the civil war, that though Fairfax had the

chief command in title and appearance, Cromwell had such an ascendancy over him, that he was, in fact, the acting commander. Fairfax had great personal valour and was indefatigably diligent, but he wanted genius and foresight; he could execute without thought, but he could not form regular plans of operation: nothing, therefore, could be more fortunate for the parliament than the strict union and friendship which subsisted between these great men; and so sensible were the royalists of their combined abilities, that they made several attempts to create a misunderstanding and to divide them, but in vain.

Cromwell had not long joined the main army before the decisive battle of Naseby was fought, on the 14th of June, 1645. At ten in the morning the battle began, the royalists shouting 'God and queen Mary,' and the others 'God with us.' Prince Rupert gave the first charge, and engaged the parliament's left wing with such impetuosity, that he broke the ranks, and chased them off the field. But here, his long stay so far from the main body was injurious to the king's army; for Cromwell, in the mean time, charged furiously on the king's left wing and drove them back, and, prosecuting the advantage, quite broke them and their reserve; after which, joining with Fairfax, he charged the king's foot, who had beaten that of the parliament, and got possession of their ordnance; these being now in confusion, and having no horse to support them, were easily overborne by Fairfax and Cromwell. By this time the king was joined by prince Rupert, returned from his fatal success; but, with all their efforts, they could not rally their broken troops, so that they were forced at last to quit the field, leaving a complete victory to the parliament.—Such was the famous battle of Naseby, in which the wonderful success of the parliament was chiefly owing to Cromwell's valour and good conduct, who flew like lightning from one part of the army to the other, and broke through the royalist squadrons with such rapidity that nothing could resist him. From this period the king's affairs became desperate, and his whole party began to moulder away.

After these events, Cromwell effectually suppressed an insurrection of the peasantry in the west of England, and then joined Fairfax before Bristol, which he advised

him to attempt by storm. Accordingly, a general assault was made in so furious a manner, that prince Rupert, dreading a second, surrendered; for which he was dismissed the king's service, and ordered to leave the kingdom. This important place being made the headquarters of the general, Cromwell, with a detachment of four regiments, made himself master of the strong castle at Devizes, of the city of Winchester, and of several other places of inferior note, taking prisoners the marquis of Winchester and other persons of distinction. He then rejoined Fairfax, and assisted him in taking Dartmouth by storm; after which, he defeated lord Hopton at Torrington, and then went in pursuit of the prince of Wales, who was at the head of about 5000 horse and 1000 foot in Cornwall; but the prince, unable to give him battle, fled to the isle of Scilly. Exeter surrendered soon after; and the west of England being thus entirely subjected to the parliament, Cromwell went to London in December 1646, took his seat in parliament, and received the thanks of the house for his many and signal services. At the same time the king, then at Oxford, sent no less than ten messages offering to disband his forces, provided his followers might return home, and remain unquestioned; but no direct answer was given till the 30th of March, when a message was sent to his majesty, that it would be unsafe for him to return to Westminster till he had consented to the propositions they were then framing; and to prevent his coming without their consent, the house voted that if the king should come, or attempt to come, within the lines of communication, the committee of the militia of London should have power to apprehend such as should come with him, and to secure his person. The moderate members opposed this message and vote; but the celebrated patriots, Pym and Hampden, both dying in 1643, the interest of the Presbyterians had insensibly declined, and that of the Independents, of which faction Cromwell had made himself chief, had acquired the preponderance. All men saw that he aimed at the generalship, but none yet fathomed the deeper design of getting the king into his power. By his correspondence with Fairfax he knew that the royal cause was almost ruined, and he was unwilling that the king should enter into a personal treaty with a parliament in which he had

still many friends who opposed his mal-administration; but had no evil designs against his person.

During these transactions at London general Fairfax was marching with a powerful army to lay siege to Oxford, which was unable to hold out against him; and in this unhappy situation of affairs the king unfortunately listened to the advice of Montreuil, the French ambassador, and privately repaired to the Scotch army, which then lay before Newark. This unexpected measure greatly afflicted his remaining friends in England, and threw the parliament into the utmost consternation; and now the dissensions between the Presbyterians and the Independents increased, the former being jealous of the growing power of Cromwell. The king gave orders to all his garrisons to surrender; upon which Oxford took the lead, and the civil war being thus in a great measure terminated, general Fairfax entered London in triumph, and received the thanks of the parliament. This business was no sooner over, than a scheme was concerted by the Presbyterian party to disband part of the army, particularly some of the Independent regiments, and to send others over to Ireland. But Cromwell having obtained timely notice of their design, sent colonel Ireton, his son-in-law, to insinuate to the whole army that the parliament intended to disband them without paying their arrears, or else to consume them in Ireland with sickness and famine. This so exasperated the soldiers, that when the orders arrived for disbanding some and transporting others, they refused to obey; and calling in question the authority of parliament, they set up a claim to a share in the government, made choice of a number of officers to be a standing council to their general, and selected three or four corporals or serjeants out of each regiment as representatives of the private soldiers, under the title of agitators. The council and the agitators met separately; but communicating their resolves to each other, they were in the end unanimous in declaring, 'That they would not be disbanded till their full arrears were paid, and till full provision was made for liberty of conscience, which had been hitherto little secured.' They added, 'That as they had voluntarily taken up arms for the liberty and defence of the nation, of which they were a part, before they laid down those arms they would see

all those ends provided for.' This declaration was delivered at the bar of the house by a committee of the army council. And it is generally allowed that this timely political manœuvre not only saved Cromwell from an intended impeachment by Denzil lord Holles, but laid the foundation of his future power.

Cromwell had such an influence over Fairfax, that though he was a Presbyterian, he engaged him to write a letter to the parliament in support of a petition from the army; and this had such an effect on the House of Commons, that in the end the army carried their point. After this, having intelligence of the private meetings of his enemies, he resolved to purge the house of all members obnoxious to him; and a very important event soon furnished him with the means of carrying this scheme into execution. In the beginning of the year 1647, the Scots, in consideration of the sum of £400,000, which was due to their army for arrears, delivered up the king to the English parliament. Cromwell (it has been supposed) now resolved to hazard one bold stroke to secure his fortune beyond the probability of a reversal. He plainly perceived a growing inclination in the parliament to treat with the king, and therefore he was determined to circumvent them, by engaging the army to present a dutiful address to his majesty, and by entering into a personal treaty with him to replace him on the throne. Unhappily the king confided in the party he thought the most formidable, and as if this was not sufficient, he sealed his own ruin by his insincerity in his negotiation with Cromwell. However, to facilitate this negotiation, Cromwell sent colonel Joyce to seize the person of the king at Holmby-house, in Northamptonshire; and though the formality of taking him prisoner wears the appearance of violence, yet there is great reason to suspect, from the good understanding that had subsisted between the king and the army, that his majesty secretly connived at this plot to deliver him from the power of the parliament. Cromwell now threw off the mask, set the House of Commons at defiance, and boasted among his friends, 'That by having the king in his hands, he had the parliament in his pocket.' His majesty was removed to his palace at Newmarket, where he continued to be treated with all due honour and respect.

The parliament now perceived that their power was on the decline, and they began when too late to show a resolute and active conduct. The city of London was put in a posture of defence, and it was voted that the army should remove forty miles from London. It was likewise resolved to send dutiful addresses to the king, and propositions for a reconciliation ; but the army, instead of obeying the vote respecting their removal, delivered a representation to the House of Commons, desiring that it might be purged of seditious members, and that a period might be fixed for the dissolution of the parliament, complaining that it had sat too long, contrary to the spirit of the constitution. This representation producing no effect, they impeached Denzil lord Holles, Sir Edward William Waller, and nine other members, who had always opposed their proceedings : and then, to convince the parliament of the little interest it had in the city of London, they excited an insurrection of the citizens, who tumultuously resorted to Westminster, and demanded that the king should be brought to London, and that they should put an end to their sitting. This commotion struck the Presbyterian party with such a panic, that both houses adjourned in great confusion ; and the speakers, Lenthall and the earl of Manchester, with about fifty members, fled to the army for protection. Cromwell, who had raised this storm, secretly enjoyed it ; and the king being now at Hampton Court, he openly resorted to him, and so fully convinced him of his power over the army, and of his attachment to him, that when Fairfax tendered his services, his majesty indiscreetly replied, ‘ Sir, I have as good interest in the army as you ;’ which the general took very ill, and from that time gave himself no concern about the designs of the king’s enemies.

The parliament, in their treaty with the king, among other articles had stipulated, that Cromwell should be raised to the peerage, only with the title of baron ; but the king, in his private negotiation with Cromwell and the army, had promised to create him earl of Essex, to make him a knight of the garter, and to advance his son Richard and his son-in-law Ireton to posts of great honour and emolument. But when this compact was on the point of taking place, one of their spies, who was of the king’s bed-chamber, informed them, that their final

doom was that day fixed, for that a letter was gone to the queen, then in France, sewed up in the skirt of a saddle, the bearer of which would be with the saddle upon his head at the Blue Boar inn, in Holborn, the following night, to take horse for Dover. Upon this intelligence, they dressed themselves in troopers' uniforms, and repaired to the inn, where they seized on the man, searched the saddle, and took out the letter, by which they found, that the king gave it as his opinion, that he should close sooner with the Scotch Presbyterians, who in conjunction with the parliament had courted him, than with the army, in which case it would be easier to take off Cromwell, than now that he was at the head of the army. From the period of this discovery, Cromwell's ambition took a larger scope, and, aided by personal resentment, he now resolved to attempt the king's destruction, and his own advancement to supreme power.

In the mean time the remains of the parliament recovered from their consternation, and met at Westminster, where they resolved to levy troops to oppose the army; but upon its approach before Southwark it was readily admitted by those who were placed there for the defence of the borough. The parliament was now new-modelled; and the king on being informed of the discovery made by Cromwell, and the triumphant entry of the army into London, suspected that his life was in danger, and privately withdrew from Hampton-court to Tichfield, from whence he was unfortunately persuaded to go to the Isle of Wight, and put himself under the protection of Hammond, the governor, nephew to Dr. Hammond, the king's favourite chaplain. But it was strangely forgotten, that the governor had married a daughter of the famous John Hampden, and by this oversight, instead of an asylum, the unfortunate monarch found a prison; for Hammond was devoted to Cromwell, and immediately sent advice to him of the king's arrival, who thereupon summoned a council of general officers to meet him at Windsor, where it was debated, what should now be done with the king; and it was resolved, that he should be prosecuted for his life as a traitor to his country. The first step Oliver's party took with this view in parliament was, to procure an order to Hammond to confine the king in Carisbrook-

castle, and not to suffer any of his friends or adherents to remain on the island.

A second civil war broke out in the year 1648. Those of the nation who disapproved of the measures against the king, rose in different parts of England; and the Welsh appeared with a formidable body acting by commission from the prince of Wales. The example once set, associations in support of the royal cause were formed in almost every county, which put the parliament upon vigorous measures, and Cromwell was sent into Wales, where he subdued the Welsh forces, and took their commanders prisoners; and the town of Colchester, where the strongest body of the royalists was shut up, being obliged to surrender, this struck such a damp on the minds of the rest, that most of the insurrections were soon quelled, and the associations dissolved. The Scots, however, threatened to give the parliament more trouble; for they asserted, that the latter had violated the condition on which they delivered up the king, and they endeavoured to retrieve their national honour, by sending duke Hamilton into England, at the head of a powerful army, to reinstate him; but their efforts only served to hasten his fate, from an apprehension that every day would produce fresh disturbances in his favour. Cromwell, by his genius and valour, put a stop to this incursion, and to the oppressions which the inhabitants of the north of England laboured under from the rapine of the Scotch army; having totally routed all their forces, and taken duke Hamilton prisoner. He also reduced Carlisle and Berwick, which had revolted from the English, and then entering Scotland in triumph, he caused a proclamation to be made at the head of every regiment in his army, prohibiting, upon pain of death, the seizure of any goods or chattels belonging to the Scots. At the same time he declared to the people of Scotland, that he came there only to set their kingdom free from the faction of the Hamiltons, and without any intention to invade their liberties. Agreeably to this, he marched to Edinburgh, where he was received with great solemnity by the marquis of Argyle and the magistracy; and having dismissed the Hamilton party from all offices, he returned to England with every mark of honour and esteem on the part of the Scots. Upon his arrival in London, he

received the thanks of the house for this signal service, which was the last he performed in his military capacity till after the king's execution.

On the death of the king, that inconsiderable part of the House of Commons which continued sitting, assumed the reins of government under the denomination of a Commonwealth; and sure of the support of the army, they voted the kingly office unnecessary and burthensome, and the House of Peers dangerous and useless, and therefore to be laid aside. But the peers were declared capable of being elected into the House of Commons; which degradation was submitted to only by the earls of Pembroke and Salisbury, and lord Howard of Escrick: the rest entered upon their Journals a protestation, in the name of all the peers of the realm, against all acts, votes, and orders of parliament, that should be made during their exclusion. The parliament likewise declared it high-treason to acknowledge Charles Stuart, commonly called the prince of Wales, or any other person, king of England; and such members as had given their vote for accepting the concessions of the late king for a peace, were excluded from the house. This vote reduced the remainder to less than one hundred; and these being considered by the cavaliers (so the friends of Charles II. were denominated) as the dregs of the long parliament, were called by them in derision, '*The Rump.*' The next act of the new government was to nominate a council of state, consisting of forty persons, Cromwell being one, in whom was vested the executive authority; and from this time all writs, formerly running in the king's name, were issued in the names of 'the keepers of the liberty of England;' the old great seal was broken, and a new one made, having on one side a red cross and a harp, quartered as the arms of England and Ireland, with this inscription, 'The great seal of England;' and, on the reverse, a representation of the House of Commons assembled, with this legend, 'In the first year of Freedom, by God's grace restored, 1649.' Instead of a head, the same arms were impressed on the coin, with this device, 'God with us.' A new oath was likewise administered to all persons in office, to be true and faithful to the government established, without king or House of Peers. But as the existence of this new government depended upon the

principal officers of the army, and on Cromwell more than all the rest, it was declared to be high-treason for any soldier of the army to contrive the death of the general or lieutenant-general; and Oliver Cromwell, being now provided with a security to his person, abolished the council of agitators, and caused two soldiers of his own regiment of infantry to be shot by two of their comrades, in sight of the whole army, for mutiny upon this occasion.

The army now implicitly obeyed the orders of this enterprising man, and no person was thought so proper to reduce Ireland to submission, as the expedition was both difficult and dangerous. Accordingly he was appointed lord governor of that kingdom for three years; and all his forces being in readiness for embarkation at Milford Haven, he set out from London on the 10th of July, with great solemnity and splendour, in a coach with six horses, attended by several members of parliament and of the council of state.

Most of the fortified towns of Ireland being in the hands of the royalists, and well garrisoned, Cromwell, with his usual intrepidity, resolved upon an exploit which should astonish the Irish, and occasion such a general dread of his arms, that, after having given one example of severity, he might have little or no trouble in completing his conquests. With this view he marched to Drogheda, or Tredagh, a very strong place, garrisoned by the flower of the royal army, under the command of Sir Arthur Aston, an old experienced officer. Having blocked up the town by land, and ordered admiral Ayscough to cut off all communication by sea, he summoned the governor to surrender, and upon refusal hung out the red or bloody ensign, denoting that no quarter was to be expected. After a warm opposition he took the place by storm, entering the town in person by the breaches he had made, and a dreadful slaughter ensued, all who bore arms being put to the sword, for which inhumanity he was severely censured; but he justified himself by alleging that they had imbrued their hands in the blood of innocent Englishmen, at the massacre of the protestants in 1641, and that it was the only way to prevent the farther effusion of blood, as other places would be discouraged from sustaining a siege. But he was obliged to act the same tragedy again at

Wexford ; after which, the dread of the same fate affected all the towus and forts along the coast as far as Dublin, and they quietly surrendered one after the other. In short, in about nine months this victorious general, seconded by his son-in-law Ireton, obliged the whole kingdom to submit to the new government ; and then he was recalled.

Cromwell's return to England was hastened by the conduct of the Scots, who had acknowledged Charles II. for their sovereign ; and this being considered by the Commonwealth of England as a declaration of war, preparations for hostilities were now carried on in both kingdoms with great vigour. But when it was proposed by the council of state in England to anticipate the Scots, by carrying the war into their country, Fairfax declined the command of the expedition, upon which Cromwell was ordered home. On his approach to London, he was met by a prodigious concourse of people ; and being come to Tyburn, where a great crowd of spectators were assembled to see him enter, a certain flatterer, pointing to the multitude, exclaimed, ' Good God, Sir ! what a number of people are come hither to welcome you home ! ' to which he replied with a smile, ' But how many more do you think would flock to the same place to see me hanged ? ' As it was found impracticable to prevail on general Fairfax to commence hostilities, who declared that his conscience was not satisfied as to the justice of the intended war, his offer to lay down his commission was readily accepted ; and the parliament soon passed an act unanimously appointing Oliver Cromwell, Esq. to be captain general-in-chief of all the forces within the Commonwealth of England.

The new general was as successful in Scotland as he had been in Ireland. It even seemed as if the very name of Oliver Cromwell struck a panic wherever he appeared ; for the Scots fled before him as he approached, and when at length their army was drawn into a general engagement at Dunbar, he totally defeated them, though their numbers more than doubled the English. His signal successes in Scotland determined Charles II. to march with another army into England, to which he was more contiguous, after the battle of Dunbar, than Cromwell. Accordingly he entered by Carlisle, and meeting with little or no opposi

tion, except from major-general Lambert at Warrington-bridge, he advanced to Worcester, where he resolved to remain and wait the approach of the enemy. Cromwell was not long after him; on the 3d of September, 1651, was fought the battle of Worcester between Charles and Cromwell, when a complete victory was gained by the latter; and the king was obliged to wander about in different parts of the kingdom in disguise, till he found an opportunity to escape to France.

Cromwell now enjoyed a power and state nearly equal to royalty; for, on his return from Worcester, he was met beyond Aylesbury by four commissioners from the parliament, who were instructed to show him all possible marks of respect; and, at Acton, he was met by the speaker, the president of the council, the lord-mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs of London, and a great number of persons of distinction. A state coach was likewise provided for him to make his entry into London, where he was received with loud acclamations; and the parliament settled lands upon him and his heirs of the yearly value of £4000. But all the honours conferred upon him by this unstable government he knew to be precarious; and, therefore, he began to take measures for assuming a supreme authority over that very body from which he had derived his present greatness.

A war broke out with the Dutch in 1652, and some of the leading men of the republican party had it in agitation to augment the navy and reduce the army, under the pretext that the latter in such a crisis was unnecessary and expensive. Cromwell saw into this scheme to lessen his influence, and, without loss of time, made it answer his own purpose. For, repairing to the army, he excited the principal officers to draw up a petition demanding the payment of their arrears, and affirming, that the public revenues, if honestly and wisely managed, would be sufficient for the regular subsistence of the present land army, notwithstanding any proposed augmentation of the navy. This petition produced a warm debate, and the parliament voted that the officers should be reprimanded for their insolence. This step increased the mutiny, and a remonstrance was now delivered on the part of the army, complaining that the parliament had not performed its promise to dissolve itself, agreeably to a former petition presented by their

body; they therefore desired that they would now put an end to their administration; that there might be a regular succession of parliaments; and that they would appoint a council of state, to take charge of the public affairs, till a new parliament was convoked. This proposal was refused with indignation, and Cromwell well knowing that a motion for disbanding great part of the army would soon be made, found that he had no time to lose. He resolved therefore upon a measure which for decision and daring threw all his former exploits into the shade.

On the 20th of April, 1653, while the house was actually debating on a motion for continuing the parliament above a year and a half longer, he entered it, accompanied by a number of officers, who were most devoted to him, leaving in Westminster-hall, upon the stairs, and in the lobby, a chosen detachment of soldiers, to the amount of 300 men. After attending quietly in his place for some time to the debates, he whispered major-general Harrison, that he now thought the parliament ripe for a dissolution; but the general requested him to think seriously, before he undertook so dangerous an action. 'You say well,' replied Cromwell, and sat still about a quarter of an hour, when, the debates being ended, and the speaker preparing to put the question, he said to Harrison, 'This is the time I must do it;' and so, standing up on a sudden, he bade the speaker leave the chair, and told the house that they had sat long enough, unless they had done more good. Then charging several individuals with their private vices, he told them in general, that they had not a heart to do any thing for the public good, but only an intention to perpetuate themselves in power. And when some of them began to speak, he stepped into the midst of the house, and said, 'Come, come, I will put an end to your prating.' Then, walking up and down, he cried out, 'You are no parliament, I say you are no parliament;' and, stamping with his feet, he bade them begone, and give place to honest men; for the Lord had done with them, and had made choice of other instruments. The stamping on the floor being the signal, the soldiers entered, and he said to one of them, 'Take away that fool's bauble, the mace;' and the speaker still keeping the chair, Harrison rudely pulled him out by the arm. After this, Cromwell told the members they

had forced him to this; then seizing all the papers upon the table, he ordered the soldiers to clear the house; and this being done, he locked the doors, put the keys into his pocket, and returned to Whitehall with his retinue.

He acted the same part by the council of state in the afternoon. On entering the chamber at Whitehall, where they were assembled, he spoke thus to them: 'Gentlemen, if you are met here as private persons, you shall not be disturbed; but if as a council of state, this is no place for you; and since you cannot but know what was done at the house in the morning, so take notice, that the parliament which appointed you is dissolved.' Bradshaw, the president, boldly answered, 'Sir, we have heard what you did at the house in the morning; and, before many hours, all England will hear of it; but, sir, you are mistaken to think that the parliament is dissolved; for no power under heaven can dissolve them but themselves; therefore take you notice of that.' But the council finding themselves under the same military force, quietly departed. The government, such as it had been since the execution of the king, was now effectually dissolved, and, in the general consternation into which the whole nation was thrown, any constitution whatever would have been acceptable.

Cromwell now nominated a new council of state, consisting chiefly of officers of the army, and these prepared a form of summons to be issued to 140 persons selected by the council to represent the whole kingdom in parliament. Some of those members were taken from the lowest classes of the people; and a leather-seller in Fleet-street, named Praise-God Barebones, being an active man, and a great speaker in this assembly, it was called in derision, Barebones's parliament. This miscellaneous assemblage, however, soon found themselves unfit for the management of affairs, and were glad to resign their charge into the hands from which they had derived it; and the officers by their own authority declared Cromwell Protector of the Commonwealth of England.

In this strange and circuitous manner, and through the force of circumstances, a man neither distinguished by birth nor external advantages, and at a comparatively late period in life, was invested with that king-like authority, to abolish which the nation had endured so many sufferings. But it was the natural consequence

of such a national revolution, in which the chief arbitrator was the sword : he who had wielded it most effectively became the final dictator. But notwithstanding the unconstitutional character of such authority, and the means by which it had been attained, Cromwell was no mean and selfish usurper. The power which he had acquired, he used for the welfare and aggrandisement of his country alone, and at no period had England ever assumed such a commanding position among the nations as during the Protectorate. One author thus reckons up the benefits of his administration : ‘ 1. By Blake he more humbled and subdued the Algerine, Tripoli, and Tunis pirates, than ever any before or since did. 2. Westminster-hall was never replenished with more learned and upright judges than by him ; nor was justice, either in law or equity, in civil cases, more equally distributed. 3. When the Norway traders represented to him the mischief and inconveniences of the act of navigation, he, during his time, dispensed with it, and permitted the English to trade to Norway for timber, masts, pitch, tar, and iron, as before the act : and, by a law made in his third parliament, license is given to transport fish in foreign bottoms. 4. Though he was rash in making war with Spain, and peace with France, yet he made a more advantageous treaty of commerce for the English to France than before they had. 5. Though he joined forces with the French against the Spaniards, yet he reserved the sea-towns conquered from the Spaniards to himself, and so had Dunkirk and Mardyke delivered up to him, and would have had Ostend, if the garrison had not cheated both Mazarine and him ; thereby to be arbitrator over the French, as well as Spaniards, when he pleased. 6. Cromwell outvied the best of our kings, in rendering our laws to the subject into the English tongue : for though Edward I. permitted pleading in the English language, yet he went no farther ; whereas Cromwell rendered not only the pleadings, but practice, and laws themselves, into English.’ In short, he applied himself so industriously to the business of the commonwealth, and discovered such abilities for managing it, that his greatest enemies acknowledged he was not unworthy of the government, if his way to it had been just and legitimate. And he showed his good understanding in nothing more than in seeking out capable and worthy

men for all employments, but more particularly for the courts of law, which gave general satisfaction.

His maintaining the honour of the nation in all foreign parts gratified the temper which is very natural to Englishmen. Of this he was so careful, that, though he was not a crowned head, yet his ambassadors had all the distinctions paid them which our kings' ambassadors ever had. He would say, 'That the dignity of the crown was upon the account of the nation, of which the king was only the representative head; and therefore, the nation being still the same, he would have the same respect paid to his ministers.' And it is observable, that Lockhart, Cromwell's ambassador in France, told bishop Burnet, 'That, when he was sent afterwards ambassador by king Charles, he found he had nothing of that regard that was paid to him in Cromwell's time.'

Cromwell's influence was so great in France, that cardinal Mazarine durst not deny him any thing. He one day made a visit to madame Turenne, and, when he took his leave of her, she, as she was wont to do, besought him to continue gracious to the churches. Upon which Mazarine told her, 'That he knew not how to behave himself. If he advised the king to punish and suppress their insolence, Cromwell threatened to join with the Spaniards; and if he showed any favour to them, at Rome they counted him a heretic.' It was said, that the cardinal would change countenance when he heard Cromwell named; so that it passed into a proverb in France, 'That he was not so much afraid of the devil as of Oliver Cromwell.' Spain dreaded him, and courted his friendship, as much as France, though the latter prevailed. When the Spanish ambassador was informed, that the fleet under Penn and Venables was gone towards the West Indies, and that the storm was likely to fall upon some of his master's territories, he applied himself to the Protector, to know whether he had any just ground of complaint against the king his master; if so, he was ready to give him all possible satisfaction. The Protector demanded a liberty to trade to the Spanish West Indies, and the repeal of the laws of the Inquisition: to which the ambassador replied, 'That his master had but two eyes, and that he would have him put them both out at once.' The states of Holland so dreaded him, that they were very careful to

give him no manner of umbrage : and when at any time Charles II. or his brothers came to see their sister, the princess of Orange, within a day or two they used to send a deputation to acquaint the refugees that Cromwell had obliged them to give them no harbour. Even the Turks stood in awe of Cromwell, and dared not offend him. And all Italy trembled at his name, and seemed under a panic-fear as long as he lived. When admiral Blake sailed into the Mediterranean, the city of Rome and all the pope's territories were greatly alarmed ; and the terror of the people was such, that public processions were made, and the host was exposed forty hours, to avert the wrath of heaven, and prevent Blake's attacking the dominions of the church. And indeed we are told that Cromwell used to say, ' That his ships in the Mediterranean should visit Civita Vecchia, and the sound of his cannon should be heard in Rome.'

At length, towards the close of his remarkable career, a reaction began to take place among the different parties, so that of his old friends and adherents many hated him for having destroyed their beloved equality, while others envied his superiority and success. The intrigues of the royalists, not only against his authority but his life, were resumed ; while his old enemies the Presbyterians assailed him on one side, and the most enthusiastic Independents on the other. In the midst of these distresses, his favourite daughter, lady Claypole, died under the most melancholy circumstances, and few fathers were so ardently devoted to their children as the strong-souled but tender-hearted Oliver Cromwell. Assailed by these political annoyances and domestic afflictions, the iron frame of the Protector, which had for some time been shaken with an ague, sank into utter helplessness, and on the 2nd of September, 1658, he found himself dying. It was then that the nation felt the magnitude of their approaching loss, and supplications were addressed to heaven from every quarter for his recovery, while his enemies rejoiced at the prospect of his dissolution. In allusion to these contrary feelings, he was overheard praying alone, upon his death-bed, in these affecting words : ' Lord, I am a poor, foolish creature ; this people would have me live ; they think it will be best for them, and that it will redound much to thy glory. All the stir is about this. Others would fain

have me die. Lord, pardon them, and pardon thy foolish people; forgive them their sins, and do not forsake them; but love and bless them, and give them rest; and bring them to a consistency, and give me rest.' During the night he declared his eldest son Richard his successor. On the following day, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon of the 3rd of September, that day of the anniversary of the victories of Worcester and Dunbar, which he always accounted the most fortunate of his life, he expired, in the sixtieth year of his age, having been Protector nearly six years.

CHAP. XI.

From the death of Oliver Cromwell to the accession of George III.

THE death of Cromwell was the signal for intrigue and dissension; and those parties whom his energetic sway, during the latter part of his administration, had been hardly sufficient to coerce, were not likely to be reduced to obedience under his feeble successor, Richard. Those military officers who had hoped to succeed to the management of affairs upon the death of Oliver, soon compelled the new Protector to abdicate, after which they recalled the Rump Parliament that had been so unceremoniously dismissed by Cromwell; but when they found that this meeting refused to sanction their usurpations, they dissolved it almost as soon as it had been assembled. They then usurped the whole power of the state by establishing a military government, over which presided a committee of twenty-three persons. But this mere phantom of dominion was fated to be as short-lived as the parliament which so lately had been dissolved. General Monk, who was in Scotland at the head of 8000 veterans, conceived the idea of supplanting this military oligarchy in turn, without perhaps precisely determining what should be substituted in its stead, or seeking any thing beyond his own aggrandisement. But in this mood he was persuaded that nothing would be better than to restore the monarchy; and he pursued this measure with a policy and craft that have seldom been equalled. He was aided in this work by the feelings of the greater part of the nation, already weary of the anarchy to which they were exposed, and the spirit

of division that prevailed among those who were opposed to his views. With the military power he possessed, it was easy under such circumstances to accomplish the restoration of the royal family; and Charles II. came from Breda to London, which he entered on the 29th of May, 1660. Nothing could exceed the welcome with which he was received by all classes of people; and as for Monk, he was gratified to the full for his important services by pensions, offices, and titles.

It was unfortunate for the nation that this return to a settled state of government was unaccompanied with that caution which such a crisis demanded. The minds of all parties were literally so drunk with exultation, that they threw away in an instant all for which they had so painfully fought and suffered; and Charles, with little ambition, and less political capacity, was enabled without resistance to become one of the most despotic sovereigns of the age. But fortunately for England he cared little for power, except so far as it contributed to his pleasures, and provided he was supplied by the parliament with money to squander upon sensual indulgences, he was indifferent to the rest. It was this spirit, however, that made his reign one of the most contemptible that can be found in history, more especially when contrasted with the vigorous and splendid administration of Oliver Cromwell. The wars during his reign were against the Dutch, and wholly conducted by sea, with the exception of an insurrectionary movement in Scotland, which was suppressed by a victory over the covenanters at Bothwell Bridge. He died little regretted by any party on the 6th of February, 1685, and, as he had no legitimate children, he was succeeded by his brother, James II.

Although Charles II. could not be said to have much religion of any kind, yet the little he possessed was decidedly of the church of Rome, a circumstance, however, which he concealed to the very hour of his death, and which was therefore not generally suspected. But the new monarch was a person of a different stamp. He was not only wholly, but openly and avowedly, a papist; and not content with this he was resolved that the whole nation should be led back to the fold of Rome. Such an experiment, which might have suited the age of Henry VIII., was absurd and hopeless towards the end of the seventeenth century, and therefore the church, the

army, and the nation at large, rose up in indignation against his measures, and repelled every attempt to restore the popish ascendancy. Such a kind of warfare could not long continue, or terminate in a peaceful compromise, and therefore the whole nation turned their eyes to William, prince of Orange, the son-in-law of James II. This distinguished warrior, in consequence of the numerous invitations which he received from all parties, set sail for England, with a large fleet and army, and landed at Torbay on the 5th of November, 1688. His arrival was the signal for general desertion, and the despotic priest-ridden James was soon forsaken even by those in whom he had placed the greatest confidence. All that he could do was to fly from the country which he had so grossly misgoverned; and as the friends of William were eager to be rid of his presence, an open door was left for his retreat. On the 25th of December he landed in France, and hastened to the court of Louis XIV., by whom he was received with sympathy and respect, while William and Mary were conjointly invited to assume the sovereign authority, the administration of government being placed in the hands of the former. In this way, the overthrow of a dynasty and the revolution of three kingdoms were accomplished, without a single skirmish.

In the mean time, the viscount of Dundee, who had made his name terrible to the covenanters of Scotland as Graham of Claverhouse, and who was the firmest adherent of the house of Stuart, after having vainly attempted to dissuade James from his ill-advised flight, retired to Scotland, in the hope of creating a diversion in favour of the fugitive sovereign. For this purpose he set up the royal standard, and was joined by a small body of Highlanders; but as the Scottish convention was aware of his restless activity, enterprise, and courage, such a powerful force was sent against him that, instead of being able to attempt any thing of consequence, he was obliged to fall back upon the passes and fastnesses of the Highlands. After having been closely followed by a very superior army under the command of general Mackay, an officer of approved skill, Dundee, whose whole force did not exceed 2500 men, resolved to give battle to the pursuers in the pass of Killikrankie. The soldiers of Mackay entered the dark and dismal gorge

with awe on the 17th of July, 1689, and found the Highlanders drawn up upon a hill to await them; but both parties continued to stand at gaze without coming to action. At length, Dundee, who had purposely delayed till sunset, gave the signal for battle, and in an instant the Highland clans rushed down upon their enemies like a torrent. The charge was irresistible: the foot were broken and routed almost in an instant, and the whole pass was filled with the fragments of troops and regiments flying from the impetuous onset of the Highland broad-sword; while nearly 2000 of their comrades were killed in the attack or the pursuit. Indeed, not a soldier of Mackay would have escaped but for the death of Dundee himself, who fell by a bullet that pierced him under the right arm in a part undefended by the cuirass, while he was cheering on his troops to the onset. By this fall of the leader of the Stuart cause, the hopes of James were frustrated in Scotland; and the splendid victory of Killikrankie was only a signal for the Highlanders to disband and return to their homes.

The conflict on behalf of the deposed sovereign was now shifted from Scotland to Ireland. As the greater part of the population in the latter country was Roman Catholic, and therefore friendly to the religious politics of James, while the whole military force stationed in that kingdom to keep it in check amounted barely to 4000 men, he embarked at Brest with a small force, and landed at Kinsale on the 12th of March, 1689, hoping that he would be joined by the bulk of the Irish people. But in this he was only too successful, as he was encumbered with whole myriads of uncouth recruits, whom he could neither arm nor discipline. His first attempt was the siege of Londonderry; but the townsfolk, although only defended by a wretched mud wall, and headed by a clergyman (their governor having deserted them), made such a splendid defence that they held out for three months, until their last meal was consumed, when they were happily relieved, on the 28th of July, by seven ships laden with provisions. James was on this account obliged to raise the siege, after having sustained great loss. After this event, several indecisive engagements followed; but William, resolving to bring the war to a termination, crossed over to Ireland, and took the command of those forces which he had pre-

viously sent under the duke of Schomberg. On this occasion the battle of the Boyne was fought—an event that crushed the hopes of the Stuart party in Ireland. This important event took place on the 30th of June, 1690. The army of William, composed of English, Dutch, and Germans, amounted to 30,000 men; while that of James was not only inferior in numbers, but also in arms and discipline. Although the crossing of the river was difficult, and the Irish were strongly posted on the opposite bank, William resolved to become the assailant: he ordered the river to be forded in three different places, and a simultaneous attack to be made from as many points, which was done with great intrepidity and comparatively little loss. The Irish fought bravely, but it was the character of the two leaders that mainly decided the conflict. While William charged at the head of his troops and superintended every movement, James, even while the battle was yet undecided, rode off from the field, and thus his faithful followers were thrown into dismay. This contrast was bitterly expressed by a Jacobite officer after the defeat. ‘Let us but exchange our commanders,’ he said to the opposite party, ‘and we will fight the battle over again.’ The war in Ireland continued after this period, but so unsuccessfully for the interests of the fallen king, that a peace was established on the 1st of October, which put an end to his hopes in that quarter. James returned to his old lodgings in St. Germain, and there devised plots for the assassination of William, after having vainly tried to overcome him in open warfare.

The great aim of William, both while prince of Orange and king of Great Britain, was the overthrow of Louis XIV., whose vast plans of ambition, aided by his immense resources, had long menaced the liberties of Europe. But England on this point showed such a wonderful indifference to the wishes of her sovereign, as made William sometimes regret that he had undertaken the government of such a refractory monarchy. At last, however, he had in some measure roused the spirit of England to the encounter, and a new war with France was about to be commenced, when William’s heroic career was terminated by an unexpected accident. His health had been greatly impaired, a circumstance which he endeavoured to conceal by frequent exercise on horse-

back ; but while he was riding from Kensington to Hampton Court, his horse stumbled, and fell under him, by which his collar-bone was fractured. This accident, aggravated by a feeble constitution, was incurable, and he died on the 8th of March, 1702, in the fifty-third year of his age, having reigned in England thirteen years. The humiliation of France, which was the prevailing desire of his heart even in his last moments, descended like a sacred duty to him who was best able to discharge it—to the illustrious duke of Marlborough.

This distinguished hero, of whom it is enough to say in this place, that during ten campaigns which he conducted against the French, he never laid siege to a town without taking it, nor fought a battle without being victorious, raised the military character of England during the reign of queen Anne to the highest pitch of greatness, and but for the envy or treachery of the British cabinet, by which he was at last superseded, he would in all probability have broken the power of France for centuries. Anne died of apoplexy on the 1st of August, 1714, and according to the appointed rule of succession, George, elector of Hanover, was called to the throne of Britain. But on his accession he found that the Tories, in consequence of their obstinate belief in the divine hereditary right of kings, were wholly for the exiled house of Stuart, upon which he threw himself among the Whigs, who were thus enabled to triumph over their political rivals. The Tories were thus rendered more irreconcilable than ever against the house of Hanover ; and in consequence of the fierce aversion of the Scots to the Union, which had been accomplished in the preceding reign, the earl of Mar raised the standard of rebellion in 1715, and proclaimed the Pretender in the highlands. This insurrection, however, which was so formidable in its appearance, and which might have been attended with such fatal results to the liberty and religion of Britain, was thwarted in all its steps by the injudiciousness of its friends, and finally extinguished by the valour and prudence of the duke of Argyle. After this defeat of his hopes, the Pretender's cause was espoused by Spain, and an armament was despatched to Britain on his behalf ; but the ships were dispersed by a storm off Cape Finisterre. These and other failures to reinstate the family of Stuart humbled the Tories, and established the house

of Brunswick so effectually, that on the death of George I., which happened at Osnaburgh on the 11th of June, 1727, George II. ascended the throne with all the national acquiescence of an incontestible succession.

The reign of this sovereign was distinguished both by foreign and civil wars, the former arising from the Pragmatic Treaty, and the latter from attempts to restore the house of Stuart. On the death of the emperor of Germany, his daughter the queen of Hungary should have succeeded, according to the guarantee of the chief European powers; but France, regardless of her share in the treaty, set up the duke of Bavaria as a rival to the claims of the queen, while her dominions were attacked in other quarters by Prussia, Saxony, and Bavaria. Britain in this case, as usual, espoused the weaker side; and after a series of conflicts, in which her powerful aid was most sensibly felt by her ally, the battle of Dettingen was fought, in which the British troops materially contributed to obtain a glorious victory—but this was in some measure balanced by the untoward offset of Fontenoy. France now endeavoured to divide the efforts of the British by transferring part of the war to their own doors, and for this purpose Charles Edward, son of the Pretender, and grandson of James II., was furnished with a small sum of money, and an immense amount of promises, that he might be induced to make a landing in Scotland, where a hankering for the old Scottish race of Stuart was invigorated by a hatred of the Union. In full reliance upon these promises of co-operation, Charles Edward, or, as he is more generally called, the Young Chevalier, landed in Lochabar with only seven officers, in 1745. The hardy Highlanders flocked to his standard, and for a time every obstacle yielded to their valour. At the battle of Preston Pans they routed a superior army of the royalists, and made themselves masters of Edinburgh; and having received a considerable augmentation of force, they commenced their march southward, and advanced within a hundred miles of London. But this was the termination of their romantic career. The duke of Cumberland, who had been recalled from the continent, took the command of the royal army, closely followed the retreat of the insurgents, and ended the rebellion by a total defeat of the army of the Young Chevalier at Culloden. After this period, the war upon the continent was chiefly

maintained by our navy, and in rapid succession the fleets and colonies of the enemy fell into our hands. Of these the most interesting was the capture of Quebec, which yielded to the gallant Wolfe, who fell in the arms of victory. It was in the midst of these operations that George II. died, A. D. 1760, and was succeeded by George III., a name with which the feelings of the present generation are closely connected.

JOHN CHURCHILL,

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

JOHN CHURCHILL, who, according to the prediction of the prince de Vaudemont, lived to attain the highest pitch of glory, was the second son of Sir Winston Churchill, of Dorsetshire, a gentleman who suffered greatly during the civil wars for his loyalty to Charles I. He was born at Ashe, in Devonshire, on the 24th of June, 1650; and introduced early to court, where he was particularly favoured by James, duke of York, who made him his page of honour when he was no more than twelve years of age. He had a pair of colours given him in the guards during the first Dutch war, about the year 1666; and afterwards obtained leave to go over to Tangier, then in the possession of England, and besieged by the Moors. Here he resided for some time, cultivating attentively the science of war, and was personally engaged in several skirmishes with the Moors. Upon his return to England he attended constantly at court, and was greatly respected both by the king and the duke.

In 1672, the duke of Monmouth commanding a body of English auxiliaries in the service of France, Mr. Churchill attended him, and was soon after made a captain of grenadiers in the duke's own regiment. He had a share in all the actions of that famous campaign against the Dutch; and at the siege of Nimeguen he distinguished himself so much, that he was particularly taken notice of by the celebrated Turenne, who bestowed on him the name of 'the Handsome Englishman.' One circumstance rendered this a title of honour. A French lieu-

tenant colonel having deserted a pass upon the approach of a Dutch detachment, marshal Turenne, who commanded the French, laid a wager that, difficult and dangerous as the enterprise was, this 'handsome Englishman' should retake the pass with half the number of men with which the other had lost it; and this, young Churchill successfully effected.

The next year he so signalized himself by his intrepidity at the reduction of Maestricht, that the French king thanked him for his behaviour at the head of the line; and assured him that he would acquaint his sovereign with it; which he did: and Monmouth, on his return to England, told the king how much he had been indebted to the bravery of captain Churchill. His reputation in France procured him preferment at home: the king promoted him to the rank of lieutenant-colonel; and the duke of York made him gentleman of his bed-chamber, and soon after master of the robes. In the beginning of the year 1679, when the duke was constrained to retire from England, colonel Churchill attended him till he was suffered to reside again in London. While he waited upon the duke in Scotland, he had a regiment of dragoons given him; and in 1681 he married Mrs. Sarah Jennings, daughter of Richard Jennings, Esq. of Sandridge, in Herefordshire, one of the most handsome and accomplished ladies of the court. In the spring of the following year, the duke of York returning to London, resolved to fetch his family from Scotland by sea. For this purpose he embarked on the 2nd of May, but unluckily ran upon the Lemon Oar, a dangerous sand that lies about sixteen leagues from the mouth of the Humber; where his ship was lost, and several persons of quality, besides upwards of 120 private gentlemen and seamen. The duke was particularly careful of colonel Churchill's safety, and took him into the boat in which himself escaped.

The first work of his royal highness, after his return to court, was to obtain a title for his favourite, who, by letters patent, was created baron Churchill of Aymouth, in Scotland, and colonel of the third troop of guards. He was continued in all his posts by James II., who sent him also as his ambassador to France to notify his accession. On his return he assisted at the coronation on the 23rd of April, 1685; and in May following was created

a peer of England by the title of baron Churchill, of Sandridge, in the county of Hereford.

In June lord Churchill was ordered into the west to suppress the duke of Monmouth's rebellion, which he did in a month with an inconsiderable body of horse, and took the duke himself prisoner. He was very favourably received by the king at his return; but he soon discovered the bad effects which this victory had produced, by confirming the king in an opinion, that by a standing army the religion and government of England might easily be changed. How far lord Churchill concurred with or opposed this project, cannot well be ascertained. Bishop Burnet tells us, that 'he very prudently declined meddling much in business, spoke little, except when his advice was asked, and then always recommended moderate measures.' It is said that he declared very early to lord Galway, that if his master attempted to overturn the established religion, he would leave him; and that he signed the memorial transmitted to the prince and princess of Orange, by which they were invited to rescue this nation from popery and slavery. It is certain, however, that he remained with James after the prince of Orange had landed on the 5th of Nov. 1688, and had the command of a brigade of 5000 men; yet the earl of Feversham, the king's general, suspecting his inclinations, advised the king to seize him. But the king's affection was so great, that he could not be prevailed upon to do it; and this left him at liberty to go over to the prince; which he accordingly did, but without carrying off any troops. The military trimmer (for such in this case he certainly was) was graciously received by the prince of Orange; and in consequence of his solicitations prince George of Denmark went over to William, as did his consort, the princess Anne, soon after, by the advice of lady Churchill. He was entrusted, in that critical conjuncture, by the prince of Orange, first to re-assemble his troop of guards at London, and afterwards to reduce some lately-raised regiments, and new-model the army; for which purpose he was invested with the rank of lieutenant general. He was one of the peers who voted that the throne was vacant; and the prince and princess of Orange being declared king and queen of England upon the 6th of February, 1689, he

was, on the 14th, sworn of their privy council, and one of the gentlemen of the bedchamber to the king; and on the 9th of April following he was raised to the dignity of earl of Marlborough, in the county of Wilts, and was soon after made commander-in-chief of the English forces sent over to Holland. He commanded at the battle of Walcourt, in the province of Namur, which was fought upon the 15th of August, 1689, and gave such extraordinary proofs of his skill, that prince Waldeck, speaking in his commendation to king William, declared 'that he saw more into the art of war in a day than some generals in many years.'

It is to be observed that king William commanded this year in Ireland; which was the reason of the earl of Marlborough's being at the head of the English troops in Holland, where he laid the foundation of that fame among foreigners, which he afterwards extended all over Europe. The following year king James having withdrawn from Ireland, the earl, who would never appear in the field against that monarch, accepted the command of a body of English forces to act in conjunction with the German and Dutch auxiliaries in reducing Cork and some other places of importance; in which he showed such uncommon abilities, that on his first appearance at court after his return, king William was pleased to say, 'that he knew no man so fit for a general, who had seen so few campaigns.' Yet all these services did not prevent his being disgraced in a very sudden manner, in 1691. The cause of this is supposed to have proceeded from his too close attachment to the interest of the princess Anne.

After queen Mary's death, William thought fit to recall the earl of Marlborough to his privy council; and in June, 1693, he appointed him governor to the duke of Gloucester, with this extraordinary compliment, 'Make him but what you are, and my nephew will be all I wish to see him.'

Soon after the death of the duke of Gloucester, which occurred A. D. 1700, the king made Marlborough commander-in-chief of the British forces in Holland, and ambassador extraordinary to the States General; and this was one of the last marks of honour the earl received from William, except the recommendation of his

lordship to the princess Anne, a little before his death, as the most proper person to command the army which was to protect the liberty of Europe.

In March, 1702, about a week after the king's death, he was elected knight of the most noble order of the garter; and soon after declared captain-general of all her majesty's forces in England and abroad: upon which he was immediately sent over to the Hague with the same character which he had held the year before. The States concurred with him in all his proposals, and made him captain-general of their forces, with an appointment of 100,000 florins per annum. On his return to England he found the queen's council already divided: some were for carrying on the war as auxiliaries only; others for declaring against France and Spain immediately, and so becoming principals at once. Marlborough joined with the latter; and as these carried their point, war was declared upon the 4th of May, 1702, and afterwards approved by parliament, though the Dutch at that time had not declared. The earl took the command on the 20th of June; and finding that the States were uneasy at the places which the enemy held on the frontiers, he began with attacking and reducing them. Accordingly, in this single campaign, he made himself master of the castles of Gravenbroeck and Waerts; the towns of Venlo, Ruremond, and Stevenswaert, together with the city and citadel of Liege, which last was taken sword in hand.

These advantages were considerable, and acknowledged as such by the States; but they were likely to be of a very short date; for the army separating in the neighbourhood of Liege on the 3d of November, the earl was taken the next day, in his passage by water, by a small party of thirty men from the garrison at Gueldres. But it was towards night; and the earl with great composure presenting to the commanding officer of the detachment an old pass which had been given to his brother, general Churchill, but which was now out of date, he was suffered to proceed, so that he arrived safe at the Hague, where they were in the utmost consternation at the accident which had befallen him. Towards winter the earl embarked for England, and arrived in London on the 28th of November. The queen had been complimented some time before, by both houses of parliament, on the success of her arms in Flanders; in consequence

of which there had been a public thanksgiving on the 4th of November, when her majesty went in great state to St. Paul's. Soon after the triumphant earl was created a duke, by the title of marquis of Blandford and duke of Marlborough. The queen likewise added a pension of five thousand pounds per annum out of the post-office during her own life; and sent a message to the House of Commons, signifying her desire that they would extend the pension by act of parliament, in the same manner as she had done the title, to him and his heirs male; but with this the house would not comply, contenting themselves, in their address to the queen, with applauding her manner of rewarding public services, but declaring their inability to make such a precedent for alienating the revenue of the crown. He was on the point of returning to Holland, when, on the 20th of February, 1703, his only son, the marquis of Blandford, died at Cambridge at the age of eighteen. This afflicting accident did not, however, long retard his grace; for he passed over to Holland, and arrived at the Hague on the 17th of March.

The French had a great army this year in Flanders, in the Low Countries, and in that part of Germany which the elector of Cologne had put into their hands; and prodigious preparations were made under the most experienced commanders: but the vigilance and activity of the duke baffled them all. When the campaign was over, he went to Dusseldorp to have an interview with the archduke Charles, who had just taken the title of Charles III., king of Spain; he made him a present of a rich sword from his side, at the same time highly complimenting him on his great military reputation. The duke then accompanied the Spanish monarch to the Hague, and after a very short stay came over to England.

In the beginning of January, 1704, the States-General desired leave of her majesty for the duke of Marlborough to come to the Hague; which being granted, he embarked on the 15th, and passed over to Rotterdam. He repaired immediately to the Hague, where he communicated to the pensionary the necessity of attempting something the next campaign for the relief of the emperor of Germany, Charles VI., whose affairs at this time were in the utmost distress, having the Bavarians on one side, and the Hungarian malcontents on the

other, who were making incursions to the very gates of Vienna, while his whole force scarcely enabled him to maintain a defensive war. This scheme being approved, and the plan adjusted, the duke began his march towards the heart of Germany, and after a conference held with prince Eugene of Savoy and prince Lewis of Baden, he arrived before the strong entrenchments of the enemy at Schellenburg, very unexpectedly, on the 21st of June; and after an obstinate and sanguinary battle he entirely routed them. It was on this occasion that the emperor wrote the duke a letter with his own hand, acknowledging his great services, and offering him the title of a prince of the empire, which he modestly declined, till the queen afterwards commanded him to accept it. The duke now advanced within a league of Augsburg, where the elector of Bavaria was securely encamped under the cannon of that city, but Marlborough so effectually cut off his communication with his electoral dominions, that seeing his subjects left to the mercy of the confederates, he had actually agreed to abandon the French interests, when he received the news that marshal Tallard, who commanded the French army, was on the point of joining him, which he soon after did.

The French army, including Bavarians, consisted of nearly 60,000 men; Marlborough was at the head of about 52,000. Though the allies possessed the banks of the Danube, they were unable to draw sufficient supplies from their magazines, or to penetrate into Bavaria; so that they earnestly sought a general engagement, for which purpose they watched every motion of the enemy. The evil destiny of France, the haughtiness of her generals, Tallard and Marsin, and the vehemence of the elector himself, at length presented the wished-for opportunity. As this engagement, called the battle of Blenheim, or Hockstet, both from the talents of the generals, the improvements in the art of war, the number and discipline of the troops, and the greatness of the contending powers, is reckoned the most remarkable of this century, it demands a particular detail.

On the 13th of August, at break of day, the whole army put itself in full march in eight columns, the imperialists in the right, the English and Dutch in the left. A ninth column was soon after formed, consisting

of two brigades which had been posted at Tiffingen, and fifteen squadrons which took the left of the whole. They continued their march in this order till they reached the village of Sweiningen, where they made a halt, and here the duke of Marlborough and prince Eugene assembled the general officers to receive the necessary orders. It was by this time six o'clock in the morning, and as yet the enemy had no thoughts of battle ; for on sight of the allies they fired two pieces of cannon to recall their foragers, and ran to their arms in a hurry. While they were thus forming, the allies were crossing the plain, and having behind them the villages of Wolperstelde, Schweinebach and Achberg, they stretched their left to the morass near Greinheim, and pushed their right on the other side of the plain, as far as they could extend it. The right, composed of imperial troops, had prince Eugene at their head ; the English and Dutch formed the left wing, under the command of the duke of Marlborough, who had under him for generals the hereditary prince of Hesse and general Churchill. The enemy were also drawn up in two lines on the bank of a rivulet, which separated them from the allies, the right wing commanded by the marshal Tallard, and the left by the elector of Bavaria and marshal Marsin.

By eight o'clock in the morning the two armies fronted each other within cannon-shot, and separated only by the rivulet. The French were possessed of four villages, well fortified and full of men : Blenheim, situated at the extremity of the right upon the Danube ; Lutzingen, at the extremity of their left towards the wood ; Oberklau, in the very centre of their army ; and Onderklau, on the other side of the rivulet, almost at an equal distance from the two first-mentioned places. Two mills standing on the same rivulet pretty near its mouth defended the passage on that side, and served as redoubts to the village of Blenheim. The first thing to be done in clearing away these obstacles, was to throw bridges over this rivulet ; and the English established five, and afterwards a sixth, notwithstanding the enemy's incessant cannonade, which continued till twelve, when orders were given for a general attack. At one o'clock the attack was begun by the English upon the two mills on the rivulet, which were soon carried, for the enemy did not think fit to garrison them ; they even abandoned the village of On-

derklau, after having set it on fire, and the English immediately occupied it. These advantages favoured the passage of the left over the rivulet, but did not leave it entirely free, as this wing was obliged to sustain a very long and brisk fire. The Danes, the English, and the Hanoverians, posted on the right of the left, having passed the rivulet at Onderklau, were charged so warmly by the enemy, that they were forced to recross it; they returned supported by a good body of infantry, but were obliged a second time to retreat. The third time they kept their ground, and the prince of Holsteinbeck advanced as far as the village of Oberklau, in pursuit of the enemy, but his bravery had not the success it deserved. Eight or nine battalions environed and put to the sword three or four Dutch regiments which he led, amongst others that of Goor, of which there did not escape sixty men; the prince himself received several wounds, and was taken prisoner, but the captors afterwards left him because they could not carry him off.

The imperialists found no less difficulty on the right than the English and Dutch on the left. The ground on that side was embarrassed with brambles, hedges, and other incumbrances; there was no marching by columns, so they advanced as they best could to the rivulet, and passed it; the enemy making no motion to oppose them. They were ranged in order of battle on the eminence upon which the village of Lutzen is situated; they were still possessed of the village, and a great battery which commanded all the country before it, and therefore there was a necessity of attacking them in this advantageous post. The infantry, composed of seven Danish battalions and eleven battalions of Prussians, marched to the fight with all the alacrity imaginable; the cavalry also charged with great vigour, but without success; they were repulsed, and the Prussian battalions were thereby left uncovered, so that the enemy took them in flank, and put them into great disorder, especially the two battalions which were most exposed. It was not, however, till after a long resistance that they were entirely broken, which obliged the rest to retire towards the wood from whence they came, where they endeavoured to form. The cavalry in the mean time rallied and returned to the charge, and made in their

turn such an impression on the enemy's horse, that, if the infantry had been able to second them, the victory had not long been doubtful; but they were all in confusion, and it was above an hour before they could be restored to order. By that time the cavalry were again repulsed, and all advantages were evidently on the side of the French. The presence of the elector of Bavaria contributed very much to this; but the principal cause of the enemy's superiority was their number: for they had thirty battalions in their left, whereas the allies had but eighteen in their right. Their cavalry was also more numerous, and their situation extremely advantageous. Besides this, the village of Oberklau favoured them exceedingly. It was seated in the very centre of their army, and flanked equally their right and their left. If the French or Bavarian squadrons were at any time pressed, they found here an easy retreat; but if the imperialists or English gave way in the least, they were immediately followed by a shower of bullets, for the infantry posted there acted like an ambuscade. A second attack of the English and Dutch, supported by a reserve of the imperial cavalry, succeeded better; and although they did not gain the post they kept those within it besieged, so that their own troops could now march before it and attack the cavalry of the enemy with greater liberty. They pushed them so briskly and so far that, in spite of a second rivulet, called the Meulweyr, the village of Blenheim was entirely cut off from the enemy's army. Upon this the duke of Marlborough caused it to be invested and attacked on the one side by general Churchill, and on the other by lord Cutts and major-general Wilks.

In the mean time prince Eugene made a third charge, more vigorous than either of the former; and though the cavalry were repulsed again, the infantry met with less resistance; the Bavarians gave way, and by little and little lost ground, fighting still as they retired; they lost also their cannon, and were very near being surrounded in the village of Lutzingen. The elector now fearing the loss of every thing, caused this village and that of Oberklau to be set on fire, and then retired with his troops; his infantry threw themselves into a wood, and his cavalry retired by Monchelingen behind a third

rivulet, the sides of which were marshy. The imperialists having rallied followed them closely, fighting and killing a great number in this retreat, but they were not able to break these troops, so that the elector saved his wing from total destruction. But consternation had now seized the French troops. On the right they were not only paralyzed, but they grew incapable of direction; and giving themselves up for lost, they suffered the English to drive them about like flocks of sheep. An entire body of 4000 cavalry, which had the highest reputation for courage, carried off marshal Tallard in their flight, and without considering what they did, they threw themselves by whole squadrons headlong into the Danube. Some got over, but by far the greater part were drowned: and the marshal, finding it impossible to stop this frantic career, yielded himself prisoner with some other general officers who were about him. The other troops on the right were in like manner broken and routed by the English and Dutch, but they rallied behind the village of Monchelingen, joined the Bavarians, and depending on the support of the cavalry on their flanks, they engaged the allies once more. But their horse abandoned them; they then made an effort to join the troops in the village of Blenheim, but they were charged in their passage, and almost all put to the sword. The allies, now masters of the field, surrounded the village of Blenheim, where a body of 13,000 men had been posted in the beginning of the action, and still kept their ground. These troops, seeing themselves cut off from all communication with the rest of the army, threw down their arms, and surrendered themselves prisoners of war. Such was one of the most complete victories that was ever obtained:—12,000 French and Bavarians were slain on the field, or drowned in the Danube, and 13,000 were made prisoners of war. Of the allies about 5000 were killed, and 8000 wounded or taken.

The loss of the battle is imputed to two capital errors committed by marshal Tallard; first, his weakening the centre, by detaching such a number of troops to the village of Blenheim, and then suffering the confederates to pass the rivulet, and form unmolested. When the duke of Marlborough, the next day, visited his prisoner, the marshal paid him the compliment of having overcome the best troops in the world. ‘I hope, sir,’ replied the

duke, 'you will except those by whom they were conquered.'

After this glorious action, by which the empire was saved, and the whole electorate of Bavaria conquered, the duke continued his pursuit till he forced the French to repass the Rhine. Prince Lewis of Baden then laid siege to Landau, while the duke and prince Eugene covered it ; but it was not taken till the 12th of November. The duke made a tour also to Berlin ; and by a short negotiation, suspended the disputes between the king of Prussia and the Dutch, by which he gained the good-will of both parties. When the campaign was over, he returned to Holland, and on the 14th of December arrived in England. He brought over with him marshal Tallard, and twenty-six other officers of distinction, and the colours, which, by her majesty's order, were put up in Westminster-hall. He was received by the queen with the highest marks of esteem, and besides the solemn thanks of both houses of Parliament, the Commons addressed her majesty to perpetuate the memory of this victory ; which she did, by granting Woodstock, with the hundred of Wotton, to him and his heirs for ever. The comptroller of the queen's works was also ordered to build a magnificent palace for the duke in Woodstock-park, which was called Blenheim House, and is now a standing memorial of the general's and the nation's glory, acquired by one of the most celebrated victories in the annals of Europe.

The next year (1705) the duke went over to Holland in March, with a design to execute some great schemes, which he had been projecting in the winter. The campaign was attended with some successes, which would have made a considerable figure in a campaign under any other general, but are scarcely worth mentioning where the duke of Marlborough commanded. He could not carry into execution his main project, on account of the impediments he encountered from the allies, and in this respect he was greatly disappointed. The season for action being over, he made a tour to the courts of Vienna, Berlin, and Hanover. At the first of these, he acquired the entire confidence of the new emperor, Joseph I., who presented him with the principality of Mindelheim ; at the second, he renewed the contract for the Prussian forces ; and at the third he restored per-

fect harmony, and adjusted every thing to the elector's satisfaction. After this he returned to the Hague, and towards the close of the year arrived in England.

The duke commenced the campaign of 1706 in Flanders, with an army of 80,000 men, and expected reinforcements from Denmark and Prussia; but the court of France resolved to attack him before this junction, and Villeroy, who commanded an army of 80,000 men, near Tirlemont, had orders to engage. This brought on the famous battle, called from the village near which it was fought, the battle of Ramillies, which happened on Whitsunday, the 23rd of May. The two armies were in sight by eight o'clock in the morning, with nothing between them but a rivulet, which was almost dry. As fast as the troops of the allies arrived between Merdorp and Boneff, the duke of Marlborough and M. Auverquerque drew them up in order of battle, the right near Folz on the Yause, with a little morass before it, the left towards the Mehaigne, near Brancha: behind the centre was Jandrouille, where they posted a body of reserve consisting of their best troops, which were afterwards of great service. Between eleven and twelve o'clock the armies fronted each other; the cannonading was begun at half-past one; and at half-past two the action commenced on the left, between the household troops of France and the Dutch horse, commanded by count de Tilly. The engagement was long and obstinate, the Dutch being twice repulsed, and the French as often. The duke of Marlborough, apprehensive of the danger to which the Dutch troops were exposed, galloped from the right to the left, and on the way ordered the infantry in the centre to engage, which was the grand attack. It was made on the village of Ramillies, full of the enemy's infantry, and where they had a great part of their cannon. The duke ordered 24 pieces of cannon and 12 battalions to advance against it from the centre, which was done, and the troops engaged with great spirit, being sustained by the whole first line of infantry. His grace had recourse on this occasion to a feint, which completely succeeded. He ordered the English foot to defile towards the left of the enemy, as if they intended to attack the village of Offer, which covered them on that side; and this so imposed upon the French, that they immediately sent their best troops thither, which greatly

weakened their centre, where the battle continued however for an hour and a half, with much obstinacy and bloodshed. In the duke's passage from the right to the left, when he went to succour the Dutch horse, he had two narrow escapes; for in attempting to leap a ditch his horse threw him, and he was immediately surrounded by the enemy's dragoons. But an English squadron disengaged him; and as his aide-de-camp, colonel Bringfield, held the stirrup for him to mount another horse, the colonel had his head shot off by a cannon ball, which at the same time stunned the duke. As soon, however, as he recovered, he continued his march to the left with eighteen squadrons, to sustain the Dutch cavalry, while his reserves marched in one column to take the troops of the household in flank. The allied squadrons, which were in close order, took advantage of the spaces between those of the enemy to penetrate their line, and attack them in flank, and the corps de reserve having in the mean time beaten some squadrons of dragoons, which were forming in the valley of Tavieres, came up so opportunely that the French were effectually surrounded. Upon this they began to give way, and fled soon after in the greatest disorder, because the second line, behind which they might have rallied, had already retired to the left. The allies much about the same time drove the enemy out of the village of Ramillies, and took from them ten pieces of cannon; and shortly after they quitted the village, entirely broke their infantry, and put them to flight.

Upon this the whole army of the enemy retired behind some thickets and a hollow road, where it again formed, while the allies advanced between the Yause and the Mehaigne, so that it was five o'clock before they were drawn up in the plain. The duke of Marlborough and the veldt-marshal would have led them on against the enemy a second time, had not their right retired, and their left begun to withdraw before they could be reached. About this time the French king's own regiment of foot, consisting of four battalions, retiring into the plain between Ramillies and Judoigne, where they had left their knapsacks, broke their ranks that they might the better take them up. A body of English horse observing this fell upon them so seasonably, that this fine regiment surrendered to Hay's dragoons, a very few

having time enough to retreat into the wood that was before them.

While the French continued their retreat, an accident befell them which augmented the victory of the allies. Some carriages belonging to the vanguard breaking down, stopped the baggage and artillery, which prevented the troops from defiling in order, and as they were apprehensive that our horse were just at their heels, they quitted their ranks and threw down their arms, that they might the more readily escape. The loss of the enemy amounted to 5000 killed and wounded, and 6000 prisoners; about 200 officers were also taken, among whom were a lieutenant-general, two marshals-de-camp, the son of the marshal Tallard, the marquesses of Mezieres and Enragues, and the count de Montmorency, nephew to the duke of Luxemburg. The advantages gained by this victory were so far improved by the vigilance and wisdom of the duke of Marlborough, that Louvain, Brussels, Mechlin, and even Ghent and Bruges, submitted to Charles III. of Spain without a stroke; and Oudenard surrendered upon the first summons. The city of Antwerp followed this example. And thus, in the short space of a fortnight, the duke reduced all Brabant, and the marquisate of the holy empire, to the obedience of king Charles. He afterwards took the towns of Ostend, Menin, Dendermonde, and Aeth.

The forces of the allies, after this glorious campaign, being about to separate, his grace, on the 17th of October, went to the Hague. Here the proposals which France had made for peace, contained in a letter from the elector of Bavaria to the duke of Marlborough, were communicated to the ministers of the allies; after which his grace embarked for England. He arrived in London on the 15th of November; and though at this time there was a party formed against him at court, yet the great services he had done the nation, and the personal esteem of the queen, procured him a popular reception. The commons, in their address to her majesty, spoke of the success of the campaign in the strongest terms, and the day after unanimously voted him their thanks, in which they were followed by the lords. They went still farther; for on the 17th of December, they addressed the queen for leave to bring in a bill, to settle the duke's honours upon the male and female issue

of his daughters. This was granted; and Blenheim-house, with the manor of Woodstock, was, after the decease of the duchess, upon whom they were settled in jointure, entailed in the same manner with the honours. Two days after this, the standards and colours taken at Ramillies being carried in state through the city, in order to be hung up in Guildhall, his grace of Marlborough was invited to dine with the lord mayor, which he accordingly did. The last day of the year was appointed for a general thanksgiving; and her majesty went in state to St. Paul's; in which there was this singularity observed, that it was the second thanksgiving within the year.

The campaign of 1707 proved the most barren one he ever made. This circumstance was chiefly owing to the allies, who began to fail in supporting the common cause. Nor did things succeed more to his satisfaction at home; for upon his return to England, at the close of the campaign, he found that the flame which he suspected the year before, had broke out in his absence; that the queen had a female favourite, who was in a fair way of supplanting the duchess; and that she listened to the insinuations of a statesman, who was no friend to him. He is said to have borne all this with firmness and patience, though he easily saw whither it tended.

In the spring of 1708, the duke of Marlborough again repaired to the continent, and arrived at the Hague, March 19. This campaign opened with a fairer prospect, and proved more successful than the preceding one. The prince Eugene also took the field to act in concert with his friend; and in April, these two distinguished generals met at the Hague, when it was resolved that the greatest efforts of this campaign should be made in Flanders. A body of the French troops found means to pass the allied army undiscovered in the night, and took possession of the two cities, Ghent and Bruges (the Flemings being affected towards the French); they also marched their whole army into Dutch Flanders, which they laid under contribution. At the same time, the dukes of Burgundy and Barre joined the duke de Vendome, and the enemy had so great a superiority of force before the Germans took the field, that they ventured to lay siege to Oudenarde, to secure their former conquests. But prince Eugene having joined the con-

federates, they made a long and rapid march to the relief of that place, upon which the enemy raised the siege, and a fierce battle ensued. The allied army charging first with their bayonets only, drove them from one hedge to another; but afterwards the action became general between the foot. The horse, who by reason of the broken ground could not act, were detached to the right and left wings, and advanced so far, that they attacked the enemy in flank and rear: this onset drove the French into the utmost confusion; part of them retired in the night with their baggage and artillery towards Ghent, another part towards Courtray, while the duke gave orders to his troops to cease firing, and let the routed enemy escape, the night being so far advanced that it was impossible to distinguish friends from foes. The number of prisoners taken in this action amounted to about 7000 men, two lieutenant-generals, two major-generals, five brigadiers, thirty colonels, above 100 officers of the state major, and about 400 subalterns, together with between seventy and eighty standards and 4500 horses, besides a great variety of articles belonging to the camp. In this engagement, the electoral prince of Hanover (afterwards George II.), who had joined the army on the 22d of June, gave distinguished proofs of his early courage: he charged, sword in hand, at the head of a squadron of Bulau's dragoons; his horse was shot under him; and colonel Luschky, who commanded the squadron, was killed by his side.

The duke now attempted the recovery of Lisle, in which the enemy had a garrison of twenty-one battalions, commanded by marshal Bouffers. The trenches were opened on the 22nd of August, but being a strongly fortified place, it could not be reduced before the 23rd of October, when the town capitulated; the garrison, however, marched into the castle, and continued to make a vigorous defence until the 8th of December, when they beat a parley, and were allowed to march out with the honours of war. On the 18th of December the duke invested Ghent, where the count de la Motte commanded a garrison of thirty battalions, and was expected to make a vigorous defence; but after twelve days, to the great surprise of the allies, he surrendered. On the 2d of January, 1709, the magistrates of the city of Bruges

came out and made their submission to the duke of Marlborough; and acquainted him that the French, hearing of his approach, had abandoned the place the day before and retreated to their own country.

Thus ended the campaign which had continued longer than any other, and had been attended with more signal victories, if we compare the number of the opposing forces; and the success of the allies induced the French king, in the spring of 1709, to open a negotiation for peace. The House of Commons during this year gave an uncommon testimony of their respect for the victorious Marlborough; for besides addressing the queen, they, on Jan. 22, unanimously voted him thanks, and ordered them to be transmitted to him abroad by the speaker. He returned to England on the 25th of February, and on his first appearance in the House of Lords he received the thanks of that august assembly. His stay was so very short, that we need not dwell upon what passed in the interim. It is sufficient to say, that they who feared the dangerous effects of those artful proposals which France had been making for the conclusion of a general peace, were also of opinion that nobody was so capable of setting their danger in a true light in Holland as Marlborough. This induced the queen to send him thither, at the end of March, with the character of her plenipotentiary, which contributed not a little to the enemy's disappointment, by defeating all their projects. Marshal Villars commanded the French army in the campaign of 1709; and Louis XIV. expressed no small hopes of him in saying, a little before the opening of it, that 'Villars was never beaten.' But the siege of Tournay and the battle of Malplaquet convinced that monarch that Villars was not invincible. The French placed great dependence on the strength of the fortifications of Tournay, which they believed to be impregnable, and the garrison consisted of twelve battalions and five regiments of dragoons. There were also mines made under the fortifications, so that our general was aware there would be great occasion for sapping, and accordingly provided miners for that purpose. On the 7th of July the trenches were opened, and carried on by three attacks, and the town was taken. On its surrender the garrison retired into the citadel, where they

endeavoured to defend themselves resolutely, but were soon obliged to surrender, on condition of marching out with their swords and baggage, but leaving their arms and colours.

The duke next proposed to besiege Mons; but marshal Villars having possessed himself of Malplaquet, it was necessary to withdraw him first from that strong post. His grace, therefore, determined to bring him to action; and on the 10th of September both armies were drawn up in order of battle. The French had intrenched themselves in the woods of Sart and Sansart, where they had cut down trees, and erected batteries to make their camp (naturally strong) still more impregnable. The duke of Marlborough commanded the right wing, consisting of the English, which engaged that wing of the enemy, commanded by marshal Boufflers; prince Eugene, at the head of 50,000 men, attacked marshal Villars. At day-break, on the 11th, the infantry in three lines, and the cavalry in two columns, marched towards the enemy, whose left wing was covered by the wood of Sart, where they had cast up many intrenchments and posted their infantry. Their right was covered by another wood and a thick hedge which ran along it like a chain: they had also cast up three principal intrenchments, and had a marshy ground before them, which rendered any access very difficult. Their centre was in a small plain, where they had several intrenchments one behind another, all defended at convenient distances with a good train of artillery. They had also cut down the hedges behind their lines for the more easy marching of their cavalry to support the foot, if requisite. The duke of Argyll was ordered to dislodge the enemy from the wood of Sart, which he executed with incredible bravery, and gained a very important post, notwithstanding the barricadoes of trees. General Withers, with nineteen battalions, attacked them behind the woods with great vigour. The prince of Orange, with thirty-six Dutch battalions, advanced against the enemy's right, covered with three intrenchments, and here the battle raged with great fury; he drove them from their first intrenchment, but was repulsed from the second with great slaughter; he however rallied, and made a second effort, in which he was successful, and forced their second and third intrenchments, although he had two horses killed under

him, and the greater part of his officers had fallen. In the mean time the duke of Marlborough pressed forwards with such force, that the enemy were compelled to retire before him. When he perceived them drawing off their cannon, he ordered the earl of Orkney, with fifteen battalions, to attack and force their intrenchments in the plain, in which he happily succeeded. The troops of the French king's household at first valiantly opposed the duke; but his attack quickly put them into disorder. In this obstinate battle some battalions having expended their ammunition and lost their bayonets, fought several minutes with the butts of their muskets. A furious fight of five hours was maintained with the greatest bravery at the head of the intrenchments, in which both French and imperialists were victorious by turns. At length victory declared for the latter, but not till almost all their infantry were cut to pieces, when the cavalry came up and decided the contest about four o'clock in the afternoon. This victory, though a very glorious one, cost the allies a great number of men, generally computed at 18,350. The loss of the French was about 15,000. Several general officers were wounded: prince Eugene was slightly wounded in the head, and the duke of Argyll had several musket-balls passed through his clothes, hat, and perriwig. It is not to be wondered at that the loss of the allies exceeded that of the enemy, as they had to force a camp that had more the strength of a citadel than a field fortification, in which were a well-furnished enemy, equal in number to the allies. Upon the news of this glorious victory, and the capture of Tournay, the city of London renewed their congratulatory addresses to the queen; and her majesty in council ordered a proclamation for a general thanksgiving.

In the beginning of the year 1710 the French opened a new negotiation for peace, which was commonly distinguished by the title of the treaty of Gertruydenburgh. The States-General upon this having shown an inclination to enter into conferences with the French plenipotentiaries, the House of Commons addressed the queen to send the duke of Marlborough over to the Hague; with which she complied; and towards the end of February he repaired thither, where he met prince Eugene, and soon after set out with him for the army, which

was assembled in the neighbourhood of Tournay. This campaign was very successful, many towns being taken and fortresses reduced: notwithstanding which, when the duke came over to England, about the middle of December, he found his interest declining and his services depreciated. The negotiations for peace were carried on during a great part of the summer; but in July the French and the Dutch ministry broke off the treaty: all the other preliminaries had been settled, when the Dutch insisted that the French king should compel his grandson Philip to cede the throne of Spain to Charles III., and not leave the allies engaged in a war with Spain. This the French would not agree to, and thus the negotiations came to nothing.

In the month of August the queen began the great change in her ministry, by removing the earl of Sunderland from being secretary of state: the lord-treasurer Godolphin was likewise removed. Upon the meeting of the parliament no notice was taken in the addresses of the duke of Marlborough's success; an attempt, indeed, was made to procure him the thanks of the House of Peers, but this was eagerly opposed by the duke of Argyll. His grace was kindly received by the queen, who seemed desirous to have him live upon good terms with her new ministry; but this was impracticable; and it was expected that he would lay down his commission. He did not do this; but he carried the golden key, the ensign of the duchess of Marlborough's office, on the 9th of January, 1711, to the queen, and resigned all her employments. With the same firmness and composure he consulted the necessary measures for the next campaign, and treated all parties with candour and respect. There is no doubt that the duke felt some inward disquiet, though he showed no outward concern, at least for himself: but when the earl of Galway was indecently treated in the House of Lords, the duke of Marlborough could not help saying, 'it was somewhat strange that generals who had acted according to the best of their understandings, and had lost their limbs in the service, should be examined like offenders, about insignificant things.'

The semblance of a good understanding being established between the duke and the new ministry, the duke went over to the Hague to prepare for the next campaign, which at the same time he knew would be

his last. He exerted himself in an uncommon manner, and it was attended with the usual success. There was in this campaign a continued trial of skill between the duke of Marlborough and marshal Villars; and notwithstanding the great talents of the latter, he was completely foiled. The duke embarked for England when the campaign was over, and waited on the queen at Hampton Court, who received him graciously. He also exchanged visits with the ministers, but did not go to council, because a negotiation for peace was then on hand, upon a basis which he did by no means approve. The conqueror of Blenheim was from this time exposed to a most painful persecution. On the one hand, he was attacked by the clamours of the populace, and by the hireling writers of the ministry; and on the other, a prosecution was commenced against him by the attorney-general for applying public money to his private use; and the workmen employed in building Blenheim House, though set at work by the crown, were encouraged to sue his grace for the money that was due to them. All his actions were also shamefully misrepresented. These uneasinesses, joined to his grief for the death of the earl of Godolphin, inclined him to gratify his enemies by a voluntary exile. Accordingly he embarked at Dover upon the 14th of November, 1712; and landing at Ostend, went from thence to Antwerp, and so on to Aix-la-Chapelle, being every where received with the honours due to his high rank and merit. The duchess of Marlborough also attended her lord in all his journeys, and particularly in his visit to the principality of Mindelheim, which was given him by the emperor, and exchanged for another at the peace, which was settled while the duke was abroad.

The conclusion of that peace was so far from restoring harmony among the several parties of Great Britain, that it only widened their differences; so that the leaders, despairing of safety in the present state of things, are said to have secretly invited the duke of Marlborough back to England. Be that as it may, it is very certain that he took a resolution of returning a little before the queen's death; and he came to London upon the 4th of August, 1714, where he was received with every mark of joy by those who (upon the demise of the queen, which happened upon the 1st of that month) were

entrusted with the government. Upon the arrival of George I. the duke was particularly distinguished by acts of royal favour; for he was again declared captain-general and commander-in-chief of all his majesty's land-forces, colonel of the first regiment of foot-guards, and master of the ordnance. His advice was of great use in concerting those measures by which the rebellion in the year 1715 was crushed, and this was his last effort in public affairs; for his infirmities increasing with his years, he retired from public life, and spent the greatest part of his time during the remainder of his days at one or other of his country-houses. His death happened on the 16th of June, 1722, at Windsor lodge; and his corpse, upon the 9th of August following, was interred with the highest solemnity in Westminster abbey. Besides the marquess of Blandford, whom we have already mentioned, his grace had four daughters, who married into the best families of the kingdom.

CHARLES MORDAUNT,

EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

CHARLES MORDAUNT, earl of Peterborough, was born at Reigate, in Surrey, A. D. 1658, and was the son of John lord Mordaunt, by Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Carey, second son of Robert earl of Monmouth. His public career was commenced in the naval service, which he entered at a very early age; but this was soon exchanged for the army, and we find him serving at the siege of Tangier, in 1780. Being disgusted with the arbitrary and bigotted administration of James II., he was the first of the English nobility who repaired to the prince of Orange, whom he instigated to the invasion of England. William, when this great event was successfully accomplished, rewarded the zeal of lord Mordaunt on the 8th of April, 1689, by appointing him lord of the bedchamber, and first commissioner of the treasury, and on the following day his lordship was created earl of Monmouth. But notwithstanding this sudden outburst of royal favour, the tempers of the fiery earl and the phlegmatic monarch

were too discordant to remain long in union, and in the following year the earl of Monmouth was abruptly dismissed from his majesty's councils. For several years after this event there is considerable obscurity over his lordship's history, except that we find him engaged in the war of the continent in 1692, as commander of the royal regiment of horse-guards, and at other times mixed up in the fierce political discussions of the day. In 1696 we find him suddenly deprived of all his offices, and committed to the Tower, but of the causes of this disgrace we are also ignorant. His confinement was very brief, and in June, 1697, upon the death of his nephew Henry, second earl of Peterborough, Monmouth succeeded to that title, by which he is best known in history.

The court intrigues of this period, turbulent though they were, could not satisfy the restless spirit of the earl, and after repeated applications for military employment, his wish was gratified, chiefly through the kind mediation of the duke of Marlborough. As England was interested in the claims of Charles of Austria to the Spanish throne, it was resolved in the spring of 1705 to send an expedition in his favour, commanded by the earl of Peterborough, from whose military skill and enterprise the greatest hopes were entertained. The cause of Charles, indeed, had been reduced to a low ebb, and his rival Philip, of the house of Bourbon, had been enabled to triumph chiefly through the high abilities of the duke of Berwick, natural son of James II. But it was hoped that the inhabitants of the province of Arragon would co-operate with the English in behalf of Charles; and in the instructions which were given to the earl previous to his departure, he was left in a great measure to his own discretion, being required at all events to 'make a vigorous push in Spain.' No commission could have been more grateful to such a romantic and adventurous spirit. Towards the end of May, 1705, the earl of Peterborough set sail with a force of 5000 men, one third of which was Dutch, and all arrived in safety at Lisbon on the 20th of June. He was afterwards joined by the archduke Charles and the prince of Hesse; and as the latter had been viceroy of Catalonia, and much endeared to the people, it was hoped, from this circumstance, that the Catalonians would co-operate in the cause, and thus effect one important object of the expedition.

The 'vigorous push' was now to be made, and Peterborough was not a man to hesitate. Having set sail, and entered the mouth of the Guadalquiver, he secured it by capturing and occupying the castle of Denia. He then resolved upon the bold attempt of capturing the strong city of Valencia, by which the way would be opened to make a dash upon Madrid itself. But the archduke was startled at the beldness of this plan, and insisted upon adhering to their original purpose of reducing Barcelona; and as the council of war coincided in this opinion, the earl of Peterborough was obliged to direct his course to the bay of Barcelona, where he anchored on the 15th of August. This city was not only of great strength and well fortified, but possessed a garrison nearly equal to the whole English army; and no sooner were these difficulties perceived than those who had been the most averse to the siege of Valencia, on account of its boldness, wavered in their purposes, some demanding an instant abandonment of Barcelona, while others were eager for an immediate siege. Of the latter were the archduke Charles and the prince of Hesse; but the earl was not so headstrong as to hazard with only 6000 men an attempt for which 30,000 would have been necessary. Three months, therefore, were spent in unprofitable debate, in which the spirit of the English commander was embittered by the perversity of his allies: but it was necessary for his credit to do something; and he conceived the desperate idea of surprising Monjuick, a fortress of immense strength, built upon a hill, within little more than a mile from the town, and by which the inland approach of Barcelona was defended. The very circumstance of the apparent hopelessness of assailing it, as it was by far the strongest of all the defences, made success only the more probable, because its governor and garrison were living in a state of comfortable security. His lordship ascertained these facts by reconnoitring it in person, attended only by a single aide-de-camp. But his only hope of success depended upon the most profound secrecy; and therefore, instead of giving the slightest hint of his purpose even to his colleagues, he apparently complied with the council of war, and withdrew part of his artillery to re-embark. But on the night before that morning which had been appointed for the army to quit the lines, and while all was glee and public

rejoicing in Barcelona at the thought that the siege was raised, the earl privately commenced a march in the dark with 1800 soldiers towards Monjuick, and calling by the way at the door of the prince of Hesse, who for some time had been estranged from him, he told that officer that he was going to make an attempt at last, in which it would be shown whether he and his troops deserved the charges of lukewarmness that had been thrown upon them. The prince was amazed at the hardihood of the attempt; but he instantly called for his horse, and joined the expedition.

It was still dark when the detachment reached Monjuick, after a circuitous march of two hours, but instead of commencing the assault immediately, the earl resolved to paralyze the enemy by attacking them in open light. When the morning, therefore, had completely dawned, the signal was given, and the assailants, divided into three columns, rushed to the onset, received the enemy's fire without answering it, and having surmounted the fosse, they began to scale bastion and rampart with the utmost impetuosity. The outworks were thus secured, and their defenders swept away; but the advantage was almost lost as suddenly by one of those panics which so frequently control the fate of daring military exploits. Astonished at the dangers they had already surmounted, and hearing that a force was on the way from Barcelona to attack them, the victors were in the act of leaving the captured bastions, when Peterborough, who had rode forward to reconnoitre, but returned at the critical moment, threw himself from his horse, seized a standard, and calling to his soldiers that they had mistaken the way, he led them back to their posts. In the mean time the commander of the castle of Monjuick, on learning that Peterborough himself headed this onset, imagined that the whole British army was at hand, and being, therefore, apprehensive that his own retreat would be cut off, he hurriedly withdrew his forces from the castle, and retired to the town.

Thus the great land approach and principal defence of Barcelona was won; the next step was an attack upon the town itself, which was commenced by the whole army, now full of alacrity and hope. The ground between Monjuick and the town was occupied and planted with batteries, and after a furious bombardment of three days

one of the fortresses was won and occupied by the English. In a few days more a practicable breach was made in the walls, and preparations were made for storming, when the governor of the town, dismayed by the loss that had already been sustained, proposed a capitulation, and gave possession of one of the gates as a proof of his sincerity. But this honourable confidence had almost cost him dear. Attached to the British service there were certain irregular troops called Miquelets, natives of Catalonia, and adherents of Charles, who, besides being naturally fierce and pitiless, were inspired with all the rancour of civil war, and intense hatred of don Velasco, the governor of Barcelona. These Miquelets seizing the opportunity stole into the town, and immediately commenced the work of havoc and massacre. When the earl of Peterborough heard of this violation of the agreement, he instantly galloped up to the nearest gate, and commanded the keepers to open it. They passively obeyed, upon which he spurred into the streets unattended, and, at the hazard of his life, compelled the ruffians to abandon their prey. Velasco was so struck at this act of generosity, that instead of delaying for nine days, which he might have done by the articles of capitulation, he surrendered the town immediately. In consequence of this splendid acquisition, most of the strong towns of Catalonia acknowledged the authority of Charles, while whole battalions deserted from his rival, and joined his standard.

The earl of Peterborough was now eager to pursue this success while the dismay which it had occasioned was still predominant; but Charles and his officers, who now began to feel jealous of the earl's superiority, thought that enough had been done for one campaign, and therefore agreed that the army should retire into winter quarters. In consequence of this resolution, Philip, the rival claimant, unexpectedly obtained a breathing time, which he was resolved to turn to advantage by recovering his lost footing in Catalonia and Valencia. He therefore caused San Mateo to be invested, and as this place was garrisoned by only 500 Miquelets, it would have soon fallen into his hands. The governor of San Mateo sent urgent expresses to the court of Charles at Barcelona for aid, upon which Charles despatched orders to the earl of Peterborough to relieve the town, which he represented as

besieged by only 2000 men, while above 16,000 armed peasants had surrounded them, and only required the co-operation of a small regular force. The earl, relying upon these royal representations, repaired with his forces to the scene of action; but on arriving, he was confounded to find that the besiegers were 7000 strong, while the armed peasants by whom they were about to be swallowed up had no existence except in his majesty's brain. This was an unwelcome discovery to one at the head of no more than 1200 men, but he resolved to supply his deficiency in force by conduct and stratagem. He marched against the enemy as if he were only anxious that they should not escape; and he sent a letter to the governor of San Mateo, informing him of his coming at the head of a very superior force to the relief of the town. But with the bearer of the letter he sent a spy, who was to betray the former into the hands of the enemy, which was accordingly done; and Las Torres, the commander of the besiegers, had scarcely digested these unwelcome tidings which the letter contained, when he was convinced of their truth by seeing at day-break the forces of Peterborough on the distant heights, so disposed among the coppice and brush-wood as to look like a considerable army. Upon this Las Torres broke up the siege immediately, and made a hasty retreat, while the British entered San Mateo amidst the loud applauses of the garrison.

The earl, not content with having accomplished this measure, only looked upon it as the commencement of greater achievements; and having disposed of his infantry for the protection of Catalonia, according to the urgent desire of Charles, he resolved to go in pursuit of Las Torres at the head of 200 weary horsemen, although in cavalry alone the latter was 3000 strong. He accordingly pursued the enemy with incredible speed; hung upon their front, flank, and rear, and cut off their stragglers and patrols so successfully, that the retreating army were fully convinced that the English were in as great force as had been reported. This impression the earl also contrived to establish wherever he went; his handful of followers was invariably mistaken for his body guard in advance of the main army, and thus towns and whole districts were kept in subjection by the mere terror of his presence. His method of creating

soldiers for this effective kind of flying warfare was equally wonderful. He sent for a regiment of foot soldiers to reinforce his small band of troopers. He had previously purchased 800 horses, and caused saddles and accoutrements to be transported to him by sea, and on the arrival of the reinforcement he immediately mounted the whole party on horseback, and thus in ten minutes transformed a regiment of foot into one of showy and most efficient cavalry. By a similar species of magic he obtained a respectable infantry from the provincial militia, and being thus provided with both horse and foot, he advanced to the desperate service of relieving Valencia, which was besieged by a strong force under the duke of Arcos. The earl was again successful by one of those singular stratagems with which he was accustomed to overcome every difficulty. He first entrenched his forces so ingeniously as to give them the appearance of a large army; he then entered into a negotiation with the enemy, during the course of which he contrived to make general Mahony, the superintendent of the siege, to be suspected of treason, both by the Spanish soldiers and the duke of Arcos. The steps by which this was accomplished were not strictly consistent either with the rules of moral obligation, or perhaps the more lax principles of military honesty; but they were so effective, that distrust and confusion were sown among the enemy. Arcos placed Mahony in arrest, and then hurried away to secure his own safety; the corps of Mahony disbanded themselves, and the earl of Peterborough, finding the way completely open, entered Valencia without opposition.

Philip of Anjou being alarmed at these successes of the English, afterwards replaced Las Torres in the command, and sent 4000 soldiers to reinforce his army, while he embarked at Alicant a quantity of heavy cannon to resume the siege of Valencia. But the earl of Peterborough, who had intelligence of these measures, was prepared to counteract them. He taught three cruisers to watch the coming convoy so warily that the whole was captured; he then sent 1200 horse and foot to capture the reinforcement, which was now on its way to join the army of the marquis de las Torres. This small force, obeying his instructions, fell upon the enemy so opportunely, that they routed them with great slaughter, and then returned in safety to Valencia. In conse-

quence of these events, Las Torres relinquished all thoughts of besieging the town, and the earl of Peterborough employed the interval in putting the province in a state of defence.

1706.—It was the misfortune of the earl to be engaged in the service of one who could neither appreciate the grandeur of his views nor the heartiness of his zeal, so that the phlegmatic cautiousness of the archduke Charles was a very nightmare upon his spirit of enterprise. Such was the case upon the present occasion. The earl of Peterborough advised that Charles, instead of remaining in Barcelona, should penetrate into Portugal, where the earl of Galway was at the head of 25,000 men, by whose aid he might command the road to Madrid, while he engaged with his own forces to keep secure both Valencia and Catalonia. But such bold measures were too much for the archduke and his counsellors, who scarcely listened to a plan by which the war might have been probably ended at once. They therefore remained inactive, and gave their enemies time to rally; which was done so effectually, that one of the largest armies which Philip had yet been able to muster marched into Catalonia, and on the 2d of April made its appearance before Barcelona. It was then that many a hurried post was despatched to Peterborough for aid; upon which he generously repaired to the scene of action by rapid marches, at the head of 2600 men. His numbers were too few to attack the besiegers, and he contented himself, therefore, with hovering upon the neighbouring heights, and keeping them in a state of constant alarm. But the siege still continued to be closely pressed by marshal Thesse, who took the fort of Monjuick; after which, the wall of Barcelona was breached by an incessant cannonade. The assault, which would have crushed Charles and his feeble court, was now expected to be made, when Peterborough, who had been incessantly employed night and day in retarding the fall of the town, effectually relieved it by an unexpected manœuvre.

An English fleet under admiral Leake had carried some land forces under general Stanhope to the relief of the archduke; but, even when they had arrived off the coast, Leake refused to approach the town until he should be joined by a squadron under Byng, as a for-

midable French fleet of twenty-seven sail lay off Barcelona. Peterborough upon this marched his little army by night to the fishing-town of Segette, where he gathered all the fishing-boats and feluccas that could be found in the neighbourhood, and ordered the soldiers, as soon as the British fleet appeared in sight, to embark in these, and sail directly for Barcelona. He then threw himself on board a fishing-boat, and sailed by night to the British squadron, which he ordered immediately to advance—for his commission gave him authority by sea as well as land. This movement was made accordingly, and at sight of it the French cut their cables, and fled in confusion. The coast being thus cleared, his infantry on shore, according to his orders, embarked in their crazy skiffs, and sailed into Barcelona, which they reached in safety. The whole town was in a frenzy of delight at this unexpected arrival. All hope of taking Barcelona was now extinguished, and the enemy immediately broke up the siege in the greatest confusion.

While the influence of Peterborough was thus at the height, he took care to press his favourite project of an advance upon Madrid through Valencia—a measure of easy accomplishment, as the Spanish capital was defended by a garrison of not more than 500 men, while the army of the duke of Berwick was in full retreat before lord Galway. The plan was this time adopted by the council of war on the 18th of May, and it was agreed that the earl should proceed with 6000 infantry by sea to Valencia, while the cavalry under Charles should await his movements, until the passage by land was cleared; after which, they should all join with the forces of lord Galway, and drive the Bourbons out of Spain by a united onset. But the demon of jealousy, which had hitherto swayed the feelings of Charles and his Spaniards against the brave and successful, but arrogant and impetuous earl, again entered to overthrow these wise resolutions; and, therefore, instead of the 6000 men which had been promised him, the earl received only 4000, and these, too, as miserably unprovided as if Sir John Falstaff himself had presided over the commissariat. Lord Peterborough, however, did what he could by purchasing stores and converting foot soldiers into cavalry; but after this had been done, and when he was ready to take the field, he found that the king, instead of moving, was still deter-

mined to take his ease at Barcelona. The earl, therefore, being unable to march upon Madrid, was obliged to confine himself to a useless and flying warfare, by reducing a few places along the coast. At last, Charles roused himself to exertion; but, instead of marching to the capital, at the head of the English and Spanish forces combined, according to the original plan, and by which he might in all probability have entered Madrid in triumph, he set off with the purpose of reaching it by a very circuitous route, and accompanied only by a small military escort. He got, however, no farther than Saragoza, from which all the urgent entreaties of lord Peterborough could not draw him. His lordship being thus disappointed in all his plans, and having a morbid eagerness for distinction that would not allow him to remain inactive, endeavoured to signalize himself by other achievements. He sent out expeditions against Alicant and Carthagera, both of which places were taken; but while time, the most precious of all military resources, had been squandered upon these fruitless dissensions and exploits, the power of Philip, although shaken by previous defeats, had become more formidable than ever. The duke of Berwick, as able a champion of the Bourbon as Peterborough was of the Austrian dynasty, took the field, and so successfully checked the advance of lord Galway, that the fortune of the war was visibly changed. Galway, indeed, might have made head against his antagonist successfully, had he been joined by the earl of Peterborough for that purpose; but the latter was, unfortunately, too proud either to act a subordinate part, or to share his reputation with another, and therefore, instead of combining with his countryman in a common effort, he preferred a fruitless war of sieges and skirmishes of which the whole glory should be his own.

At last, when it was too late to be effectual, the jarring commanders united their forces, and were joined by Charles, who endeavoured, but in vain, to reconcile these leaders, who were now hotly contending upon the question of precedence. Several proposals were made; but, as neither nobleman would submit to act a part subordinate to the other, the royal peace-maker's efforts were frustrated. Lord Peterborough proposed that the forces should be divided into three or four separate corps,

but without success; he then offered to attempt the recovery of Madrid with 5000 men, but this was also rejected. Indeed, during the day of success the earl had by no means been in the habit of bearing his honours meekly, and all his dictatorial and offensive conduct was now remembered against him. He, therefore, found that a longer stay with the Spanish army would be fruitless, and he proposed to repair, in obedience to his original instructions, to the aid of the duke of Savoy, whose capital was closely invested. This proposal was received by Charles without a moment's hesitation; indeed, the poor monarch was glad to be delivered from the control of so severe a schoolmaster. His affairs, however, by no means prospered by the riddance; the cause of his rival, delivered from its chief antagonist, was every where successful, until at last it was completely triumphant upon the bloody field of Almanza.

It is at this point that the history of the military career of the earl of Peterborough properly terminates; for although he afterwards enjoyed a long and a busy life, it was chiefly in the bustle of politics and among court intrigues, in which he accomplished nothing and lost the confidence of all parties. As a soldier, his genius for war perhaps approached nearest to that of the illustrious Marlborough of any man of the age; but he had neither the discretion, the patience, nor the suavity, of his illustrious contemporary, so that, instead of producing great and permanent effects, adequate to the extent of his capabilities, he only blazed and astonished until his meteoric course was finished, after which he was equally forgotten by friend and enemy. He died as he had lived, in the hurry of travel, being on a voyage to Lisbon for the recovery of his health. This event occurred on the 25th of October, 1735, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

JOHN CAMPBELL,

DUKE OF ARGYLL.

JOHN CAMPBELL, duke of Argyll and Greenwich, was the son of John Campbell, first duke of Argyll, and was born on the 10th of October, 1678. Very early in life he formed a resolution of entering into the military service; and, therefore, though he had a solid penetrating judgment and ready wit, he did not so assiduously devote himself to study as his family expected or desired.

The first time we meet with him in a public capacity is in the year 1694, when king William gave him the command of a regiment, though not quite seventeen years of age. His father, the first duke of Argyll, dying in 1703, his grace was soon after sworn of his majesty's privy council, appointed captain of the Scotch horse guards, and one of the extraordinary lords of session of Scotland. In 1704, he was installed one of the knights of the Thistle; and, in 1705, he was made a peer of England by the title of baron of Chatham and earl of Greenwich, and appointed her majesty's high commissioner to the Scotch parliament. At the battle of Ramillies, in 1706, he acted as a brigadier-general; and, though but a young man, gave signal proofs of his valour and conduct. He also commanded at the siege of Ostend as brigadier-general, and in the same station at that of Menin, and was in the action of Oudenarde in 1708. At the siege of Ghent, in the same year, he commanded as major-general, and took possession of the town. In 1709, at the siege of Tournay, which was carried on by three attacks, he commanded one of them in quality of lieutenant-general, to which rank he had been raised a few months before. At the bloody battle of Malplaquet, the same year, the duke of Argyll was ordered to dislodge the enemy from the wood of Sart, which he executed with great bravery and resolution: he pierced through it, and gained a considerable post, but narrowly escaped, having several musket balls shot through his clothes, hat, and wig. In 1711, he was appointed ambassador-extraordinary to king Charles III. of Spain,

and generalissimo of the British forces in that kingdom. On the 8th of September, 1712, the cessation of arms between Great Britain and France was notified to the Imperial general, upon which the duke of Argyll sailed with the English troops to Port Mahon; where, when he arrived, he caused the emperor's colours to be taken down, and the British to be hoisted on the several castles of that island.

After his grace's return to England, he did not remain long in the favour of the ministry; for he heartily joined in opposing all secret intrigues against the protestant succession, which was in imminent danger. When the question was put in the House of Peers, 'Whether the protestant succession was in danger or not?' the duke delivered himself to the following effect: 'That he had lately crossed the kingdom of France, both in going to and returning from Minorca. That it was indeed one of the finest countries in the universe; but that there were marks of a general desolation in all the places through which he passed. That he had rode forty miles together without meeting a man fit to carry arms. That the rest of the people were in the utmost misery and want; and, therefore, he did not apprehend what necessity there was to conclude a peace so precipitately with a prince whose dominions were so exhausted of men, money, and provisions. As to the question now under debate, he said that he firmly believed the succession in the electoral house of Hanover to be in danger from the present ministers, whom he durst charge with mal-administration both within these walls and without. That he knew, and offered to prove, that the treasurer had yearly remitted £4000. to the Highland chiefs of Scotland, who were known to be entirely devoted to the Pretender, in order to keep them under military discipline and ready for any attempt. That, on the other hand, the new-modelling of the army, by disbanding some regiments out of their turn, and by removing from their employments a vast number of officers, merely on account of their known affection to the house of Hanover, were clear indications of the designs in hand; adding, that it was a disgrace to the nation to see men who had never looked an enemy in the face advanced to the places of several brave officers, who, after they had often exposed their lives for their

country, were now starving in prison, for debt contracted for want of pay.'

Upon the accession of George I., the duke was immediately taken into favour at court, and made general and commander-in-chief of the king's forces in Scotland. In consequence of this commission, he commanded the army when the rebellion broke out in Scotland in 1715; and having received his instructions, he went to Edinburgh, where he published a proclamation for increasing the forces. He then marched to Leith, and summoned the citadel, into which brigadier M'Intosh, one of the Pretender's generals, had retired; but, upon M'Intosh answering that he was determined to hold out, and neither give nor take quarter, the duke thought proper to retire, and return to Edinburgh. The earl of Mar being now joined by the earl of Seaforth and general Gordon, thought himself strong enough to execute his grand design of passing the Forth, joining his southern friends, and marching into England. Accordingly he left Perth on the 16th of November for Auchteradar; and the duke of Argyll having intelligence of this movement, was at no uncertainty what to do. He knew that if he was to dispute their passage over the Forth, at the heads of that river, his horse would be of no service in these grounds; and, therefore, he chose to fight the earl on the grounds about Dumblain, where he might avail himself of all his forces. He therefore ordered his whole army to pass the river at the bridge of Stirling, and encamped with his left at Dumblain and his right towards Sheriff-muir; and the enemy advanced the same night within two miles of the royal army, and stood under arms till break of day.

On the 13th, in the morning, both armies were in motion; and the duke of Argyll advanced to a rising ground to take a survey of the rebel army, which he could easily discern in full march towards him; but another hill on his left intercepted his view, so that it was impossible for him to guess at the true extent of their line, or how far they outflanked him. His army, amounting to 3500 men, of which 1200 were dragoons, was drawn up on the heights above Dumblain, to the north-east of that place, which lay about a mile and a half from his left, and a wet boggy mire or morass called Sheriff-muir on his right. The earl of Mar, who knew

that his numbers greatly exceeded the duke's, extended his lines as far as possible, with a design to take his opponent in flank, and marched up to him in this disposition. Argyll, who till now supposed that the morass of Sheriff-muir was impassable, saw that the two or three nights' frost had made it capable of bearing, and that the rebels were coming down the moor with an intent to flank him, having their right much extended beyond the point of his left. Hearing their bagpipes at a great distance, he found himself obliged to alter the disposition of his front to prevent his being surrounded, which was not to be done so expeditiously as to be all formed again before the rebels began the attack. The left wing of the duke's small army fell in with the centre of their opponents, which consisted of the flower of the rebel army; and the clans, animated by the presence of their chiefs, commenced the attack with uncommon bravery. They began by a general discharge of fire-arms, and received the volley of the royal troops without shrinking; but at the first fire the captain of Clanronald, who led them on, was killed, which had like to have struck a damp upon them, as their love for that chief fell little short of adoration; but Glengary, starting from the lines, waved his bonnet, and cried three or four times, 'Revenge!' which so animated the men, that they followed him like furies close up to the muzzles of the muskets, pushed by the bayonets with their targets, and with their broad swords spread death and terror wherever they came. The three battalions of foot on the left of the duke's centre behaved gallantly; but being unacquainted with this way of fighting, against which the rules of modern war had made no provision, they were forced to give way in confusion. A total rout of that wing of the royal army ensued, and general Witham, with some horse, riding full gallop to Stirling, gave out there that all was lost: but upon the right wing of the royal army the duke of Argyll commanded in person, and he charged at the head of Stair and Evans's dragoons with such intrepidity, that although the rebels made a gallant and obstinate resistance, they were obliged to give way. The duke pursued them towards the river Allan, and though the distance is not above two miles, yet in that space they attempted to rally nearly a dozen times. The duke, who had now entirely

broken their left, and pushed them over the river Allan, returned to the field, and took possession of some enclosures and mud walls, which would serve for a breast-work in the event of a fresh attack. In this posture both parties stood at gaze, but neither caring to engage; when towards evening the duke drew off towards Dumblain, and the enemy towards Ardoch, without molesting one another. Whichever side might claim the triumph, it must be owned that all the honour and all the advantages of the day belonged only to Argyll. It was sufficient for him to have interrupted the enemy's progress; and delay was to them a defeat. The earl of Mar, therefore, soon found his disappointments and losses increase. The castle of Inverness, of which he was in possession, was delivered up to the king by lord Lovat, who had hitherto appeared in the interest of the Pretender. The marquess of Tullibardine left the earl to defend his own country, and many of the clans, seeing no likelihood of coming soon to a second engagement, returned home; for an irregular army is much easier led to battle than induced to bear the fatigues of a campaign.

The Pretender might now be convinced of the vanity of his expectations, in imagining that the whole country would rise up in his cause. His affairs were actually desperate; yet, with the usual infatuation of the family, he resolved to hazard his person among his friends in Scotland at a time when such a measure was totally useless. Passing, therefore, through France in disguise, and embarking in a small vessel at Dunkirk, he arrived on the 22d of December on the coast of Scotland, with only six gentlemen in his retinue. Upon his arrival in Aberdeen, he was solemnly proclaimed; and soon after he made his public entry into Dundee. In two days more he came to Scone, where he intended to have the ceremony of his coronation performed. He ordered thanksgivings for his safe arrival; enjoined the ministers to pray for him in the churches; and, without the smallest share of power, went through all the ceremonies of royalty, which were at such a juncture perfectly ridiculous. After this unimportant parade, he resolved to abandon the enterprise with the same levity with which it had been undertaken, and he embarked again for France, with the earl of Mar and some others, in a

small ship that lay in the harbour of Montrose, and in five days arrived at Gravelin. General Gordon, who was left commander-in-chief of the forces, with the assistance of the earl-marshal, proceeded with them to Aberdeen, where he secured three vessels to sail northward, which took on board the persons who intended to make their escape to the continent. In this manner the rebellion was suppressed; but the fury of the victors did not seem in the least to abate with success. The law was put in force with all its terrors; and the prisons of London were crowded with those deluded wretches whom the ministry showed no disposition to spare. The Commons, in their address to the crown, declared they would prosecute, in the most vigorous manner, the authors of the rebellion; and their resolutions were as speedy as their measures were vindictive. The earls of Derwentwater, Nithsdale, Carnwath, and Wintown, and the lords Widrington, Kenmuir, and Nairn, were impeached. The *Habeas Corpus* Act was suspended; and the rebel lords, upon pleading guilty, received sentence of death. Nothing could soften the privy council; the House of Lords even presented an address to the throne for mercy, but without effect. Orders were despatched for executing the earls of Derwentwater and Nithsdale and viscount Kenmuir immediately; the others were respited for three weeks longer. Nithsdale, however, escaped in women's clothes, which were brought him by his mother the night before his intended execution. Derwentwater and Kenmuir were brought to the scaffold on Tower-hill at the hour appointed. Both underwent their sentence with calmness and intrepidity, pitied by all, seemingly less moved themselves than the spectators.

After having put the army into winter quarters, the duke of Argyll returned to London, and was most graciously received by his majesty; but in a few months, to the surprise of all mankind, he was turned out of all his places. The duke's patriotic conduct in parliament was the cause of this political disgrace. He joined with those humane persons who recommended it to the ministry, in vain, to be more merciful to the delinquents, after the rebellion was suppressed. In June, 1715, when the famous Schism Bill was brought into the House of Lords, he opposed it with great zeal and strength of

argument; and in the debate on the Mutiny Bill, he opposed any extension of the military power, and urged the necessity of a reduction of the standing army—a step which was by no means agreeable to the court. In the beginning of the year 1719, the duke was again admitted into his majesty's favour, who was pleased to appoint him lord-steward of his household, and to create him duke of Greenwich; and, in 1726, he was appointed colonel of the prince of Wales's regiment of horse. But, notwithstanding these promotions, the duke, with patriotic zeal for his native country, warmly opposed the extension of the malt tax this year to Scotland.

From this time we have no memoirs in the life of the duke of Argyll deserving public notice till the year 1737, when a bill was brought into parliament for punishing the lord provost of Edinburgh for abolishing the city guard, and for depriving the corporation of several ancient privileges on account of the insurrection in 1736, when the mob broke into the prison and hanged captain Porteus. The duke opposed this bill with great warmth in the House of Lords, as an act of unjust severity, and his opposition highly displeased the ministry; but they did not think proper to show any public marks of resentment at that time. In 1739, when the convention with Spain was brought before the house for their approbation, he spoke with warmth against it; and, in the same session, his grace opposed a vote of credit, as there was no sum limited in the message sent by his majesty. On the 15th of April, 1740, the house took into consideration the state of the army, upon which occasion he made an eloquent speech; wherein he set forth, with great strength of argument, the misconduct of the ministry, showing a tender regard for the person of his sovereign, while he exerted an unfeigned zeal for the good of the community. Sir Robert Walpole being exasperated at this step, his grace was soon after dismissed from all his employments.

Upon the election of a new parliament in 1741, on the application of the city of Edinburgh and several corporations, he pointed out to them men of steady, honest, and loyal principles, and independent fortunes; and, where he had any interest, he endeavoured to prevail with the electors to choose such men. When the parliament was opened, the minister found he had not influ-

ence to maintain his ground; and a parliamentary inquiry into his conduct being set on foot, he was discharged from his post, and created a peer, with the title of earl of Orford. The duke, in consequence of this change, became the darling of the people, and he seemed likewise to be perfectly restored to favour at court; for he was made master-general of the ordnance, colonel of his majesty's royal regiment of horse guards, and field-marshal and commander-in-chief of all the forces in South Britain. But, in a few months, perceiving that a change of men produced little or no change of measures, he resigned all his posts, and from this time retired from public business, ever after courting privacy and living in retirement.

The duke had been for some years labouring under a paralytic disorder, which put a period to his life in the year 1743. He married, when young, Mary, daughter of John Brown, Esq., and niece of Sir Charles Duncomb, lord-mayor of London; but she dying in 1708, without issue, he married Jane, daughter of Thomas Warburton, Esq., of Winnington, in Cheshire. By her he had four daughters: the eldest of whom married the earl of Dalkeith, son and heir-apparent of the duke of Buccleuch; and the second, the earl of Strafford; both in his lifetime. The duke, in his private character, was a tender father and an indulgent master: he was delicate in the choice of his friends; but, when chosen, very constant to them: he was slow of promising favours; but, when promised, the performance was sure; though he often chose rather to purchase preferment for his relations than to beg it. He was naturally compassionate to all mankind; and, when he met with merit in want, his bounty was very extensive; nor would he keep the man he was either unable or unwilling to serve in suspense. He preserved a dignity in his behaviour which was often mistaken for pride; but he was naturally facetious amongst his select friends. A superb monument was erected in Westminster Abbey to his memory—Sir William Fermor, while his grace was living, having left £500. to defray the expense of it, out of regard to the great merit of his grace, both as a general and a patriot.

JAMES WOLFE.

No era of the British history exhibits brighter examples of military glory than that in which the immortal Wolfe stood forth to rival the greatest characters of antiquity. In his time an animated love of country prevailed amongst the land and sea officers, which communicated the influence of example to the private men, and produced such a series of rapid and signal successes as can scarcely be paralleled in the annals of any nation.

James Wolfe was the son of lieutenant-general Edward Wolfe, an officer of distinguished worth, who served under the duke of Marlborough, and was born at Westerham, in the county of Kent, on the 6th of November, 1726. It is to be lamented that we have no memoirs of his juvenile years. It would appear, however, that he had been educated for the army almost from his infancy, since he entered the military service at the early age of fourteen. The gradations of his rise are not ascertained; we are only informed that, during the whole war, he continued improving his military talents, that he was present at every engagement, and never passed undistinguished. His promotion, therefore, must have been as rapid as his merit was great, for we find him holding the rank of lieutenant-colonel of Kingsley's regiment soon after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748. In this station, during the peace, he continually studied the science of war, and introduced the most exact discipline and regular behaviour into his corps without exercising any severity; the love his soldiers bore him being manifested in their readiness to obey his orders.

In 1754 a fresh rupture with France seemed inevitable, from the evasive answers given by that court to the repeated remonstrances of the British ambassador against the depredations and encroachments of French subjects at the back of the British settlements along the banks of the river Ohio, in North America; they even went so far as to build forts within 225 miles of Philadelphia. Hostilities commenced on both sides in consequence of this violation of the treaty; but war was not formally declared till 1756. For a short time nothing but losses attended the British arms, till Mr. Pitt, afterwards earl

of Chatham, was firmly seated at the head of the administration. Here he gave striking proofs of his superior abilities for conducting an extensive war, by seeking for and employing in the land and sea service men of the most enterprising and active genius; and of this number was colonel Wolfe, who was raised to the rank of brigadier-general, and sent out under major-general Amherst upon the grand expedition against Louisbourg, the capital of the island of Cape Breton. At the siege of this important place he was the first general officer who landed the left division of the army, amidst the strong and continued fire of the enemy from their batteries on the shore; and notwithstanding an impetuous surf, which overset some of the boats, he made good his descent and maintained his post, till he had covered the debarkation of the middle and the right divisions of the land forces, commanded by brigadiers Whitmore and Lawrence. He then marched with a strong detachment round the north-east part of the harbour, and took possession of the light-house point, where he erected several batteries against the ships and the island fortification; by which dexterous manœuvre the success of the whole enterprise was in a great measure secured. The regular approaches to the town were now conducted by the engineers, under the immediate command of general Amherst; but still the indefatigable Wolfe, with his detached party, raised several batteries wherever he found a proper situation for annoying the enemy; and these did great execution both within the town and upon the shipping in the harbour. On the 27th of July, 1758, Louisbourg surrendered; and captain Amherst, brother to the general, was despatched to bear the joyful news to England, with eleven pair of colours taken at the siege, which were carried in great triumph from the palace at Kensington to St. Paul's.

The share which Wolfe had in this important conquest induced Mr. Pitt to make choice of him to command a still more important expedition the ensuing campaign; with which view he was promoted to the rank of major-general. It was resolved that Wolfe, as soon as the season of the year would admit, should sail up the river St. Lawrence with 8000 men, aided by a considerable squadron of ships, to undertake the siege of Quebec; that general Amherst, the commander-in-chief, should,

with another army of about 12,000 men, reduce Ticonderoga and Crown Point, cross the lake Champlain, proceed along the river Richlieu to the banks of St. Lawrence, and join general Wolfe in the siege of Quebec. General Amherst, however, though he succeeded in reducing Ticonderoga and Crown Point, afterwards found himself under a necessity to support the attack upon Niagara. He therefore sent a large detachment from his army, under brigadier Gage, and Niagara surrendered after a victory gained over the French on the 24th of July, 1759. Thus two parts in three of the plan of operations were happily executed; but the time necessarily employed in these services made it impossible to comply with the general instructions to assist Wolfe in the siege of Quebec. The fleets from England destined for that expedition, under the command of the admirals Saunders and Holmes, arrived at Louisbourg in May, and took on board the 8000 land forces, which were landed in two divisions upon the isle of Orleans, a little below Quebec.

General Wolfe, upon landing, offered every indulgence to the inhabitants if they would remain neuter. He represented to them, in the strongest terms, the folly of resistance, as the English fleet were masters of the river St. Lawrence, so as to intercept all succours from Europe; and he informed them that the cruelties exercised by the French upon British subjects in America might justify the most severe reprisals, but that Britons had too much generosity to follow such examples. But this humane declaration had no immediate effect; and it was not long before the influence of the priests stimulated the Canadians to join the scalping parties of the Indians, and to sally from the woods upon some unguarded stragglers of the British army, whom they slaughtered with circumstances of most inhuman barbarity. Wolfe then wrote a polite remonstrance to M. de Montcalm, the French general, desiring him to exert his authority over the French and the Indians, to prevent such enormities, but the French general's authority was not sufficient to curb them; so that Wolfe found it necessary, in order to put a stop to these outrages, to suffer our people to retaliate upon some of their prisoners, which had the desired effect.

Montcalm, though superior in numbers to the English, chose to depend upon the natural strength of the country,

rather than risk an engagement in the field. The city of Quebec was skilfully fortified, defended by a numerous garrison, and plentifully supplied with provisions and ammunition. Montcalm had reinforced the troops of the colony with five regular battalions, formed of the choicest citizens, and had completely disciplined all the Canadians of the neighbourhood capable of bearing arms, with several tribes of savages. With this army he had taken post in a very advantageous situation along the shore, every accessible part of his camp being deeply intrenched. To undertake the siege of Quebec, against such advantages and superior numbers, was a deviation from the established rules of war; but no prospect of danger could restrain the ardour of Wolfe, and at this time he entertained strong hopes of being joined by general Amherst. The necessary works for the security of the hospital and stores on the island of Orleans being completed in July, the British forces crossed the north channel in boats, and encamped on the banks of the river Montmorenci, which separated them from the left division of the enemy's camp. The general now wrote to Mr. Pitt, describing his situation, and assigning most excellent reasons for the choice of his ground; amongst others, that there was a ford below the falls of Montmorenci, passable for some hours at the ebb of the tide; and he hoped, by means of this passage, to find an opportunity of engaging Montcalm upon more advantageous terms than directly to attack his intrenchments. In this position the British army remained a considerable time, expecting news every day from general Amherst, and constantly employed in some enterprise against the enemy, to facilitate the final attack on Quebec. At length dispositions were made for attacking their intrenchments, to bring on a general engagement; and, on the last day of July, it was resolved to storm a redoubt built close to the water's edge, and within gun-shot of the intrenchments; but, instead of defending it, which must have produced the effect Wolfe expected, the French abandoned it; and thirteen companies of our grenadiers, animated by the confusion of the French, from the hot fire kept up by the Centurion, inconsiderately rushed on, without waiting for the disembarkation of the rest of the army. This ill-timed impetuosity, and another accident of some boats getting

aground off Point Levi, disconcerted the whole plan; for the grenadiers were repulsed, the French had time to recover from their surprise at this bold attempt, and intelligence was now received, from some prisoners, that general Amherst had taken Niagara and Crown Point, but was obliged to employ all his forces against M. de Burlemaque, who was posted with a strong corps at the Isle aux Noix.

Thus deprived of all hopes of reinforcement from that quarter, Wolfe returned to his old camp on the other side of the river; and here disappointment and fatigue threw him into a fever and flux, which reduced him very low. And in this unhappy state of mind and body he despatched an express to England, with an account of his proceedings, but written in the style of a desponding man, to which, perhaps, the success of the generals in other parts of America contributed; as he might think the same good news would be expected from him by the public at home, who had been accustomed to hear of nothing but his conquests. Yet such was the perspicuity and accuracy of his justification, that the despatch was received with applause, though the expedition had not been successful.

As soon as the general recovered a little strength, he went on board the admiral's ship; and these two commanders, with a proper armament, went up the river, passed the town unmolested, and reconnoitred it, in order to judge if an assault was practicable. Their opinion concurred with that of the chief engineer: they all agreed that such an attack could not be hazarded with any prospect of success; and the next measure taken was, to break up the camp at Montmorenci, as no possibility appeared of attacking the enemy above the town. A resolution was now formed to change the plan of operations; and the three brigadiers advised the general to transport the troops in the night, and land them within a league of Cape Diamond, below the town, in hopes of ascending the heights of Abraham, which rise abruptly with a steep ascent from the banks of the river, that they might gain possession of the plain at the back of the city—on that side but weakly fortified. The dangers and difficulties of this attempt were so great, that none but such an enterprising general, who was well assured of the affections of his soldiers, would have ventured to propose it to

them. The veterans of ancient Rome often mutinied upon less hazardous undertakings; but Wolfe animated his troops by leading them on in person, enfeebled as he was by his distemper. Preparations being made, and the time fixed for this most astonishing attempt, admiral Holmes, with a view of deceiving the enemy, moved with his squadron higher up the river than the old camp; and this had the desired effect, for his motions were watched till night by a detachment of the French, who lined that part of the shore. But in the night, the admiral, pursuant to his instructions, fell down the river to cover the landing of the troops. About one in the morning of the 12th of September, the first embarkation, consisting of four complete regiments, the light infantry, commanded by colonel Howe, a detachment of Highlanders, and the American grenadiers, fell gently down the river in flat-bottom boats, under the conduct of brigadiers Monckton and Murray; but general Wolfe accompanied them, and was among the first who landed. No accident happened, except their over-shooting the intended place of landing, owing to the rapidity of the tide. As these troops landed, the boats were sent back for the second embarkation, which was superintended by brigadier Townshend. In the mean time, colonel Howe, with the light infantry and the Highlanders, ascended the woody precipices with admirable courage and activity; and dislodged a captain's guard, who defended a small intrenched narrow path, by which alone the other forces could reach the summit. They then mounted without farther molestation; and general Wolfe drew them up in order of battle as they arrived.

The marquis de Montcalm was thunderstruck at the intelligence, that the English had gained the heights of Abraham; and knowing the weakness of the city on that side, he was at no loss to determine upon a general engagement. Advancing therefore with his whole force, in such order of battle as showed a design to flank the English forces on the left, brigadier Townshend, with the regiment of Amherst, was sent to prevent it, by forming his corps *en potence*, presenting a double front to the enemy. The French were most advantageously posted, with bushes and corn-fields in their front, lined with 1500 of their best marksmen, who began the action with an irregular galling fire; which proved fatal to

many of our brave officers. At about nine in the morning, the enemy advanced to the charge with great order and resolution, but their fire was irregular and ineffectual. On the contrary, the British forces reserved their shot until the French had approached within forty yards of their line; then they poured in a terrible discharge, and continued the fire with the greatest activity and success. The gallant Wolfe was stationed on the right, at the head of Bragg's regiment and the Louisbourg grenadiers, the post of honour, for here the attack was most warm. As he stood conspicuous in the front of the line, he had been aimed at by the enemy's marksmen, and received a shot in the wrist; but neither pain nor danger could make him retire from his station. Having wrapped a handkerchief round his wrist, he continued giving his orders without emotion, and advanced at the head of the grenadiers, with their bayonets fixed, when another ball pierced his breast, just as the enemy gave way. The wounded general was carried off to a small distance in the rear, where, roused from fainting fits, in the agonies of death, by the loud cry of 'They run! they run!' he with great eagerness inquired, 'Who run?' and being told the French, and that they were defeated, he added in a faltering voice, 'Then I thank God, I die contented!' and almost instantly expired. Never was a battle fought which did more honour to the officers, and even to the private soldiers of both sides than this. The highest encomiums were bestowed on the marquis de Montcalm, the French general, who was mortally wounded, and who distinguished himself in his last moments by an affectionate regard for his countrymen, in writing a letter to general Townshend, to recommend the French prisoners 'to that generous humanity, by which the British nation has been always distinguished.' His death, which was an irreparable loss to France in America, threw the Canadians into the utmost consternation: confusion prevailed in the councils held at Quebec; and seeing themselves invested by the British fleet, which, after the victory, sailed up in a disposition to attack the lower town, while the upper should be assaulted by general Townshend, they gave up all for lost, and sent out a flag of truce, with proposals of capitulation, which were accepted.

It is difficult to describe the emotions of the people

when the news of this astonishing success in Canada arrived in England. The melancholy despatch which Wolfe had sent after his disappointment at the falls of Montmorenci, owing to contrary winds, was not received, or at least not made known to the public, till two days before the joyful news of the victory, and the surrender of Quebec, to which was added the mournful sequel of the death of the conqueror of Canada. A mixture of affliction attended the national triumph, and was strongly expressed in the congratulatory addresses, presented by all the corporate bodies and public societies of the three kingdoms to George II. A day of solemn thanksgiving was appointed, and when the parliament assembled, Mr. Pitt, in the House of Commons, made a motion to present an address, desiring his majesty to order a monument to be erected in Westminster-abbey, to the memory of major-general Wolfe, to which the House agreed unanimously. At the same time, they passed another resolution; that the thanks of the house should be given to the surviving generals and admirals, employed in the glorious and successful expedition to Quebec.

In his private character, Wolfe, with an unusual liveliness, almost to impetuosity of temper, was not subject to passion: with the greatest independency of spirit, he was free from pride. Generous almost to profusion, he contemned every little art for the acquisition of wealth, whilst he searched after objects for his charity and beneficence: the deserving soldier never went unrewarded, and the needy inferior officers often tasted of his bounty. Constant and discerning in his attachments; manly and unreserved, yet gentle, kind, and conciliating in his manners; he enjoyed a large share of the friendship, and almost the universal goodwill, of mankind; and, to crown all, sincerity and candour, a true sense of honour, justice, and public liberty, seemed the inherent principles of his nature, and were the uniform rules of his conduct.

CHAP. XII.

From the accession of George III. to the peace of 1815.

THE accession of George III. to the crown of Britain was accompanied by the most favourable auspices. He came to a throne that was encircled with a halo of victory and conquest; his youth and amiableness of character endeared him to the affections of his subjects; and the Stuart cause, which had occasioned such discomfort to his predecessors, was humbled beyond the power of recovery. The war still continued in the East and West Indies, but with such success to the British arms, that one foreign possession after another was wrested from the crowns of France and Spain, and added to the number of our colonies. But a melancholy counterpoise occurred in the midst of these successes abroad that was almost tantamount to a national dismemberment. This was the revolt of our American colonies, and their establishment into an independent state, an event in our modern military history demanding particular attention.

For some time a spirit of impatience and indignation had been exhibited by the Americans on account of the taxes inflicted on them by the British parliament. These were not only sufficiently heavy in themselves, but oppressively levied by our naval officers, who had been converted for the occasion into excisemen. In consequence of these severities, the colonists, who saw their trade diminishing under such pernicious restrictions, first began to remonstrate; and when their appeals were disregarded, they then proceeded to agitate the question, whether the British parliament had actually the right to tax unrepresented communities like themselves. The stamp-act, which formed the heaviest grievance of the Americans, was indeed repealed in 1765, and nothing remained but a trifling tax on tea; but it was the *principle* of taxation to which they were opposed, and not a mere question of pence and farthings. In such a state the slightest spark was sufficient to kindle the beacon of national contention. A cargo of tea had entered the harbour of Boston in 1774, and was ready to be landed; but the ships were boarded unexpectedly by

a multitude of persons whose appearance and behaviour were much superior to those of a common mob, and the tea was thrown without ceremony into the sea, after which the insurgents retired without farther violence. The same proceeding was adopted in other places, and the tidings reached England with many exaggerations. In a rash hour the ministry determined to compel the refractory colonists to submission, and four regiments, under the command of general Gage, were ordered to Boston, upon which the Americans prepared themselves to repel force with force. Not only did they do this, but they proceeded to more decisive measures. Finding that the mother country would be satisfied with nothing short of absolute submission, they bound themselves by a covenant to abstain from all commerce with Britain, and then proceeded to form a general congress, by which their new form of government should be organized, and their resistance conducted.

In the beginning of the following year, hostilities were commenced by general Gage, who, on hearing that some military stores were collected at the town of Concord, sent a large body of troops to destroy them. This attempt the country militia opposed, and a skirmish ensued in which they were repulsed. But a more serious encounter afterwards took place at Lexington, where the king's troops were worsted with some loss. War now commenced in melancholy earnest, and, as is common in such cases, the feeling of hostility was only embittered by the relationship that existed between the contending parties. The battle of Bunker's Hill followed, in which 2000 British troops were defeated, and would have been destroyed, but for the opportune arrival of general Clinton. The thirteen colonies of America were now united by a federal bond, and the celebrated Washington, a man worth whole armies, was appointed commander-in-chief of all the American forces; after which, instead of remaining on the defensive, they proceeded to aggressive measures by an invasion of Canada. Although this attempt was unsuccessful, the Americans impressed their antagonists, during their advance and retreat, with an alarming conviction of their valour and perseverance. But during the campaigns of 1776 and 1777, the situation of the colonists was truly critical. Their troops were a raw militia, raised for temporary

service, and unaccustomed to the hardships of regular warfare, and being dispirited by the unforeseen difficulties of their new situation, they often left the army in multitudes, so that sometimes not more than 10,000 could be mustered at one time. But on the other hand, the veteran legions of Britain, that had been sent to subdue their brethren of the colonies, were largely reinforced both by English regiments and German auxiliaries. It was in the midst of these trying difficulties that the high moral energy and commanding talents of Washington were conspicuous. He ably concealed the deficiency of his forces, and confined himself to a war of posts, marches, and surprises, in which he was almost invariably successful. One specimen of his consummate generalship in this kind of warfare it would be ungenerous to omit. New York being menaced by a British army of 30,000 men, Washington resolved to defend it with little more than half that number of irregulars, most of whom were posted upon Long Island. The approach of the British obliged him to remove these forces to the town, across the East river, at that place above a mile in breadth. Nine thousand men, therefore, with all their baggage and ammunition, were conveyed over the river to New York, in less than thirteen hours, while the British army, which was not a quarter of a mile distant, was kept in utter ignorance of the movement.

While the American Fabius was thus keeping the British at bay, and successfully procrastinating the war, which of itself was equal to victory, the northern army, consisting of 7000 British and German troops, several swarms of North American savages, and an immense quantity of artillery, was appointed to form a line of communication between New York and Canada. The whole were placed for this important purpose under the command of general Burgoyne; but that able writer of comedies conducted the affair to a most tragical conclusion. After a series of successes at the opening of the drama, his good fortune failed him; a train of disasters followed, and at last he was obliged to capitulate at Saratoga, where his whole army surrendered their arms to the Americans under general Gates. While the colonists were full of triumph at this important conquest, another event occurred by which their hopes of success

were increased : this was a treaty of amity with France, in which the latter kingdom engaged to assist America with her ships and soldiers, in consequence of which a fleet of twelve sail of the line and four frigates was despatched from Toulon under admiral d'Estaing. These entered the Delaware in the beginning of July (1778), but the campaigns of this and the two following years, in spite of such assistance, were rather in favour of the British. The spirit of the Americans, however, still showed how the contest would ultimately terminate : not one state, not a town, not even a village, thought for a moment of accepting those conciliatory terms which were held out by the British commissioners. And their magnanimity and perseverance were at last rewarded. In 1781 the campaign was commenced by an attempt of lord Cornwallis, at the head of a strong force, to penetrate North Carolina, where he hoped to attract the colonists to the royal standard. But instead of allies, he found an armed militia, who encountered him on several occasions, and frequently with success. At length his whole army was completely blocked up in Yorktown by general Washington, at the head of a combined force of Americans and French, and on the 18th of October Cornwallis was obliged to surrender himself and his whole army, to the number of 7000 soldiers. Nothing could exceed the triumph of the Americans on this occasion, except the rage and mortification of the British public, when the tidings arrived in England. It was now perceived that America could not be conquered, while all parties complained with justice of the expense of the war. At the general peace, therefore, which took place between Britain and her various antagonists in 1783, a treaty was entered into with the United States, by which they were recognised as free, sovereign, and independent. This was an humbling termination for the mother-country, after so much expense of blood and treasure ; but two sources of consolation still remained. If Britain had lost such valuable colonies in the West, she had acquired an empire in the East, superior in wealth and extent to the dominion of Rome in the highest days of her prosperity ; and if our arms had been baffled, it was no foreign enemy, but men of our own blood and spirit, that could boast of the achievement.

This general peace was not fated to be lasting. The

French Revolution occurred, and at the shock of such an earthquake Britain started in dismay; but instead of looking on from her sea-girt bulwark in calm neutrality, as she had done at the partition of Poland, she caught the general panic and rushed headlong into the encounter. On the 11th of February, 1793, war with France was declared by a royal message to the two houses of parliament, and the duke of York was sent with a British army to join the general continental alliance, which consisted of Austria, Prussia, Holland, Spain, Sardinia, and the Sicilies. Britain, however, had no great cause to exult in her share of this wholesale warfare. The duke of York, whose army was joined by the Hanoverian, Dutch, and Hessian forces, commenced the siege of Dunkirk on the 24th of August; but he was defeated in two engagements by the garrison, and compelled to raise the siege so precipitately, as to leave his heavy artillery behind. Toulon, which held out for the royal cause, was invested by the republicans, and notwithstanding the resistance of its English garrison had at last to be evacuated. Matters were still worse during the subsequent campaigns, in which the British troops largely shared in those disasters and defeats that successively befell every member of the coalition. It was only upon the sea that our arms were successful, and the exertions of our fleets were crowned with a rich harvest of victories and colonial conquests. At length, by the treaty of Campo Formio, the great alliance against France was broken, and Britain was left to maintain the contest single-handed. Bonaparte, who was now the great hero of the war, having successfully disengaged himself from his baffled antagonists, announced his favourite project of invading Britain in turn, and numerous forces were assembled upon the French coast, under the title of the 'army of England.' But it was soon found that all these preparations were designed for the invasion of Britain in India, as a preliminary to which, the army was suddenly embarked for the conquest of Egypt. The great battle, therefore, between France and England, was fought on the plains of the Pharaohs and Ptolemys, and victory crowned the heroic efforts of Nelson, Sir Sidney Smith, Abercromby, and Hutchinson. Bonaparte, however, on his return from Egypt, soon placed France in a more formidable position than ever, and

having again beaten the different powers by which it had been assailed during his absence, he dictated to them the terms of peace. After this followed the treaty of Amiens, on March 27th, 1802, by which peace was established between France and England, upon the latter foregoing all the colonies which she had taken during the war. It has been complacently observed by a class of British writers upon this subject, that no honour was lost to our country by this treaty; but it seems equally certain that none was gained by it. But be that as it may, the peace of Amiens proved scarcely a breathing truce, and the occupation of Malta soon furnished a new argument for contest. The British were bound by the treaty to evacuate it, after which it was to be held by a Neapolitan garrison, until the Maltese knights were strong enough to occupy and defend it; but Bonaparte, it has been alleged, was desirous of securing this island to himself as a stepping-stone to the reconquest of Egypt. War with France was accordingly proclaimed by George III., on the 18th of May, 1803, and a contest commenced, which the generations of Europe yet unborn will have cause to execrate and deplore.

As two such powers as France and England cannot join in conflict alone, on account of the derangement produced in the balance of Europe by the shock of such an encounter, a third coalition of the European powers against France was formed in 1805. In the mean time Bonaparte had resumed his measures for the invasion of England, and assembled the flower of his troops upon the coast, while an immense flotilla lay at Boulogne ready to waft them over. But, as in the case of Egypt, his army was suddenly called away to a different destination. He collected his troops and rushed to the Danube, gained the battle of Austerlitz, and thus laid Austria prostrate, and reduced Prussia and Russia to a state of helplessness. He then, by treaty with the emperor of Germany, became the master of all Italy, except the Neapolitan dominions, which, however, soon shared the fate of the rest. But amidst all this triumph and success he was compelled to feel that a power was arrayed against him, before which his victories stood rebuked. This was the British navy, which still continued its career of conquest, and the battle of Trafalgar was a blow, from which the French marine, even under

the administration of Bonaparte, was never able to recover.

In this hasty summary we must now pass over the remainder of the long war, the principal events of which, however, will be found in the lives of those distinguished individuals by whom it was so nobly conducted on the part of Britain. The battle of Waterloo was the last stake of the great Napoleon, and after this had failed, nothing remained for him but flight or surrender. But the coast was so closely watched by the British cruizers, that the first alternative was denied, and after having vainly lingered for a short time at Rochefort in the hope of escaping to America, he resolved to throw himself upon the generosity and protection of Britain. In what manner this confidence was rewarded is an event too universally and permanently chronicled to require repetition here. With the departure of Bonaparte, all grounds of contention between France and Europe disappeared, and therefore, after a war unexampled perhaps in the history of the world for magnitude and importance, treaties and conventions of peace between the different powers were signed at Paris, on the 20th of November, 1815.

When the combined nations had thus overpowered and disarmed their dreaded enemy, they retired, like men who had been exhausted by a struggle in which existence itself rather than victory has been at stake. They had bled in every vein, and many a deep wound had to be healed before they could resume their weapons for fresh rivalries and aggressions. A war of diplomacy has therefore succeeded that of force, and protocols have become the 'cheap defence' of those nations which previous exertions have reduced to a state of bankruptcy. But will this unprecedented tranquillity be lasting? Such a desirable consummation is not yet to be expected. Society as yet has not been so taught and purified by past sufferings, as to be convinced of the injustice of aggression, and of the worthlessness of mere military glory, and therefore the nations that begin to recover from their exhaustion have also resumed that spirit in which wars invariably originate. The grasping and absorbing policy of Russia—the French aims of occupation in Africa—the wrongs of unhappy Poland still unredressed, but awaiting in hope the moment of their retribution—the night-mare despotism of Austria—the

general jealousy entertained against Britain, and the foreign fleets that are mustering to dispute with her the empire of the ocean—these are ominous signs of the times which the most careless eye can read. And more than all these causes combined, is that universal impatience of coercion, that open antagonism between the ruled and their rulers, so prevalent a characteristic of the present age, and by which all Europe has been rent into two rival and hostile factions, armed and ready for the conflict. The roots of the felled upas tree have shot forth branches to overshadow the vine and the olive which the present generation has cultivated, and thus we may be yet fated to gather in sorrow what we have planted in hope. And when then shall peace become triumphant on earth? It is only when national ambition and selfishness, the oppression of tyrants and the dishonesty of statesmen, are no longer tolerated, that war will become unpopular; and men will cease to be warriors, when they cease to be unjust.

ROBERT CLIVE,

BARON OF PLASSEY.

ROBERT CLIVE was born at Styche, in the parish of Moreton-Say, near Market Drayton, in Shropshire, on the 29th of September, 1725. His father, Richard Clive, inherited the estate of Styche, the ancient possession of his family; but thinking the income, which scarcely exceeded £500. a year, too small a provision, he followed the business of the law. In his early youth, Robert Clive was sent to a private school, which was kept by Dr. Eaton, of Lostock, in Cheshire. The doctor observed that, in courage and sagacity, he far surpassed his fellows, and discerned in the schoolboy the character of the future hero. ‘If,’ said he, ‘that lad should live to be a man, and an opportunity be given for the exertion of his talents, few names will be greater than his.’ From this school, at the age of eleven, he was removed to another at Market Drayton. In that town stands, on

the edge of a high hill, an ancient gothic church, from the lofty steeple of which, at the distance of a few feet from the top, projects an old stone spout, in the form of a dragon's head. On this head he once seated himself, to the great astonishment and terror of his school-fellows who were gazing from below.

In 1743, Clive was appointed a writer in the service of the East India company, and arrived at Madras in the following year. The same dislike to the drudgery of the desk, the same impatience of control, which distinguished him at school, still marked his character, and rendered his appointment as troublesome to his superiors, as it was irksome to himself. On one occasion, his conduct to the secretary, under whom the writers are placed, was so inconsistent with proper subordination, that the governor commanded him to ask the secretary's pardon. The submission was made in terms of extreme contempt; but the secretary received it graciously, and invited him to dinner. 'No, sir,' replied Clive, 'the governor did not command me to *dine* with you.'

On the surrender of Madras to the French admiral, M. de la Bourdonnais, in September, 1746, the company's servants became prisoners on parole. But as M. Dupleix, who was commander-in-chief of the French forces in India, refused to ratify the treaty, and made the English prisoners to the town, the English, on their part, considered their engagement to Bourdonnais as broken, and thought themselves at liberty to make their escape. Accordingly, Clive, disguised as a Moor, and a few others, escaped to St. David's, which lies on the same coast, at the distance of twenty-one miles to the south. Soon after his arrival, he happened to be engaged in a party at cards, with two ensigns, who were detected in cheating the rest of the company. The ensigns had won large sums, which the losers refused to pay; but the threats of the two gamblers soon intimidated all but Clive, who still persisted in his refusal. A challenge followed, and Clive delivered his fire; but his antagonist reserved his, and, quitting his ground, presented the pistol at Clive's head, and bade him ask his life. After some hesitation, Clive complied; but his antagonist telling him he must also recant the expressions he had used, and promise pay-

ment of the money, otherwise he would fire—‘ Fire, and be d——d,’ said Clive; ‘ I said you cheated; I say so still, nor will I ever pay you.’ The ensign, finding that all remonstrances were vain, called him a madman, and threw away the pistol. When Clive was complimented by his friends upon his behaviour on this occasion, he made the following remark: ‘ The man has given me my life, and I have no right in future to mention his behaviour at the card-table, although I will never pay him, nor ever keep him company.’ In other contests with some of his brother officers, Clive also displayed the same intrepidity.

In 1747, being disgusted with his former situation at Madras, and weary of an idle life at St. David’s, Clive solicited and obtained a commission in the military service. The events of the years 1747 and 1748 gave him few opportunities of exerting his talents; yet even in those few he exhibited such proofs of an ardent, inflexible mind, as raised the admiration of the troops. The season for military operations being over, the army remained inactive at St. David’s; and the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle being afterwards concluded, lieutenant Clive returned to the civil establishment, and was admitted to the same rank as that which he would have held if he had never quitted the civil service.

The state of the company’s affairs now urgently requiring it, Clive resumed the military character. Having obtained a captain’s commission, he undertook to conduct a detachment into the province of Arcot; and accordingly began his march at the head of 210 Europeans, with 500 sepoy. Such was the resolution, secrecy, and despatch, with which captain Clive conducted this enterprise, that the enemy knew nothing of his motions until he was in possession of the capital, which he took without opposition. The inhabitants, expecting to be plundered, offered him a large sum to spare their city; but they knew not the generosity and discretion of the conqueror. He refused the proffered ransom, and proclaimed that those who were willing to remain should be protected from insult and injury, and the rest have leave to retire with all their effects, except provisions, for which he promised to pay the full value. By this conduct he so conciliated the affections of the

people, that even those who quitted the place supplied him with exact intelligence of the enemy's designs. The town was in a little time invested by Raja Saib, son of Chunda Saib, at the head of a numerous army; and the operations of the siege were conducted by European engineers. Though their approaches were retarded by the resolute sallies of the English, they at length effected two breaches, supposed to be practicable; and on the 14th of October, 1751, they gave a general assault. Clive having received intimation of their design, made such preparations that they were repulsed in every quarter with great loss, and obliged to raise the siege. Not contented, however, with this noble defence, he was no sooner reinforced than he marched in pursuit of the enemy, whom he overtook in the plains of Aranie. There, on the 3rd of December, he attacked them with irresistible impetuosity; and, after an obstinate dispute, obtained a complete victory. The forts of Timery, Caujeveram, and Aranie, surrendered to the terror of his name, and he returned to fort St. David in triumph.

He had enjoyed a very few weeks of repose, when he was summoned to the field by fresh incursions of the enemy. In the beginning of 1752, therefore, he marched with a small detachment to Madras, where he was joined by a reinforcement from Bengal, the whole number not exceeding 300 Europeans, and a body of the natives. With these he proceeded to Koveripauk, about fifteen miles from Arcot, where he found the French and Indians, consisting of 1500 sepoy, 1700 horse, a reinforcement of natives, and 150 Europeans, with eight pieces of cannon. Though they were advantageously posted and entrenched, and the day was already far advanced, Clive advanced against them with his usual intrepidity; but the victory remained some time in suspense. It was now dark and the battle was still doubtful, when Clive sent round a detachment to fall on the rear of the French battery. This attack was executed with great resolution, while the English in front entered the entrenchments with fixed bayonets. This double onset so disconcerted the enemy that they soon gave way, and a considerable carnage ensued; but the greater part saved themselves by flight under cover of the darkness. The French, to a man, threw down

their arms, and surrendered themselves prisoners of war; and all the cannon and baggage fell into the hands of the victor.

The province of Arcot being thus cleared, Clive returned to fort St. David, where he found major Laurence just arrived from England, to take upon him the command of the company's troops. On the 18th of March, this officer, accompanied by Clive, took the field, and was joined by captain Gingen, at Trichinopoly. From hence he detached Clive, with 400 European soldiers, a few Mahratta horse, and a body of sepoys, to cut off the enemy's retreat to Pondicherry. In the course of this expedition he dislodged a strong body of the foe posted at Samiaveram, and obliged Chunda Saib to throw a body of troops into a strongly fortified pagoda upon the river Koleroon, which was immediately invested. The commanding officer in attempting to escape was slain with some others, and the rest surrendered at discretion. They were still in possession of another fortified temple, which he also besieged in form, and reduced by capitulation. Having subdued these forts, he marched directly to Volconda, whither he understood the French commander D'Auteuil had retired. He found that officer entrenched in a village, from whence he drove him with precipitation, and made himself master of the French cannon. The enemy attempted to save themselves in a neighbouring fort; but the gates being shut against them by the governor, who was apprehensive that they would be followed pell-mell by the English, captain Clive attacked them with great fury, and made a considerable slaughter; but his humanity being shocked at this carnage, he sent a flag of truce to the vanquished, with terms of capitulation, which were readily embraced. These articles imported that D'Auteuil and three other officers should remain prisoners on parole for one year; that the garrison should be exchanged, and the money and stores be delivered to the nabob whom the English supported.

After these services, captain Clive returned to England, where he was solicited by the directors of the East India Company to accept the appointment of governor of fort St. David, with a right of succession to the government of Madras; and as he expressed his willingness to serve them, they procured for him the commission of lieu-

tenant-colonel in the royal service, with the command of three companies of the royal artillery, and some hundreds of the king's troops. With this force he was ordered to join the Mahrattas on the coast of Hindostan, and attack the French, whose power was at that time extremely formidable to the English East India Company. He found on his arrival at Bombay, that hostilities had ended between the English and French in India, upon which he formed a scheme of employing the English forces, in conjunction with the Mahrattas, against Angria, a very formidable neighbouring pirate, whose frequent depredations were injurious to the English settlements. Having communicated his plan to admiral Watson, that officer readily concurred in it; and accordingly, on the 7th of February, 1756, he proceeded with a division of ships, having on board a body of troops commanded by colonel Clive, to Geriah, the capital of Angria's dominions. They found in the neighbourhood of Geriah the Mahratta fleet, consisting of four grabs, and forty smaller vessels called gallivats, lying to the northward of the place, in a creek called Rajipore, and a land army of horse and foot amounting to 7000 or 8000 men, the whole commanded by Rhamagee Punt, who had already taken one small fort, and was actually treating about the surrender of Geriah. Angria himself had quitted the place, but his wife and family remained under the protection of his brother-in-law; who, on being summoned to surrender, replied, that he would defend the place to the last extremity. The whole English fleet, therefore, sailed into the harbour and sustained a warm fire, which, however, was soon silenced after the ships were brought to their stations. A shell being thrown into one of Angria's armed vessels set her on fire; the flames communicating to the rest, they were all destroyed: between six and seven, the fort was set on fire by another shell, and soon after the firing ceased on both sides. The admiral suspecting that the governor would surrender it to the Mahrattas rather than to the English, disembarked all the troops under Clive, that he might be at hand to take possession. In the mean time the fort was bombarded, the line of battle ships were warped near enough to batter in breach, and then the admiral sent a flag of truce to the governor, requiring him to surrender; but his proposal being again rejected, the English ships

renewed their fire next day with redoubled vigour. About one o'clock the magazine of the fort blew up; and at four the garrison hung out a white flag for capitulation. The parley that ensued proved ineffectual; the engagement began again, and continued till fifteen minutes after five, when the white flag was once more displayed, and now the governor submitted to the terms which were imposed. Angria's flag was immediately hauled down, and two English captains, taking possession of the fort with a detachment, forthwith hoisted the British ensign. To these captains, whose names were Buchanan and Forbes, the Mahrattas offered a bribe of 50,000 rupees if they would allow them to pass their guard, that they might take possession of the fort for themselves; but this offer was rejected with disdain, and immediately disclosed to colonel Clive, who took effectual measures to frustrate their design. In this place, which was reduced with very inconsiderable loss, the conquerors found above 200 cannon, six brass mortars, a large quantity of ammunition, and money and effects to the value of £130,000. The fleet which was destroyed consisted of eight grabs, one ship finished, two upon the stocks, and a good number of gallivats. Among the prisoners, the admiral found Angria's wife, children, and mother, towards whom he demeaned himself with great humanity. Three hundred European soldiers and as many sepoys were left to guard the fort; and four of the company's armed vessels remained in the harbour for the defence of the place, which was admirably situated for commerce.

After this, colonel Clive sailed for fort St. David, but his stay there was short; for Calcutta being taken by the nabob of Bengal, he was summoned to Madras, where he was appointed to the command of the troops which were sent to the relief of the English in Bengal. He embarked on board admiral Watson's squadron, having with him 1200 sepoys and 750 Europeans, 250 of whom were in the king's service. They arrived in Ballasor road on the 28th of December; and the next day Clive landed, and in twenty-four hours made himself master of Bulbudgia, a place of great strength. On the 1st of January, the admiral with two ships appeared before Calcutta, and was received by a brisk fire from the batteries; but their guns were soon silenced,

and in less than two hours the place and fort were abandoned. Colonel Clive, on the other side, had invested the town, and made his attack with that vigour and intrepidity peculiar to himself, which greatly contributed to the sudden reduction of the settlement. As soon as the fort was surrendered, the brave captain Coote took possession, and found ninety-one pieces of cannon, four mortars, abundance of ammunition, stores, and provisions, and every requisite for sustaining a long siege. Thus the English were re-established in the two strongest fortresses on the Ganges, with the inconsiderable loss of nine seamen and three soldiers. A few days after, Hoogly, a city of great trade, situated higher up the river, was reduced with as little difficulty, but infinitely greater prejudice to the nabob, as here his storehouses of salt, and vast granaries for the support of his army, were destroyed. Incensed at the almost instantaneous loss of all his conquests, and demolition of the city of Hoogly, the viceroy discouraged all advances to an accommodation; he assembled an army of 20,000 horse and 15,000 foot, fully resolved to expel the English out of his dominions, and was seen marching by the English camp in his way to Calcutta on the 2d of February, where he encamped about a mile from the town. Colonel Clive immediately applied to the admiral for a reinforcement; and 600 men were drafted from the different ships, and sent to assist his little army. Clive drew out his forces, advanced in three columns towards the enemy, and began the attack so vigorously that the viceroy retreated, after a feeble resistance, with the loss of 1000 men and four elephants. Though this advantage was less decisive than could be wished, yet admiral Watson gave the nabob to understand that this was no more than a specimen of what the British arms, when provoked, could perform. A treaty highly advantageous to the English honour and interests was the consequence, in which the nabob made every reparation for past injuries, and agreed to respect the rights and privileges of the company.

The admiral and Clive afterwards resolved to avail themselves of their armament in attacking the French settlements in Bengal. Their chief object was the reduction of Chandernagore, situated higher up the river than Calcutta, and of considerable strength. Clive

being reinforced from Bombay, began his march to Chandernagore, at the head of 700 Europeans and 1600 Indians, where, on his first arrival, he took possession of all the outposts, except one redoubt, mounted with eight pieces of cannon, which he left to be silenced by the admiral. On the 18th of March, the admirals Watson and Pococke arrived within two miles of the French settlement with three men of war, and found their passage obstructed by booms laid across the river, and several vessels sunk in the channel. These difficulties being removed, they advanced early on the 24th, and drew up in a line before the fort, which they battered with great fury for three hours, while colonel Clive was making his approaches on the land side, and playing vigorously from the batteries he had raised. Their united efforts soon obliged the enemy to submission. A flag of truce was waved over the walls, and the place surrendered by capitulation. Thus the reduction of a strong fortress, garrisoned by 500 Europeans and 1200 Indians, defended by 123 pieces of cannon and three mortars, well provided with all kinds of stores and necessities, and of very great importance to the enemy's commerce in India, was accomplished with a loss not exceeding forty men on the side of the conquerors. By the capitulation, the director, counsellors, and inferior servants of the settlement, were allowed to depart with their wearing apparel: the Jesuits were permitted to take away their church ornaments, and the natives to remain in the full enjoyment of their liberties; but the garrison were to continue prisoners of war. The goods and money found in the place were considerable; but the principal advantages arose from the ruin of the head settlement of the enemy on the Ganges, which could not but interfere with the English commerce in that quarter.

Success had hitherto attended the operations of the British commanders, because they were concerted with foresight and unanimity, and executed with vigour. They reduced the nabob to reasonable terms of accommodation before they alarmed the French; and now that the power of the latter was destroyed, they resolved to compel the former to a strict performance of the treaty he had so lately signed. However specious his promises were, they found him extremely dilatory in the execu-

tion of several articles, so that the English commerce suffered as if no treaty had been concluded. In fact, he discovered all along a manifest partiality to the French, whose emissaries cajoled him with promises that he should be joined by such a body of their European troops, under M. de Bussy, as would enable him to crush the power of the English, whom they had taught him to fear and to hate. As recommencing hostilities against so powerful a prince was in itself dangerous, and, if possible, to be avoided, the affair was laid before the council of Calcutta, and canvassed with all the circumspection a measure required, on which depended the fate of the whole trade of Bengal. During these deliberations a most fortunate incident occurred, that soon determined the council to come to an open rupture. The leading persons in the viceroy's court found themselves oppressed by his haughtiness, and their discontent was shared by the principal officers of his army, who were sensible that the peace of the country could never be restored, unless either the English were expelled, or the nabob deposed. A plan was therefore concerted for divesting him of all his power; and the conspiracy was conducted by Jaffier Ali Khan, his prime minister and chief commander, a nobleman of great influence and authority in the province. The project was communicated by Ali to Mr. Watts, the English resident at the nabob's court, and so improved by the address of that gentleman as to ensure success. A treaty was actually concluded between Jaffier Ali and the English company; and a plan concerted with him and the other malcontents for their defection from the viceroy. These previous measures being taken, colonel Clive was ordered to take the field with his little army. Admiral Watson undertook the defence of Chandernagore; and the garrison was detached to reinforce the colonel, together with fifty seamen to be employed as gunners, and in directing the artillery. Then Mr. Watts, deceiving the suba's spies, by whom he was surrounded, withdrew himself from Muxadavad, and reached the English camp in safety. On the 19th of June a detachment was sent to attack Cutwa fort and town, situated on that branch of the river forming the island Cassimbuzar. This place surrendered at the first summons; and here the colonel halted with the army for three days, expecting advices from Ali Khan. Disap-

pointed in this he crossed the river and marched to Plassey, where he encamped. On the 23rd, at daybreak, the suba advanced to attack him, at the head of 15,000 horse, and nearly 30,000 infantry, with about forty pieces of heavy cannon, conducted and managed by French gunners, on whose courage and dexterity he placed great dependance. They began to cannonade the English camp about six in the morning, but a severe shower falling at noon they withdrew their artillery. Colonel Clive seized this opportunity to take possession of a tank and two other posts of consequence, which they in vain endeavoured to recapture. Then he stormed an angle of their camp, covered with a double breast-work, together with an eminence which they occupied. At the beginning of this attack, some of their chiefs being slain, the men were so dispirited that they soon gave way; but still Jaffier Ali, who commanded their left wing, forbore to declare himself. After a short contest the enemy were put to flight, the nabob's camp, baggage, and fifty pieces of cannon, were taken, and a most complete victory obtained. The colonel pursuing his advantage, marched to Muxadavad, the capital of the province, and was there joined by Ali Khan and the malcontents. It was before concerted that this nobleman should be invested with the dignity of nabob; accordingly the colonel proceeded solemnly to depose Surajah Dowlat, and, with the same ceremony, to substitute Ali Khan in his room, who was publicly acknowledged by the people as suba, or viceroy, of the provinces of Bengal, Bahar, and Orixá. Soon after the late viceroy was taken and put to death by his successor, who readily complied with all the conditions of his elevation. He conferred on his allies very liberal rewards, and granted the company such extraordinary privileges as fully demonstrated how highly he valued their assistance. By this alliance, and the reduction of Chandernagore, the French were entirely excluded from the commerce of Bengal and its dependencies; the trade of the English company was restored, and increased beyond their most sanguine hopes; a new ally was acquired, whose interest obliged him to remain firm to his engagements; a vast sum was paid to the company and the sufferers at Calcutta, to indemnify them for their losses; the soldiers and seamen were gratified with £600,000. as a reward for their courage

and intrepidity; and a variety of other advantages gained, which it would be unnecessary to enumerate. In a word, in the space of fourteen days a great revolution was effected, and the government of a vast country, superior in wealth, fertility, extent, and number of inhabitants, to most European kingdoms, was transferred by a handful of troops, conducted by an officer untutored in the art of war, a general rather by intuition than instruction and experience. The immense acquisition of territory which was made by the English East India Company, was chiefly owing to the courage and conduct of Clive; but the means employed to acquire it we shall not attempt to vindicate. It has been observed, that 'whoever contemplates the forlorn situation of the company when Clive first arrived at Calcutta, in the year 1756, and then considers the degree of opulence and power they possessed when he finally left that place, will be convinced that the history of the world has seldom afforded an instance of so rapid and improbable a change. At the first period, they were merely an association of merchants, struggling for existence. One of their factories was in ruins, their agents were murdered, and an army of 50,000 men, to which they had nothing to oppose, threatened the immediate destruction of their principal settlement. At the last period, distant from the first but ten years, they were become powerful princes, possessed of vast revenues, and ruling over 15,000,000 of people.'

It appears that the nabob Meer Jaffier, after the former nabob had been deposed, made Clive a present of £210,000. He also prevailed on the great mogul (who at that time was a prisoner of state in Delhi, but who was still considered as the fountain of honours) to confer on Clive the dignity of Omrah, or noble of the empire; and the grant of a revenue of £28,000 per annum. Clive returned to England in 1760, where his conduct and exploits received the warmest commendations from the East India Company; and in the following year the king conferred on him the title of baron in the kingdom of Ireland, by the title of Lord Clive, baron Plassey, in the county of Clare.

Some time after the return of Clive to England, the English deposed the nabob Meer Jaffier, and transferred the government to his son-in-law, Cossim Ali Khan. But the new nabob making some opposition to the various

kinds of injustice and oppression practised by the servants of the English East India Company, they deposed Cossim Ali Khan, and reinstated Meer Jaffier in the nabobship. The misconduct of the Company's servants at length occasioned such disorders, that lord Clive and four of his friends were commissioned to go to India to adjust all disputes with the country powers, and reform the prevailing abuses. They arrived at Calcutta in May, 1765, where they made a treaty with the native princes, and established some regulations beneficial to the East India Company; but the natives still suffered great injustice and oppression from its servants. Lord Clive returned to England in July, 1767, and was made a knight of the Bath in 1769. It should also be observed that he represented in parliament, from the year 1760 to the time of his decease, the borough of Shrewsbury, the principal town of the county in which he was born. But on the 21st of February, 1773, a motion was made in the House of Commons, to resolve, 'That, in the acquisition of his wealth, lord Clive had abused the powers with which he was intrusted.' He defended himself, if not satisfactorily, at least with great ability; and the House of Commons rejected the motion, and resolved, 'That lord Clive had rendered great and meritorious services to his country.'

His lordship was a striking instance of the inefficacy of honours and wealth to confer happiness. After his return to England, though possessed of a splendid fortune and high reputation, he often discovered great uneasiness of mind, and could not endure to be alone. His friends represented this as the result of a depression of spirits, occasioned by a nervous fever; but by others it was attributed to causes of a very different kind. He put an end to his own life on the 22d of November, 1774, when he was not quite fifty years of age. He was interred at Moreton-Say, the parish in which he was born. He left two sons and three daughters. His eldest son, Edward, succeeded him in his title and estate. It is said that lord Clive gave away much money in acts of benevolence; and he made, at one time, a present of £70,000, as a provision for the invalids of the servants of the East India Company.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS ELLIOTT,

LORD HEATHFIELD.

THIS distinguished officer was the youngest of the nine sons of Sir Gilbert Elliott, of Stobbs, in Roxburghshire; and was born in the year 1718. He received the first rudiments of his education under a private tutor retained at the family seat. At an early age he was sent to the university of Leyden, where he made a rapid progress in classical learning, and spoke with elegance and fluency the German and French languages. Being designed for a military life, he was sent from thence to the celebrated *Ecole Royale du genie militaire*, at La Fere in Picardy. This school was rendered the most famous in Europe by means of the great Vauban, under whom it was conducted. Here it was that the foundation was laid of that knowledge of tactics in all its branches, and particularly in the arts of engineering and fortification, which so greatly distinguished this officer. He completed his military course on the continent by a tour, for the purpose of seeing in practice what he had been studying in theory. Prussia was the model for discipline, and he continued for some time as a volunteer in this service. Such were the steps taken by the young men of fashion in that day to accomplish themselves for the service of their country. Many of his contemporaries were then similarly engaged, nobly abandoning the enjoyment of ease and luxury at home for the opportunity of seeing actual service.

Mr. Elliott returned in his seventeenth year to his native country, Scotland, and was in the same year (1735) introduced by his father, Sir Gilbert, to lieutenant-colonel Peers, of the 23d regiment of foot, or royal Welsh fuzileers, then lying in Edinburgh. Sir Gilbert presented him as a youth anxious to bear arms for his king and country. He was accordingly entered as a volunteer in that regiment, where he continued for a twelvemonth. From the 23d he went into the engineer corps at Woolwich, and made great progress in military science, until his uncle, colonel Elliott, brought him in as adjutant of the 2d troop of horse

grenadiers. In this situation he conducted himself with the most exemplary attention, and laid the foundation of that discipline which rendered those two troops the finest corps of heavy cavalry in Europe. With these troops he went upon service to Germany, where he was with them in a variety of actions, and at the battle of Dettingen he was wounded. In this regiment he first bought the rank of captain and major; and afterwards purchased the lieutenant-colonelcy from colonel Brewerton, who succeeded to his uncle. On arriving at this rank he resigned his commission as an engineer, which he had hitherto enjoyed, and in which service he had been actively employed very much to the advantage of his country. He had received the instructions of the famous engineer Bellidor, and made himself completely master of the science of gunnery. Had he not so disinterestedly resigned his rank in the engineer department, he would soon, by regular progression, have been at the head of that corps. Soon after this he was appointed aide-de camp to George II.; and was already distinguished for his military skill and discipline. In the year 1759 he quitted the 2d troop of horse grenadier guards, being selected to raise, form, and discipline, the first regiment of light-horse, called after him, Elliott's. As soon as they were raised and formed, he was appointed to the command of the cavalry in the expedition to the coast of France, with the rank of brigadier-general; and after this he passed into Germany, where he was employed on the staff, and greatly distinguished himself in a variety of movements, while his regiment displayed a strictness of discipline, an activity, and enterprise, which gained them signal honour.

From Germany he was recalled for the purpose of being employed as second in command of the memorable expedition against the Havannah. It was possible to find an officer in the sunshine of the court, to whom, under the patronage of a prince, the trappings of the chief command might be given; but an Elliott was wanted to act as well as an Albemarle to shine; and for him they must go to the dusty plains of Germany. The circumstances of that conquest are well known. It seems as if our brave veteran had always in his eye the gallant Lewis de Velasco, who maintained his statio

to the last extremity, and when his garrison were flying from his side, or falling at his feet, disdained to retire or call for quarter, but fell gloriously, wielding his sword against his conquerors.

On the peace, in 1763, his gallant regiment was reviewed by his majesty, in Hyde Park, when they presented to the king the standards which they had taken from the enemy. The king, pleased with their high character, asked general Elliott what mark of favour he could bestow on his regiment equal to their merit. He answered, that his regiment would be proud if his majesty should think that by their services they were entitled to the distinction of 'Royals.' It was accordingly made a royal regiment with this flattering title, 'The 15th, or king's royal regiment of light dragoons.' At the same time the king expressed a desire to confer a mark of his favour on the brave general; but he declared that the honour and satisfaction of his majesty's approbation of his services was his best reward.

During the peace, Elliott was not idle. His great talents in the curious branches of military science gave him ample employment; and in the year 1775, he was appointed to succeed general A'Court, as commander-in-chief of the forces in Ireland. But he did not continue long in this station; not even long enough to unpack all his trunks; for finding that interferences were made by petty authority derogatory of his own, he resisted the practice with becoming spirit; and not choosing to disturb the government of the sister kingdom on a personal affair, he solicited to be recalled, which was granted, and he was appointed to the command of Gibraltar, in a fortunate hour for the safety of that important fortress. The habits of his life, as well as his education, peculiarly qualified him for this trust. His singular temperance and manners were thus described by one of his contemporaries:—'He is perhaps the most abstemious man of the age. His food is vegetables, and his drink water; he neither indulges himself in animal food, nor wine; he never sleeps more than four hours at a time; so that he is up later and earlier than most other men: he has so inured himself to habits of hardiness, that things which are difficult and painful to other men, are to him his daily practice, and are rendered pleasant by use.' It could not be easy to starve such a man into a sur-

render, nor easy to surprise him. His wants were easily supplied, and his watchfulness was beyond precedent. The example of the commander-in-chief in a besieged garrison has a most persuasive efficacy in forming the manners of the soldiery. Like him his brave followers came to regulate their lives by the most strict rules of discipline, before there arose a necessity for so doing; and severe exercise with short diet became habitual to them by their own choice. The military system of discipline which he introduced, and the preparations which he made for defence, were contrived with so much judgment, and executed with so much address, that he was able with a handful of men to preserve his post against an attack, the constancy of which, even without the vigour, would have been sufficient to exhaust any common set of men. Collected within himself, he in no instance destroyed by premature attacks the labours which had cost the enemy time, patience, and expense, to complete; he deliberately observed their approaches, and seized on the proper moment with the keenest perception in which to make his attack with success. He never spent his ammunition in useless parade, or in unimportant annoyances. He never relaxed from his discipline by the appearance of security, or hazarded the lives of the garrison by wild experiments. But by a cool and temperate demeanour he maintained his station for three years of constant investment, in which all the powers of Spain were employed. The eyes of all Europe were at that time fixed upon his garrison, and his conduct in his able defence of Gibraltar justly exalted him to a most elevated place in the military annals of the age.

A few particulars in the history of this memorable siege are worthy of commemoration. At the end of the year 1781, it was judged expedient to carry into execution an attempt to storm and destroy the whole of the enemy's advanced works, which had been perfected at immense expense and labour. For this purpose a considerable detachment was formed in three columns, and marched from the garrison, upon the setting of the moon, on the 27th of November, at three o'clock in the morning. The columns were severally composed of an advanced corps, a body of pioneers, artillery-men carrying combustibles, and a sustaining corps, with a reserve in the rear. The pioneers of the left column

were seamen. The vigorous efforts of these troops, on every part of the exterior front, were irresistible ; and the enemy, after a scattering fire of short duration, gave way on all sides, and abandoned their stupendous works with precipitation. The pioneers and artillery-men spread their fire with such rapidity, that, in half an hour, two mortar batteries of ten thirteen-inch mortars, and three batteries of six guns each, with all the lines of approach, communication, and traverse, were in flames, and soon reduced to ashes. The mortars and cannon were spiked, and their beds, carriages, and platforms destroyed. Their magazines blew up, one after another, as the fire approached them. The enemy, seeing all opposition ineffectual, offered no other resistance than an ill-directed fire of round and grape shot, from the forts of St. Barbara and St. Phillipe, and the batteries on the lines ; and remained in their camps, spectators of the conflagration. The whole detachment, whose loss had been very inconsiderable, was in the garrison again by five, just before break of day. An enterprise so admirably contrived, and so successfully executed, could not fail to give the Spaniards an exalted idea of the wisdom of general Elliott, and the courage of his troops, who to these virtues joined the tenderest regard to the duties of humanity, by their kind treatment of the prisoners, many of whom they rescued from destruction. The value of the works destroyed by this sally, was estimated at nearly £3,000,000.

In the following year, the defence of Gibraltar still continued to attract the eyes of Europe, as to a scene of uncommon bravery and success. Elliott, according to his custom, allowed the Spaniards to bring their works nearly to perfection, and then almost totally demolished them. On the 8th of September, at seven in the morning, a heavy fire commenced from the English batteries, with carcasses, hot shot, and shells, upon the Spanish advanced works and batteries, and before ten two of their principal batteries were completely destroyed. The attack made by the Spaniards on the 13th of this month, requires a more particular description. It was made with ten battering ships, under the command of admiral Moreno. These ships were of different sizes, from 1400 to 600 tons burden. Their guns, which in all amounted to 212, were brass twenty-six pounders, all entirely new.

The number of men on board these ships, including officers, amounted to nearly 8000. The Spaniards had also collected from different ports about 300 large boats, which were to carry their troops. At ten in the morning, don Moreno's ship was placed about 1000 yards from the king's bastion, and began firing; the others, posted to the north and south at small distances asunder, likewise discharged their cannon. The fire was heavy on both sides, the English opening their batteries as the enemy came before them. Red-hot shot was sent with such precision from the garrison, that in the afternoon the smoke was seen to issue from the upper part of the Spanish admiral's, and from another ship, and men were seen labouring to extinguish the fire by engines. Their efforts, however, were ineffectual; for, by one in the morning, the Spanish admiral and several others were in flames. The confusion of the Spaniards was now sufficiently manifest, and the numerous rockets thrown up, from each of their ships, showed the greatness of their distress. Their signals were immediately answered from the Spanish fleet, and attempts were made to bring away the men, it being impossible to remove the ships. Twelve English gun boats, each carrying a twenty-four or eighteen pounder, under the command of captain Roger Curtis, then advanced, and were so drawn up as to flank the line of the Spanish battering ships, while they were also extremely annoyed by an excessive heavy and well-directed fire from the garrison. The fire from the English gun boats was kept up with such vigour and effect, that the Spanish boats did not venture to approach; on the contrary, they abandoned their ships, and the men left in them, to the mercy of the English. The scene was now truly dreadful; great numbers of men were seen amid the flames, some upon pieces of wood in the water, others appearing in the ships where the fire had as yet made but little progress, all expressing by speech and gesture the deepest distress, and all imploring assistance. The English made every exertion to relieve them, but the blowing up of the Spanish ships, as the fire got to the magazines, and the firing of some of their cannon as the metal became heated by the flames, rendered this a very perilous employment. In consequence, however, of their intrepid exertions, thirteen Spanish officers and 344 men were saved. Their loss

must have been immense. After this memorable victory, lord Howe succeeded in relieving the garrison.

On the return of Elliott to England, the gratitude of the British senate was as forward as the public voice in giving him that distinguished approbation his merit deserved, to which his majesty was pleased to add that of knight of the Bath, and an elevation to the peerage, by the title of Lord Heathfield, baron of Heathfield, on June 14, 1787, and permitting him to take also the arms of the fortress he had so bravely defended, to perpetuate the memory of his noble conduct. His lordship closed a life of military renown at the most critical season for his reputation. He had acquired the brightest honours of a soldier, and the love and reverence of his country ; and he fell, in an exertion beyond his strength, from an anxiety to close his life on the rock where he had established his fame. He died in the seventy-third year of his age, on the 6th of July, 1790, at his chateau at Aix la-Chapelle, of a second stroke of the palsy, after having enjoyed for some weeks past a tolerably good share of health and an unusual flow of spirits. Two days before his death he dined with his friend, Mr. Barclay, and was in a few days to have set out with that gentleman for Leghorn, on his way to Gibraltar. His remains were brought to Dover, in the race-horse packet ; whence they were conveyed to Heathfield, in Sussex, and there deposited in a vault, built for that purpose, over which a handsome monument is erected.

SIR RALPH ABERCROMBY, K. B.

THIS veteran hero of Aboukir was born at Menstrie, in the parish of Logie, in Scotland, on the 7th of October, 1733, and was the eldest son of George Abercromby, Esq. of Tullibody. Having received in his boyish days the usual education of a Scottish parochial school, he was sent first to the university of Edinburgh, and subsequently to that of Gottingen. He entered the army in the year 1756, and had a cornet's commission in the 3d dragoon guards. On the 12th of February, 1760, he

obtained a lieutenancy in the same regiment, and continued in this corps till the 24th of April, 1762, when he obtained a company in the 3d regiment of horse. In this regiment he rose to the rank of major on the 6th of June, 1770, and on the 19th of May, 1773, he was promoted to that of lieutenant-colonel. In November, 1780, we find him a brevet-colonel, and on the 3d of November, 1781, he was made colonel of the 103d regiment. On the 23th of September, 1787, he was promoted to the rank of major-general, and on the 25th of April, 1793, he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general, in which station he served under his royal highness the duke of York, on the continent, and by his military skill and exertions acquired not only the esteem, but also the confidence of that general, who in his despatches relative to the action on the heights of Cateau, April 16, 1794, where Sir Ralph commanded the advanced guard, remarks, 'I have obligations to lieutenant-general Sir William Erskine, as well as to lieutenant-general Abercromby.' In the despatches of the 19th of May his royal highness farther says, 'The ability and coolness with which lieutenant-general Abercromby and major-general Fox conducted their different corps under these trying circumstances, require that I should particularly notice them.' On the 27th of October following he was wounded at Nimeguen; from which, however, he soon recovered. The succeeding winter, when the British army retreated into Holland, Sir Ralph Abercromby had consigned to his care the sick and wounded, an office in which his sensibility and humanity shone conspicuous.

Early in 1795 the success of the enemy in the West Indies claimed the attention of government. They had repossessed themselves of Guadaloupe and St. Lucia; effected several landings in Martinico; and displayed the tri-coloured flag on many of the forts of the islands of St. Vincent, Grenada, and Maria Galante. To stop their ravages, a fleet was fitted out in the latter end of the summer, and a military force, the charge of which was given to Sir Ralph Abercromby, who was also appointed commander-in-chief of the forces in the West Indies. On his arrival at Grenada, a plan was immediately formed for the operation of the army, and the success with which it was attended attested his high military talents and capacity for command. It was

particularly fortunate also that, among those brave and able officers by whom his arrangements were executed, he could number Sir John Moore, who at this time held the rank of brigadier-general. Port-Royal was attacked in March, and carried after an obstinate resistance, and Demerara and Essequibo were afterwards taken with ease. An armament was then sent against St. Lucia, where the troops were landed almost without opposition ; and every place of strength which the French possessed was taken in rapid succession, so that in the space of a month the whole island surrendered by capitulation. The fall of St. Vincent followed in June, under similar circumstances, and in the same month Grenada was conquered, although Fedan, the insurgent chief, defended it with the most obstinate valour. The last conquest in the West Indies performed under the auspices of general Abercromby, was that of Trinidad from the Spaniards, which was accomplished in February, 1797, and with such facility, that only one British officer, a lieutenant, fell in the capture.

On the 2d of November, 1796, Sir Ralph (who had now received the honour of knighthood) was appointed to the command of the 2d or North British dragoons, commonly called the Scotch Greys ; and in the same year was made lieut.-governor of the isle of Wight, and afterwards farther rewarded with the government of forts George and Augustus. Upon his return home from the West Indies he was fixed upon, both on account of his military skill and tempered zeal, as a proper person to allay the discontents which prevailed in Ireland. In this important duty he paid the strictest attention to the discipline of his army, and was anxious to restore to his soldiers their reputation, which they had lost by repeated acts of licentiousness ; for it was his frequent declaration, ‘ that their irregularity and insubordination had rendered them more formidable to their friends than to their enemies.’ It was deemed necessary to unite the civil and military power in that kingdom in one person : Sir Ralph was therefore called home, and succeeded by the marquis Cornwallis.

On leaving Ireland he was appointed to the command of his majesty’s forces in North Britain, and shortly after employed again, under the duke of York, in the great enterprise against Holland, designed to reduce the

Dutch to their allegiance to the prince of Orange. To him was the execution of the plan consigned, and under his immediate eye took place the debarkation of 12,000 troops on the 27th of August, 1799, at the Helder. The fatal issue of that event is too well known; but it was universally confessed by Dutch, French, and British officers, that the most decisive victory could not have displayed the zeal, courage, magnanimity, and fortitude, of this gallant commander more than his conduct in that arduous struggle against the difficulties of the ground, the inclemency of the season, inconvenient yet unavoidable delays, the disorderly movement of the Russians, and the timid duplicity of the Dutch.

The success obtained over the enemy by the British troops on the 2d of October following, and in which our general bore a distinguished part, compensated for the losses of the last battle. The combined armies employed on this occasion were divided into four principal columns, Sir Ralph Abercromby commanding the first column on the right. The battle lasted from six in the morning till six in the evening, during all which time he gave the greatest proofs of his professional abilities; and displayed the most active exertions. The danger of his post may be conceived from his having two horses shot under him. The force of the enemy was computed at 25,000 men, of which the greater part were French. In the despatches of his royal highness the duke of York on this occasion, he bestows on him the following justly merited panegyric: 'The points where this well-fought battle was principally contested were from the sea-shore in the front of Egmont, extending along the sandy desert or hills, to the heights above Bergen; and it was sustained by the British columns under those highly distinguished officers Sir Ralph Abercromby and lieutenant-general Dundas, whose exertions, as well as the gallantry of the brave troops they led, cannot have been surpassed by any former instance of British valour.'

The last military service in which this noble veteran was engaged was that of landing the British troops in Egypt; and as it was in this expedition that he fell, it is but justice to his memory briefly to recapitulate the memorable transactions of the day so marked in the English annals, by his fall. The troops destined for this expedition consisted of the flower of the British

army. They, however, had been long at sea, and were disheartened by an uninterrupted succession of bad weather for some time: but they cheerfully embarked, and on the 3d of November, 1800, part of the fleet sailed for Minorca; the remainder, with Sir Ralph Abercromby on board, proceeded directly to Malta, where it arrived on the 30th of the same month, and was joined on the 14th of December by lord Keith, with the division of marines. At this place Sir Ralph Abercromby disembarked his troops for the purpose of inspecting them, after which they took their departure for Marmorice, taking with them 500 Maltese recruits to act as pioneers. On the 28th of December the first division arrived at Marmorice Bay, and the second on the 1st of January; where the sick were landed, the ships cleaned, and the whole army trained to the exercise of landing, which they were soon to perform in the face of an enemy. On the 16th of February general Moore, who had been despatched to Jaffa, returned, confirming what had been before reported of the grand vizier's army, namely, that it was weak in number, without discipline, and infected with the plague. The appointed time for the Pacha and gun-boats to join the British being elapsed, made it evident that the attack must still be deferred. Every moment of delay now became important, for news had arrived of the escape of two French frigates into Alexandria, while the English cruisers stationed there were watering at Cyprus; and the French force in Egypt was much greater than government had expected. Of the many inconveniences the commander-in-chief laboured under, was the want of good maps: not a single one which he could procure could be confided in. This want was the more to be deplored, as the Egyptian pilots were so timid as to declare it unsafe in the extreme to attempt to land at Aboukir bay: but they were perfectly astonished when they saw the whole army embark on the 20th of February, though the fleet could not weigh anchor till the 23d, when the whole squadron, consisting of 175 sail, cleared the harbour, with a fine breeze. The British army, exclusive of officers, consisted of 15,330 men, including 999 sick, 500 Maltese, and various other descriptions of people attached to a camp; so that the effective force could not be estimated at more than 12,000 strong. On the 1st of March the leading frigate made a signal

for land, which was the coast near the Arab's tower; and on the 8th of March, at two o'clock in the morning, the reserve under major-general Moore, the brigade of guards under major-general Ludlow, and part of the first brigade, amounting in the whole to nearly 5500 men, assembled in the boats, under the command of major-general Coote. The remainder of the first and second brigades were put in ships close to the shore, so as to afford ready succour after the first landing was effected; and about three o'clock the signal was given for all the vessels to collect round the Mondovi, which anchored nearly a gun-shot from shore; but this could not be effected till near one o'clock. About nine o'clock the signal was made for the boats to advance, when the whole mass became all animation. The enemy was seen to the number of 2000 posted on the summit of the sand hills, with a front extending about a mile, forming the concave arch of a circle. In their centre was a height about sixty yards, nearly perpendicular, and apparently inaccessible. Nothing could exceed their astonishment when they saw the British troops attempt a landing; and seeing the boats moving rapidly to the shore, and the armed vessels opening their guns, they began firing with all their artillery from the heights, assisted by the castle of Aboukir. The quantity of shot and shells commanded the surface of the water, and seemed to render it impossible for any vessel to live, or even an individual to escape; and for a moment it compelled some of the boats to lie close upon the left; several of them were sunk, and the others were impeded in saving the men. This obstruction was, however, but momentary; the troops of the reserve leaped on shore, and formed as they advanced; the 23d and 40th ascended the heights with uncommon alacrity, and without firing a shot charged the two battalions on the summit with the bayonet, breaking and pursuing the enemy till they carried the two mole-hills in the rear, which commanded the plain on the left. The 42d regiment in the mean time landed, and formed with as much unconcern as on parade: then mounting the position in the face of two pieces of cannon and the fire of a battalion of infantry, they repulsed 200 French dragoons who attempted to charge them. The 54th and the royals did not land so soon as the others, but fortunately attained the shore just at the moment that a column of 600 infantry was

advancing with fixed bayonets against the left flank of the guards, through a hollow. On seeing the royals the enemy retreated, after firing one volley. The British were now in possession of the heights; and the French seeing general Coote advancing with the guards and his own brigade, they ran from all the points of their positions. They, however, supported a scattered fire about an hour and a half, when they retreated with the loss of 300 men, eight pieces of cannon, and a number of horses. The boats now put off to land the remainder of the army, which was completed by the evening.

On the 13th the army marched to attack the French on the heights, whose whole force was now about 6000 men, having just before received a reinforcement. They were posted on a high commanding ground, the approach to which formed a fine glacis for the whole range of fire from their numerous artillery. When the British army advanced opposite Mandora, the enemy left the heights upon which they had formed, and moved down by their right, commencing a heavy fire of musketry, supported by all their cannon, on the 92d regiment, which formed the advanced guard of the British left. The French general Bron's cavalry at the same time charged down a height upon the 90th regiment, forming the advanced guard of the left column: but this regiment prudently permitted the cavalry to approach before they fired, which entirely altered their direction, forced them to skirt along the line, and lastly to make a precipitate retreat, and the few of their dragoons that reached the British ranks were bayoneted. After this, the enemy no longer opposed in line, but kept up an unremitting fire of cannon and small arms, and were at length compelled to quit their position, and retreat over the plains into their lines before Alexandria. But before they could reach this place, Dillon's regiment charged with the bayonet, seized upon two guns placed on the canals, and immediately turned them upon the enemy. Sir Ralph wished to follow up his success, and advanced across the plain, while general Hutchinson moved forward with the second line to the left, to secure a rising ground. The French now began to fire from their artillery and field pieces, and while Sir Ralph Abercromby reconnoitred, his whole army continued under the most terrible and destructive discharges to which troops were ever ex-

posed. Never was desolation spread with more despatch; the enemy, now under their works, had only to load and fire, and it was impossible for their balls to fail of execution: yet the British endured the havoc with the greatest firmness for several hours. They felt but one wish, which was, to be led on to the assault: this the general, however, deemed improper for the present, and at sunset, therefore, the army was withdrawn, but still marching on as if on the parade, and under orders to occupy that position, which was soon to be a new theatre of glory.

We have now arrived at that memorable day, the 21st of March, 1801, which crowned the British arms with success, and at once finished the labours and immortalized the fame of our gallant veteran. The particulars of that desperate conflict are thus related by a distinguished officer in the action, whose minute and graphic account we quote entire, in preference to any description of our own.

‘ On the memorable 21st of March the army, as usual, was under arms at three o’clock in the morning: all was quiet till half-past three, when the report of a musket was heard at the extremity of the left; instantly afterwards a cannon fired; scattered musketry followed, and then two more guns. All were now convinced that a general attack was commencing, and general Moore, who was officer of the night, on the first alarm proceeded to the left, but was so impressed with the idea that it was too far distant, that he turned back to the right. A solemn stillness now succeeded, but it was only of a short duration; every ear was all attention, and every eye directed towards the eastern sky, when on a sudden loud acclamations were heard on the right, to which a roar of musketry instantly succeeded, and the enemy’s attack in that quarter was now no longer doubtful. The enemy advanced upon, and continued to push in, all the videts and piquets upon the main body, but colonel Houston, of the 58th, faintly perceiving a French column advancing upon him, and dreading lest the English piquets should be between them and his men, suffered it to come so near him, that he could plainly see the enemy’s glazed hats, before he ordered his grenadiers to fire. Their discharge was now followed by that of the whole regiment, and being rapidly repeated, soon made the

French retire to a hollow at some distance in their rear. Soon after they wheeled to the right, and attempted to pass a redoubt opposite to its left, in conjunction with another column, but the 28th regiment seeing them approach the battery, with a heavy fire checked those who attempted to storm the redoubt where they were stationed. But now the main body of the two columns joined a third, and forced in behind the redoubt, while others were to attack it in front; when colonel Crowdjye, commanding the left of the 58th, wheeled back two companies, and, after firing two or three rounds, ordered a charge with the bayonet, and being at this instant joined by the 23d, while the 42d were also advancing, the French troops that had entered the rear of the redoubt, after sustaining a very severe loss, were obliged to surrender. Here both the 58th and 28th had been attacked in front, flank, and rear. It is allowed that the 28th experienced a momentary relief from the advance of the 42d, but during the time they were engaged, the first line of the enemy's cavalry, passing the left of the redoubt, attacked, and charging in a mass, for a while overwhelmed that gallant corps, but which, though broken, was not defeated. In fact, such was the dilemma in which they were placed during this contest, that colonel Spencer, with a part of the 40th, having taken a station in the avenues of the ruins, was for some moments afraid to fire, lest they should destroy the 42d, then intermingled with the enemy. But even when he began to fire, which in some measure checked the progress of the French cavalry, he must certainly have been overpowered, if general Stuart had not advanced with the foreign brigade; these poured in such a close and heavy succession of volleys, that such of the cavalry as escaped destruction, only found safety in a hurried flight.

‘ In this furious charge of cavalry, general Abercromby received his mortal wound. He was alone, near the redoubts just mentioned, when some French dragoons penetrating to the spot, he was thrown from his horse. From the tassel of his sword, the man who rode at him, and endeavoured to cut him down, must have been an officer. This sword, however, the veteran general seized and wrested from him before he could effect his destruction; and at the same instant, this daring assailant was bayoneted by a private of the 42d. Sir Ralph

only complained of a contusion in his breast, supposed to have been given in the scuffle, by the hilt of the sword, but was entirely ignorant of the moment he received the wound in the thigh, which occasioned his death. After this wound Sir Sidney Smith was the first officer that came to the general, and from him received that sword which the latter had so gloriously acquired from the French officer. The cause of this present was the general's observation, that Sir Sidney's sword had been broken. As soon as the French cavalry were driven out of the camp, Sir Ralph walked to a redoubt, where he could take a view of the whole field of battle. Then to the right it appeared, the reserve of the French cavalry had attempted another charge against the foreign brigade, without success. After this their infantry, one battalion excepted, no longer acting in a body, fired only in scattered parties. As the ammunition of the British was exhausted, several of the regiments of the reserve not only remained some time without a shot, but even the guns in the battery had but one cartridge left. But while this was the state of affairs on the right, it was found that the centre had been attacked. At daybreak, a body of French grenadiers had advanced upon it, supported by a heavy line of infantry. The guards were posted there, and at first threw out their flankers to oppose the enemy; but these being driven in, and as the enemy's columns had approached very close, general Ludlow ordering the brigade to fire, they did so with the utmost precision; and after some local manœuvring, the advance of general Coote with his brigade determined the enemy to retire, and separate themselves as sharp-shooters; and thus, while the French cannon played without intermission, the former kept up a very destructive fire. Thus the left of the British was never engaged any farther than being exposed to a distant cannonade, and a partial discharge of musketry. During the interval the British were without ammunition; the French on the right advancing close to the redoubt, were pelted with stones by the 28th; and returning the same measures of offence, they killed a serjeant of that regiment, by beating in his forehead. But as these troops, as well as the British, were without ammunition, they were very easily driven away by the grenadiers, who moved out after them; and soon after,

the whole of the enemy's force moved off the ground. Thus, unable to make the expected impression upon the British lines, general Menou made a retreat in very good order, but this was principally owing to the want of ammunition among the British; otherwise the batteries, as well as the cannon on the left, and the king's cutters on the right, must have done great execution.

'About ten in the forenoon the action had every where terminated, while Sir Ralph never quitted the battery to which he retired; but as he continued walking about, many officers had no suspicion of his being wounded, but from the blood trickling down his clothes. At length getting faint, he was put into a hammock, and conveyed to a boat, which carried him on board lord Keith's ship, being accompanied by his friend Sir Thomas Dwyer.—The battle was fought by the right of the English army alone. The French army was 9700 strong, including 1500 cavalry, with forty-six pieces of cannon. The whole British army, reduced by the actions on the 8th and 13th, by the men left in care of the wounded, the absence of the 92d regiment, the marines and dismounted dragoons, did not yield an effective force of 10,000 men, including 300 cavalry; yet it must be remembered that it was only the half of this number that contested with the whole united force of the enemy. The field of battle in front of the British works being very contracted, the killed and wounded presented a distressing spectacle. Nearly 1700 French and 400 horses were found on the field. On the part of the British, there were sixty officers and 233 men killed, and sixteen officers and 1190 men wounded.'

Though this battle neither decided the fate of Egypt nor gained any ground, yet it answered many important purposes, principally that of securing the position to our army, and the impression it made on the Bedouin Arabs of British valour: in consequence of which a communication was opened with the interior of the country, and the market supplied with every commodity. For thousands of these people came to be eye-witnesses of the contest, and declared it to be such a one as their fathers never recorded. On the 28th of March the brave Abercromby breathed his last. His death was first made known to the army the next morning. For his cure he had undergone the most painful operations with

great firmness ; but as the ball could not be extracted, a mortification ensued, which soon terminated his sufferings.—This eminent man also served his country in a legislative capacity. In the year 1774 he was elected to represent the county of Kinross in parliament, and he continued a member of the House of Commons until the next annual election in 1780. His chief talents, however, were of the martial kind. In his military character he was strictly uniform and regular, and preserved the best order and discipline throughout all ranks of those under his command. In action he possessed that intrepidity, coolness, and presence of mind, so characteristic of the British nation. In his private character he was modest and unassuming ; in all his transactions disinterested and upright. The remains of this brave general were deposited under the castle of St. Elmo, in La Valletta, in the island of Malta, facing the entrance of the harbour, and over the grave was erected a handsome but plain black marble slab, with an inscription recording his worth, and his country's regret. In grateful remembrance also of the distinguished services of Sir Ralph, his eldest son was raised to the peerage, in 1801, by the title of Baron Abercromby, of Aboukir and Tullibody : his other son, the late Speaker of the House of Commons, has also been raised to the peerage, by the title of Lord Dunfermline.

CHARLES CORNWALLIS,

MARQUIS CORNWALLIS.

CHARLES CORNWALLIS, viscount Brome, was the eldest son of Charles earl Cornwallis, and was born at Brome, in Suffolk, on the 31st of December, 1737. He was sent to Eton school during boyhood, after which he went to the military academy at Turin, as he had chosen the profession of arms. He became an ensign in the foot guards on the 8th of December, 1756, and afterwards saw active service, as a captain, in the 85th regiment, in Germany, under lord Granby. His rise in the army

was more rapid than that of officers who do not possess the advantages of wealth or connexions, for in 1761 he was a lieutenant-colonel, by purchase, being as yet only in his twenty-third year. He succeeded to his father's title in the year following, after which his career was of a political rather than a military character, till the breaking out of the American war. In the House of Peers he had always strenuously deprecated a rupture with our North American colonies ; but when this melancholy event occurred, he was as ready to suppress the rebellion, as he had been eager to prevent it.

Although our ministers had talked high before the war commenced, and insisted upon nothing less than absolute submission to their decrees, yet as soon as recourse was had to arms, their indecision and imbecility were equal to their arrogance. Instead of adopting such measures as would have suppressed the insurrection at once, they tampered with the war, and dealt out their resources so sparingly, that the colonists had time to arm themselves for the contest ; and in the movements that followed, they were every where enabled to choose their ground, and show a strong and decided front. They were even so successful on most occasions that the British officers were dispirited, so that instead of acting upon the aggressive, they were contented with a defensive war, in which they were generally placed in a state of blockade. At last, the ministry discovered that America was not to be conquered by such negative proceedings, and it was resolved to transport an army of 35,000 men, and a formidable fleet, to put an end to the war at once. Forces, however, had to be raised for the purpose ; but as the war was the reverse of being popular with the nation, the recruiting drum went among our towns and villages in vain. It was therefore resolved to apply for soldiers to the petty sovereigns of Germany, and as these august personages were wholesale traffickers in a commodity which they regarded as merely 'food for powder,' 17,000 Germans were soon purchased at an enormous expense, to swell the defective contingents of the British army. In 1775, lord Cornwallis, who had now attained the rank of major-general, was commanded to hold himself in readiness for active service in the colonies, and in December he embarked at Portsmouth.

Having received reinforcements in Ireland he left Cork, and after a tedious and stormy voyage, arrived at America in May the following year.

The instructions given by the ministry to earl Cornwallis required him to form a junction with Sir Henry Clinton, who commanded the war in the south, and co-operate with him in the recovery of North Carolina, the people of which were supposed to be generally well-affected to the mother country; but when the armament under Clinton arrived on the coast of that province, they found that it had been wholly reduced under the government of Congress. It was then resolved by Sir Henry to shift the attempt to South Carolina; but this province was so ably defended by the American general, Lee, that the British shipping was roughly handled and repulsed, while the land forces never came into action. This expedition having so signally failed, the naval and land forces were withdrawn, to join the main armament under general Howe, who was attempting the reduction of New York. But the dilatoriness of our commanders during this war had almost become proverbial, and while Howe was pondering upon the attempt, Washington had so strongly fortified New York as to make its capture hopeless. The troops were disembarked on Staten Island, Cornwallis was appointed to command the reserve, and hostilities were commenced with an attempt to reduce Long Island. Here the earl signalized himself by the able and successful manner in which he led his brigade to the attack, as well as the subsequent successes that crowned this expedition, by which the Jerseys were reduced to the British dominion.

After these events, lord Cornwallis had prepared to return to England upon his private affairs; but before he could set sail, he learned that Washington had rallied, and was successfully cutting off the British forces in detail. The earl therefore hurried back to headquarters, and having mustered three brigades with several pieces of artillery, he resolved to encounter a strong force of the Americans posted at Trenton. He pressed forward therefore with great rapidity, although obliged to skirmish at every step, and having reached the main body of the enemy, on the afternoon of January 23 (1777), he endeavoured to draw them into a general action. But Washington, instead of accepting the chal-

lence, withdrew his forces across the Asumpinek, and apparently posted himself for the evening; and Cornwallis, deceived by this appearance, followed the example, expecting an engagement on the succeeding day. The earl, however, had not yet fully fathomed the tactics of Washington. That calculating sagacious leader had resolved to surprise Princetown, and subsequently Brunswick also, by an unexpected manœuvre; and therefore silently withdrew his forces at midnight, and marching by a circuitous route to avoid observation, reached the neighbourhood of Princetown at sunrise, where he found three British regiments on their way to join Cornwallis. These he immediately attacked with such vigour that he broke them asunder, after which he took possession of Princetown. But here his career of success was interrupted by the activity of his opponent. As soon as Cornwallis discovered the absence of the enemy, he detected their purpose; and pushing forward for Brunswick, he reached Princetown so rapidly as almost to overtake the rear of the Americans in the act of quitting it. Washington, therefore, finding his purpose frustrated, was obliged to turn aside on the road to Brunswick, and retire to Pluckemin.

As Washington kept so obstinately on the defensive, that all the arts of the British commanders could not draw him into an engagement, it was resolved to attempt an expedition for the capture of Philadelphia, and thus transfer the war to the south. Sixteen thousand soldiers were therefore embarked for this purpose, who landed in the bay of Chesapeake on the 25th of August, after which they commenced a dilatory march towards the scene of action, while Washington, at the head of 15,000, passed through Philadelphia to encounter them. The consequence of this, after several skirmishes, was the battle of Brandywine, in which the able dispositions of Cornwallis, who served under general Howe, chiefly contributed to gain the victory. After having thus cleared the way to Philadelphia, Howe sent lord Cornwallis forward with the reserves, to take possession of the town, which was accomplished on the 26th of September. Here he remained as commandant of Philadelphia until the defeat of colonel Donop by the Americans at Redbank, upon which lord Cornwallis placed himself at the head of a division of the army, and succeeded in

driving back the enemy. After this, the war again dwindled into skirmishes, which continued during the greater part of the campaign of 1778. But although the military talents of his lordship were ably displayed in all these and the subsequent movements of our armies, it is unnecessary to particularise them, as in these he only held a secondary command. It was not until 1780 that he was commissioned to act upon his own responsibility, by being appointed to the command and defence of Georgia and South Carolina, which had just fallen into the possession of the British.

The chief efforts of the Americans were now directed to the recovery of these two provinces, and general Gates arrived for that purpose with a strong detachment from the main army. The difficulty of his lordship's position was now trying, not only from the comparative smallness of his force, but the hostility of the provincials, in the hope of whose co-operation he had been greatly disappointed. Nevertheless, he resolved to assume the aggressive, and after having made every prudent arrangement for the internal tranquillity of his government, he marched his small army of 2000 to give battle to the enemy. The Americans, to the number of 6000, were encamped at Rugely's Mills, in the neighbourhood of Camden. On the 15th of August (1780) the engagement commenced a little after dawn, by a furious attack of the British upon the irregulars, who had been incorrectly placed on the left of the American army, and who were in the act of attempting to change their position for one more favourable when the assault began. The consequences of this unmilitary movement were such as might have been expected. They were taken in a confused and unprovided state, and after having received a single volley, they fled with precipitation. On the right, the Americans gallantly kept their ground; but the right wing of the British, after the flight of the irregulars, instead of pursuing, wheeled round upon the flank of the enemy, and poured in such a close and heavy fire as soon dispersed them. Gates, as a last and desperate resource, brought up his reserves, that made a splendid charge, but in vain; they were met, broken, and trampled down, by the British cavalry. The Americans now fled in every direction, after leaving seventy officers and 2000 men dead on the field, or prisoners, while the loss

of the victors only amounted to about 220 officers and soldiers.

This success would have been of high importance if Georgia and South Carolina had fulfilled those promises of loyalty which originally occasioned the transference of the seat of war; but the royalist party in these quarters had risen prematurely, and been easily suppressed, while the public hatred against the British government was both deep and general. Instead therefore of finding allies and co-operation, lord Cornwallis discovered that he had carried a dangerous warfare into the heart of an enemy's country. Towards the middle of September, therefore, he commenced his march, intending to enter North Carolina, and advanced to Charlotte-town, which he rashly fixed upon as the centre of his operations. Here, however, he found himself in the midst of a hostile population, by whom his foragers and small parties were cut off, so that he was obliged to remove from the dangerous neighbourhood, and occupy Wynnesborough, where he was more secure. Having now learned that general Leslie had been sent with 3600 men from New York to effect a diversion in his favour, lord Cornwallis was of opinion that nothing of importance could be done but by a junction of the two armies, upon which he ordered Leslie to proceed to Charleston, and there join him with all his forces, a measure that was accomplished by the end of December.

The unfortunate campaign of the following year was commenced under circumstances of favourable omen to the British arms. Although general Greene had advanced to the relief of the province, and been reinforced as he marched along so as greatly to outnumber the troops of Cornwallis, yet the latter assumed the aggressive, by going in search of his enemy, and in the conflicts that followed he was generally successful. But the spirit of the Americans was not to be daunted by such untoward circumstances, and while they acquired additional skill by every fresh repulse, their ranks were so speedily repaired by recruits from the province that their losses were unfelt. The consequences of these heroic feelings were such as might have been expected: they began to be successful in turn, and lord Cornwallis, after several failures, began to lose somewhat of that moral energy for which he had been conspicuous during

the course of the war. Indeed, by the beginning of August, his condition was such as might have well dispirited the ablest leader. He occupied the double post of York and Gloucester, situated on either side of the York river, at a point where the rapid current is only about a mile in breadth, and this position, naturally admirable for defence, was farther strengthened by redoubts, batteries, and other resources of fortification, that seemed to make it unassailable. But here he was soon blocked up both by land and water, by the united forces of France and America; and when he might have successfully burst forth and resumed the offensive, he hesitated, in consequence of promises of reinforcements which had been transmitted to him from head-quarters. Thus the favourable opportunity was allowed to escape, and all farther chance of even a safe retreat was rendered hopeless by the arrival of Washington himself to the scene of action. Lord Cornwallis now resolved to husband his resources by evacuating one of his posts, and he therefore withdrew his forces from the Gloucester line, on the 30th of September, and concentrated his whole army at York Town. But the French and Americans commenced the siege of York Town in form, and with such success, that on the 14th of October, they assailed the British outworks, and carried two of them by storm. Retreat was now impossible, and lord Cornwallis was obliged to surrender by capitulation, on the 18th of October; and thus 7000 British soldiers, who had often triumphed in the field of battle when superior forces were arrayed against them, were obliged to lay down their arms, being the second British army which had been compelled to surrender since the commencement of this unhappy war.

In the spring of 1782, lord Cornwallis set sail for England, to vindicate his conduct during the unfortunate campaign, the outcry against which, as might be expected, was both loud and popular. It was easy, indeed, for those home-bred warriors who sketch plans of battle upon the dining table, and overrun provinces in their easy chairs, to point out the errors of his proceedings; but after all the angry pamphlets that were written upon the subject, his lordship was still accounted one of the best and bravest of our commanders, and as such he was appointed to the high and responsible office of governor-

general of Bengal, in the beginning of 1786. He arrived there in September, and conducted the negotiations that had been opened with the native princes with such effect, that the promise of a general tranquillity prevailed, when the whole prospect was overcast by the hostility of the celebrated Tippoo Saib, the sovereign of Mysore. This brave barbarian monarch was not only offended at his name having been omitted in the list of the company's allies, but he also coveted the possession of Travancore, a small state in alliance with the British; and having found, as he conceived, a favourable opportunity in 1790, he made an irruption into the province, which at first proved successful. The government in consequence declared war against Tippoo, in which they were joined by their allies, and the nizam of Deccan; but in the campaign of this year Tippoo was generally successful, so that lord Cornwallis resolved to conduct the war against him in person. He therefore set sail from Calcutta, and arrived at Madras on the 27th of January, 1791, after which he joined the army that had hitherto been under the command of general Meadows, the governor of Madras. The plan of this commander he was obliged to reverse, by proceeding to Seringapatam, the capital of Tippoo, by the shortest and most difficult route, instead of following the easier but more dilatory, as had been originally intended. In pursuance of this design, he advanced upon the great road towards Vellore, on the 8th of February, and, except in the case of a few skirmishes with the advanced patrols of the enemy, he found nothing to oppose his progress. To reach Seringapatam, it was necessary first to capture the strong city of Bangalore, and to frustrate this measure Tippoo had concentrated his forces in its neighbourhood, where he was strongly fortified among ravines, and other natural impediments. No sooner, therefore, did the British troops reach this place, than they experienced a most formidable resistance, and in one engagement their covering party sustained a severe defeat from their eastern adversaries. But in spite of these obstacles, lord Cornwallis pressed the siege so vigorously, that on the 20th a breach was made, and on the night of the following day the fort of Bangalore was carried.

The forward movement for the Mysore capital was now resumed, and with every anticipation of success,

for it was hoped that during the course of a rapid march the army would be able to find subsistence by the way. But here Tippoo had providently destroyed such a contingency by laying waste the whole country in front and flank of his enemies for several miles ; and the British, as they advanced, found their distresses multiplied at every step. At last, on the 14th of May, they came within sight of Seringapatam ; but between them and its proud towers and battlements was drawn up the army of Mysore, on the bank of the river Cavery, ready for the engagement in defence of their capital. The British and their native allies, although exhausted with fatigue and famine, did not decline the combat, and a furious engagement commenced, in which Tippoo and his followers exhibited both skill and daring. Every one of his positions was selected with judgment, and maintained with obstinacy ; his cavalry made brilliant charges, while his infantry sustained and returned the close, heavy fire of the British. But the gallant resistance of the Mysoreans was unavailing, and they were obliged to retire behind the river, after having sustained great loss. This victory, however, was attended with no advantage, for the British troops were so much exhausted with their privations, owing to the judicious precautions of Tippoo, that laying siege to Seringapatam was wholly out of the question. The conquerors were obliged to retreat, after destroying their battering train and military stores, and the army during the retrograde march might have perished from famine, had it not been for the scanty supplies which were brought in by the Mahrattas, and sold at the most exorbitant prices.

In spite of these untoward results, a new campaign was resolved on by lord Cornwallis, more especially as the same distresses that had visited his army were felt in an equal or still higher degree among the soldiers of Tippoo. He therefore strained every nerve to recruit his forces and repair his losses, which was done so effectually, that in September, 1791, he was again in the field. He cleared his line of march by the capture of several hill-forts and strong posts that would have interrupted his communications, and in the beginning of January, 1792, he reached Bangalore. After resting his army for a few weeks, and making necessary preparations, the march was resumed, and the banks of

the Cavery were again reached almost without even a demonstration of resistance on the part of the enemy. But Seringapatam itself, which is situated on an island in the Cavery, was not only garrisoned by 45,000 soldiers, but defended by entrenchments which had been constructed under the direction of French engineers, so that a sanguinary resistance was to be anticipated. Lord Cornwallis, after surveying carefully the dispositions of the enemy, resolved to carry the lines of Tippoo Sultan by a night attack. These lines, which constituted the outer defence of Seringapatam, extended about four miles in length, and besides being fortified with ditches and other entrenchments, they had forts bristled with cannon, and were protected in the rear by the river. Orders were issued through the British army, that the troops should hold themselves in readiness for action at nine o'clock on the evening of the 6th of February, in perfect silence, without striking their tents or moving their cannon—a command that was obeyed to the letter; and at the hour of midnight, by the light of a bright moon, every brigade and regiment silently moved to its separate point of attack—a unanimity arising from the distinctness of those orders which Cornwallis had delivered to his different officers. The lines were thus penetrated by one party undetected, the camp was entered, and the pavilion of the sultan reached before a single shot was fired; while another body of men crossed the river, and took possession of one of the city redoubts. The conflict now became desperate, as troop after troop advanced, and one fortification after another fell into the hands of the British. On the morning, they found themselves masters of the field forts that covered the flanks of the enemy's encampment, and one of their lines that stretched completely across the island; and here they maintained themselves during the following day in spite of the desperate and multiplied attacks of Tippoo to regain his position. His loss in these conflicts amounted to 14,000 men. Fascines were now constructed, and every preparation made for a siege, and Tippoo soon found himself so closely invested that he saw no alternative but to yield or perish. He submitted to the desperate necessity, and entered into treaty with the conqueror. The terms were sufficiently humbling to a haughty spirit, but he was obliged to acquiesce in them;

and at the price of half his dominions, besides being obliged to deliver his sons as hostages into the hands of lord Cornwallis, he was allowed to remain a sovereign, although with enfeebled resources and a diminished lustre.

By this humiliation of such a formidable adversary the influence of France in India was broken, and peace was restored to the different nations, as well as security to the British dominion. Having thus worthily discharged his commission, his lordship departed for England, followed by the prayers and tears of those who had experienced the blessing of his administration. On his arrival in 1793 he was elevated by his sovereign to the rank of a marquis of Great Britain and Ireland, after which he enjoyed several years of tranquillity. But in 1798 he was again called from retirement by the critical situation of Ireland, which was torn by internal anarchy and faction, as well as menaced by an invasion from France. The high military and political talents of marquis Cornwallis pointed him out as the most fitting person to preside in this trying crisis. He accepted with cheerfulness the unenviable office of lord-lieutenant, and arrived in Dublin on the 15th of June.

The marquis on his arrival first endeavoured to compose the internal dissensions of the country, in which he was successful; he then prepared for the French invasion, which was daily expected. He had not to wait long, for 1260 French soldiers and a considerable number of officers under general Humbert, landed at Killala-bay on the 22d of August, expecting to be joined by the discontented Irish, among whom they hoped to organize a great national insurrection. Happily, however, they had landed in the wrong district for their purpose, as few joined them, and the marquis had time to establish military posts to overawe the discontented, and assemble a force to act against the enemy before they had gathered to a head. The first troops whom he sent against the French allowed themselves to be shamefully beaten at Castlebar on the 27th, and several of the militia, as well as a body of the country people, went over to the ranks of general Humbert, upon which lord Cornwallis resolved to march against him in person. He therefore despatched general Lake to hang upon the enemy's rear, while he himself menaced them with a strong force in

front, and after several dexterous marchings and counter-marchings, Humbert was obliged to give battle at Ballinamuck, where he was overtaken by Lake. The Irish rebels were soon dispersed, and the French being thus forsaken were obliged to surrender. By these prompt measures, an invasion which, if tampered with, might have set the whole kingdom in a flame, was brought to nothing. Three years of comparative peace succeeded, during which the administration of lord Cornwallis was marked by an equal mixture of gentleness and vigour, so that when he retired from office in 1801, he carried with him the affections of all who were devoted to the tranquillity and prosperity of Ireland.

As the marquis had now grown grey in the service of his country, he might have hoped that he would be permitted to retire into honourable tranquillity. But his services could not yet be dispensed with; and on being sent as ambassador to Paris in 1801, to negotiate on the part of Britain upon that general peace which was now desired by all parties, he was engaged in the numerous discussions that preceded the peace of Amiens. He returned to England in the following year, beginning to be worn out rather with long and anxious service than old age, when disturbances in India required his mediation, and he was sent thither as the only person who could reconcile the contending parties. He arrived at Calcutta on the 28th of June, 1805, and addressed himself to the laborious task, but it was too oppressive for his exhausted constitution. He died as he had lived, at his post. After having endeavoured, but in vain, to reconcile the Mahrattas to the British government, the noble veteran took the field, but on his way to join the army he sickened at Gazeepore, in the neighbourhood of Benares, and died on the 5th of October, 1805, after an illness of a few days, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. His lordship was married in 1768, and had one son and one daughter, the former of whom succeeded to the marquisate, but as he left no heirs male, the title after his death became extinct.

RIGHT HON. GEORGE LORD HARRIS.

THIS distinguished personage in the list of our eastern conquerors was born on March 18, 1746, and was the son of the Rev. George Harris, of Brasted in Kent, by Sarah, daughter of George Twentymen, Esq. of Braintree in Cumberland. He entered the military service as a cadet in the royal artillery in 1759, and was appointed fire-worker in June, 1762; but in the following month he was transferred to an ensigncy in the 5th foot, promoted to be lieutenant in 1765, adjutant in 1767, and captain in 1771.

In May, 1774, he embarked for America, and was engaged in the skirmish of Lexington, and in the battle of Bunker's Hill. In the latter he was severely wounded in the head, and in consequence was trepanned, and came home; but he returned in time to take the field previous to the landing of the army in Long Island, in July, 1776. Captain Harris was present at the affair of Flat Bush; in the skirmishes on York Island; in the engagement at White Plains; at Iron Hill (where he was shot through the leg), and in every action up to the 3d of November, 1778, except that of German Town. In the latter year he was appointed to a majority in his regiment, and in November he embarked with it for the West Indies, with the force under major-general Grant, by whom he was appointed to command the battalion of grenadiers, and landed with the reserve of the army under brigadier-general Meadows at St. Lucie, on the 25th of December. After the taking of Morne Fortunée, major Harris was second in command under brigadier-general Meadows at the Vigie, where the French were repulsed in their repeated attacks on the British post, and in consequence of these failures they retreated from the island. In 1779 he embarked with his regiment, where his soldiers served as marines, and was present in the engagement off Grenada under admiral Byron; and in 1780 he returned to England.

In the December of that year he succeeded to a lieutenant-colonelcy in the 5th foot, from which he exchanged into the 76th, and accompanied, as secretary, to the East Indies, Sir William Meadows, who was ap-

pointed governor and commander-in-chief of Madras. He was in the campaigns of 1790 and 1791, against Tippoo Sultan; and in the action of the 15th of May, 1791, was appointed by lord Cornwallis to command the second line; he was also personally engaged in the attack of the sultan's camp and island of Seringapatam, on the night of the 6th of February, 1792, the success of which terminated the war. Peace being re-established, lieutenant-colonel Harris returned with Sir W. Meadows to England. His merits having been now so often and so severely tested, his promotion was certain, and in reward for his services, he was appointed colonel by brevet, November 18, 1792. The 3d of October 1794, he was appointed to the rank of major-general, when he re-embarked for India, and was placed on the Bengal staff. The 3d of May, 1796, he received the local rank of lieutenant-general, and was appointed commander-in-chief under the presidency of fort St. George; and in February, 1798, he succeeded to the military and civil government of the troops and territories of Madras.

In December, 1798, the distinguished military talents of lieutenant-general Harris pointed him out to the discriminating eye of the marquis Wellesley, then earl of Mornington, as the fittest person to command the army against the formidable power of Tippoo Sultan, and an army was placed under his command that exceeded rather than fell short of 50,000. Against this overwhelming force the sultan adopted every plan of defence, but in vain. He first attempted to give battle to general Harris, and for this purpose he attacked the British army to the westward of Malvilly, on the ground where it intended to encamp; but his splendid cavalry could make no impression upon the close, firm ranks of his opponents, and after the loss of 1000 men he was obliged to retire. He then thought to throw himself in the rear of the British army, and destroy its means of subsistence, so as to force it to retreat, with which view he occupied and laid waste the district through which Cornwallis had marched in 1791. But general Harris made this precaution useless by selecting a new and unexpected route: he crossed the Cavery at Sosilla, about fifteen miles to the east of Seringapatam; so that Tippoo's destructive measures only fell upon his own subjects. The baffled and disappointed sultan now began

to perceive that his end drew nigh; and having gloomily assembled his principal officers, he said, 'We have now arrived at our last stage, and I wish to learn what is your determination?'—'To die along with you,' was the universal reply. He took up his post before the walls of Seringapatam, and endeavoured there to hinder the progress of the assailants. But his efforts were in vain: European science and discipline were superior to the desultory valour of his followers, and the British batteries were successively formed and ready to play upon the ramparts. Indeed, these rapid and determined measures were not more than necessary on the part of general Harris. He had been startled with the information, that either through waste or fraud the rice, which was to victual the army, was so much diminished, that only eighteen days' provision remained for the soldiers at half allowance. This unwelcome discovery was made on the 16th of April (1799), and therefore, although Tippoo endeavoured to negotiate, yet Harris would not delay the siege for an instant. By the 26th, therefore, the guns of the besieged were almost wholly silenced, and on the evening their trenches were carried after an obstinate resistance. On the 30th, the walls began to give way under the discharges of the British artillery; and five days after the capital was won, chiefly owing to the intrepid exertions of major-general Baird, who put himself at the head of the assault, and carried the city by storm. The sultan himself, who might have escaped even at the final assault, disdained to survive the loss of his capital, and after fighting desperately like a common soldier against the assailants, he fell under a gate-way, covered with wounds. Thus the British power in India was delivered from the most formidable of its adversaries, and after this event it was established on a basis which none of the native powers were strong enough to shake. Many absurd rumours were disseminated in England of the enormous wealth of Tippoo, and of the rich plunder that must have been secreted by the captors. But the truth is, that in the whole treasury of the sultan there were not found above £300,000. in money, and about as much in jewels, which were very properly distributed among the officers and soldiers.

The following is the short and simple account written

by general Harris of the capture of the capital of Mysore to the governor-general of India:—

‘ Seringapatam, May 7, 1799.

‘ My Lord,—On the 4th instant I had the honour to address to your lordship a hasty note, containing in a few words the sum of our success, which I have now to report more in detail.

‘ The fire of our batteries, which began to batter in breach on the 30th of April, had on the evening of the 3rd inst. so much destroyed the walls against which it was directed, that the arrangement was then made for assaulting the place on the following day, when the breach was reported practicable.

‘ The troops intended to be employed were stationed in the trenches early in the morning of the 4th, that no extraordinary movement might lead the enemy to expect the assault, which I had determined to make in the heat of the day, as the best time calculated to ensure success, as the troops would then be least prepared to oppose us.

‘ Ten flank companies of Europeans, taken from those regiments necessarily left to guard our camps and our outposts, followed by the 12th, 33rd, 73rd, and 74th regiments, and three corps of grenadier sepoys, taken from the troops of the three presidencies, with 200 of his highness the Nizam’s troops, formed the party for the assault, accompanied by 100 of the artillery and the corps of pioneers, and supported in the trenches by the battalion companies of the regiment de Meuron and four battalions of Madras sepoys. Colonel Sherbrooke, and lieutenant-colonels Dunlop, Dalrymple, Gardiner, and Mignan, commanded the several flank corps, and major-general Baird was entrusted with the direction of this important service.

‘ At one o’clock the troops moved from the trenches, crossed the rocky bed of the Cavery under an extremely heavy fire, passed the glaciers and ditch, and ascended the breaches in the *fausse braye* and rampart of the fort, surmounting, in the most gallant manner, every obstacle which the difficulty of the passage and the resistance of the enemy presented to oppose their progress. Major-general Baird had divided his force for the purpose of clearing the ramparts to the right and left. One

division was commanded by colonel Sherbrooke, the other by lieutenant-colonel Dunlop: the latter was disabled in the breach, but both corps, although strongly opposed, were completely successful. Resistance continued to be made from the palace of Tippoo for some time after all firing had ceased from the works: two of his sons were there, who, on assurance of safety, surrendered to the troops surrounding them; and guards were placed for the protection of the family, most of whom were in the palace.

‘It was soon after reported that Tippoo Sultan had fallen: Syed Scheb, Meer Saduf, Syed Gofa, and many other of his chiefs, were also slain. Measures were immediately adopted to stop the confusion, at first unavoidable, in a city strongly garrisoned, crowded with inhabitants and their property, in ruins from the fire of a numerous artillery, and taken by assault. The princes were removed to camp. It appeared to major-general Baird so important to ascertain the fate of the sultan, that he caused immediate search to be made for his body, which, after much difficulty, was found, late in the evening, in one of the gates, under a heap of slain, and soon after placed in the palace. The corpse was the next day recognised by the family, and interred, with the honours due to his rank, in the mausoleum of his father.

‘The strength of the fort is such, both from its natural position and the stupendous works by which it is surrounded, that all the exertions of the brave troops who attacked it, in whose praise it is impossible to say too much, were required to place it in our hands. Of the merits of the army I have expressed my opinion in orders, a copy of which I have the honour to enclose; and I trust your lordship will point out their services to the favourable notice of their king and country.

‘I am sorry to add, that on collecting the returns of our loss, it is found to have been much heavier than I at first imagined.

‘On the 5th instant, Ardul Chalù, the elder of the princes formerly hostages with lord Cornwallis, surrendered himself at our outposts, demanding protection. Kermin Saheb, the brother of Tippoo, had before sought refuge with Meer Allum Behander. A cowl-namah was yesterday despatched to Futteh Hyder, the eldest son of Tippoo, inviting him to join his brothers. Perneah and

Meer Kummer Odeen Khan have also been summoned to Seringapatam : no answers have been received ; but I expect them shortly, as their families are in the fort.

‘ This moment Ali Reza, formerly one of the vakeels from Tippoo Sultan to lord Cornwallis, has arrived from Meer Kummer Odeen Khan, to ask my orders for 4000 horse now under his command. Ali Reza was commissioned to declare that Meer Kummer Odeen would make no conditions, but rely on the generosity of the English.

‘ Monsieur Chapue and most of the French are prisoners : they have commissions from the French government.—I have the honour to be, &c.

‘ GEORGE HARRIS.’

The following letter from the East India government was addressed to the lieutenant-general on the occasion :—

‘ Fort St. George, August 7, 1799.

‘ The governor-general in council now directs me to signify his particular sense of the firmness, constancy, and perseverance, with which you subdued the difficulties opposed to the progress of the army through the enemy’s country ; of the zeal and unanimity with which you inspired all the great departments of your army ; of the judgment displayed in the whole conduct of the campaign, especially in the passage of the Caverry, and in the position taken up before Seringapatam ; and the vigour and skill with which the siege was conducted. This great achievement entitles you to the gratitude and respect of the company, of your king, and of your country ; and the governor-general has already discharged, with particular satisfaction, the grateful duty of stating to the honourable Court of Directors, and to his majesty’s ministers, your eminent services, in a manner adequate to the honour and advantage which the British empire in India is likely to derive from the splendid victories obtained by the army under your command.’

The successful general was promoted to the colonelcy of the 73rd foot, February 14, 1800 ; to the rank of lieutenant-general, January 1, 1801 ; and general, January 1, 1812. He was raised to the peerage by the title of lord Harris, of Seringapatam and Mysore in the East Indies, and of Belmont in Kent, August 11, 1815 ; and was ap-

pointed a grand cross of the Bath, May 27, 1820. His lordship succeeded general Francis Dundas as governor of Dumbarton castle in January, 1824.

During the latter years of his life, lord Harris lived in dignified retirement at his seat in Kent, beloved and respected by all around him. He was remarkable for his clear understanding, his unaffected bravery, his kind disposition, and his simple manners. His death took place at Belmont, in Kent, in May, 1829.

One amiable trait in the private character of lord Harris reminds us rather of the simplicity of an ancient Roman, than the loftiness and luxury of what is called modern refinement. He was in the frequent habit of boasting that he had been the architect of his own fortune. This he preserved to the hour of his death, and one of the clauses of his will runs thus:—‘To my estimable and much-loved daughter, Anne Lushington, and to her worthy husband and my highly esteemed friend, I leave £200. each for a ring, or any memento they may choose of our mutual regard; and to each of their children who may be living at the time of my decease I leave them mourning rings, in the hope they may at odd times bring their grandfather to memory, and recollect that, under Providence, he imputes his rise from nothing to his affluent fortune, to his economy and willing privation from self-indulgence through a long life.’ In another part of this will, he thus disposes of the splendid jewels which fell to his lot in the distribution of the Seringapatam prizes:—‘The jewels received by me, as part of the Seringapatam prize, I wish to entail as a memorial in the family of what Providence has done for it; and to that intent I bequeath the same to my said trustees. Upon the same trusts, the gold medal sent to Tippoo Sultan by Louis XVI. of France, bearing very strong likenesses of him and his queen Antoinette, and which being found among Tippoo’s treasure by the prize-agents (chosen by the army not only to take charge and to dispose of the booty taken, but to decide on the share each individual was entitled to), was by them, in the name of that army, sent to me, requesting my acceptance of it.’

GEN. SIR DAVID BAIRD, G.C.B., K.C.

THIS distinguished and experienced officer was descended from a junior branch of the Bairds, of Auchmedden, in Banffshire. He was the fifth (but second surviving) son of William Baird, Esq., heir, by settlement, of his second cousin Sir John Baird, of Newbyth, Bart. by Alicia, fourth daughter of — Johnstone, Esq. of Hilltown, county of Berwick. Being destined to a military life, he was sent for a few months to an academy at Chelsea, famed as a school of military discipline, where the following characteristic anecdote was related of him. According to the routine of the academy, Baird was mounted one evening as sentinel, when a bigger boy, a schoolfellow, endeavoured to pass contrary to rule. The young sentry stood firm at his post, so that the other exhausted all his rhetoric in vain. 'I cannot let you go,' cried Baird with energy, 'but if you please, you may knock me down, and walk over my body.'

He entered the army as an ensign in the 2d regiment of foot, the 16th of December, 1772; joined the regiment at Gibraltar in April, 1773, and returned to England in 1776. In 1778 he obtained his lieutenancy; and on the 24th of September, 1778, the grenadier company of a regiment then raised by lord Macleod, named the 73rd: this corps he joined at Elgin, from whence he marched to Fort George, and embarked for Guernsey. In 1779, he embarked for the East Indies, and arrived at Madras in January, 1780.

A cursory view of the state of affairs in India at that period may not be irrelevant. Of all the powers then in India the principal was that of the Mysore, governed by Hyder Ally; a man who, from a soldier of fortune, had become a sovereign prince; and who, to military skill, united an active ambition and a refined policy, which have been possessed by few European princes. As the neighbourhood of such a monarch rendered him formidable to the English establishments, it certainly would have been their most reasonable policy, either to conciliate his friendship, or to form

such defensive alliances as might restrain his ambition. But instead of this, they contrived at the same time to provoke Hyder Ally and all the other native powers. In the year 1768, they rashly commenced a war, which Hyder most successfully terminated by dictating a treaty at the very gates of Madras. This treaty was altogether as moderate as the circumstances under which it was concluded were absolute and decisive. The fact was, that Hyder Ally, being justly fearful of the Mahrattas, was desirous of aid from the English, and hoped to conciliate them by his moderation. The treaty, therefore, although it might have commanded every thing, took nothing; containing, instead of concessions, a stipulation, that the contracting parties should mutually assist each other against any enemy. It was scarcely concluded, before Hyder, with his wonted sagacity, resolved to ascertain the faith and friendship of his new ally. Accordingly, on the commencement of the war with the Mahrattas, which immediately after broke out, he wrote a letter to the governor of Madras, requesting him, as a token of his friendship and regard, and for mere form's sake, to send an officer and 500 sepoys to his assistance; but the government of Madras evaded a compliance. In the following year, (1770), the Mahrattas having reduced Hyder to great distress, he made a second application, and appealed to the express stipulations of the treaty; but the government of Madras again evaded his requisition. The Mahrattas, continuing their hostility, so totally overpowered him, that his ruin seemed inevitable. They became masters of all his open country, and his strongest fortresses were barely capable of affording him refuge and protection. In this necessity, Hyder yet again applied to his new allies, stating the advantages they would gain by assisting him against a power, the overwhelming predominance of which already threatened the independence of the peninsula. These applications produced no more effect at Madras than the former. The company most shamefully eluded the treaty, whilst in their very evasion they acknowledged its obligations.

The fortune of Hyder at length triumphed over all his enemies; and, without the intervention of any, he procured, in 1772, an honourable peace. The subsequent dissensions of the Mahrattas, and more particularly the

egregious folly of the presidency of Bombay, enabled him not only to recover all he had lost, but greatly to increase his dominions. After the direct breach of faith which, in his hour of peril, he had experienced from the government of Madras, it was not to be expected that he could again regard it with cordiality; but he was too good a statesman to disclose his sentiments, and therefore he still preserved a civil intercourse. In this state of things he naturally fell into the hands of France, by which he was liberally supplied with artillery, and all other military necessities. That politic nation saw the advantage to be derived from his friendship, in their future designs on the Carnatic; and their officers were permitted to enter into his service, and train his armies upon the European model. In this manner Hyder Ally prepared for the gratification of his ambition and revenge. He hated the English with all his soul, and certainly not without cause; and the company, upon their part, blindly seconded all his efforts, and provoked every power of India into a confederacy against them. Availing himself of these opportunities, he concluded a secret treaty with the Mahrattas and the Nizam of the Deccan, to expel the English from the peninsula. Every thing was ripe for the purpose, and the English Company slept in a state of stupid security, when, about the 20th of July, 1780, Hyder forced his way through the gauts, and burst, like a mountain torrent, into the Carnatic. No care had been taken to guard these defiles, nor did he meet with any other obstruction than what arose from the difficulty of the ground.

Such was the nature of the war upon which the 73rd had to enter immediately upon their arrival in India. In fact, they had scarcely landed, before they were ordered to prepare for immediate battle. Hyder's army exceeded 80,000 men, a force that was rendered still more formidable by the aid of Lally's troops, and a great number of French officers; the English did not consist of more than 6000, commanded by Sir Hector Monroe. They were stationed at the Mount, in the immediate neighbourhood of Madras, and here they were joined by the 73rd, who were marched to the camp on the same day that they landed from the ships. Hyder, after a march across the country, which he marked by fire and

sword, suddenly turned upon Arcot; and on the 21st of August 1780, he sat down before that city, as the first operation of the war. Colonel Baillie, with a very considerable body of troops, was in the northern circars; and Hyder, by besieging Arcot, had interposed himself between this detachment and the main English army. Orders were accordingly immediately sent to colonel Baillie to hasten to the Mount to join the main army; but Hyder effectually prevented this junction, by throwing his forces across the only road by which Baillie could reach it. After several movements on the part of the colonel, which were counteracted by his wary antagonist, an engagement followed at a place called Perimbancum, where Baillie gained as complete a victory as a total want of cavalry and the smallness of his numbers could admit. Even this victory, however, by diminishing his force, only added to his distress. The English camp was within a few miles, but Hyder's army lay full in his way, and he was moreover in the greatest want of provisions. Under these circumstances, the colonel despatched a messenger to Sir Hector Monroe, with an account of his situation, stating that he had sustained a loss which rendered him incapable of advancing, whilst his total want of provisions rendered it equally impossible for him to remain where he was. It was resolved in this emergency to send such a reinforcement to colonel Baillie as would enable him to push forward in despite of the enemy; and colonel Fletcher, captain Baird, and some other officers of distinguished name, were accordingly despatched with a strong detachment for this purpose. The main force in this detachment consisted of the grenadier and infantry companies of lord Macleod's regiment, commanded by captain Baird—a new and untried force, and a new and untried officer. There were two other companies of European grenadiers, one company of sepoy marksmen, and ten companies of sepoy grenadiers; in all, about 1000 men. As their security depended upon the difficulty of their way, as well as the secrecy of their march, colonel Fletcher refused four six-pounders which were offered, and set out from the camp at nine o'clock at night. An idea of the distress of colonel Baillie and his detachment may be formed from one circumstance; every man of colonel Fletcher's detachment carried with him two

days' rice, with some biscuit and arrack, for the relief of his friends at Perimbancum.

Hyder had such excellent intelligence of the English camp, that he obtained exact knowledge, not only of the design, but of all the circumstances relative to this detachment. He accordingly sent off a strong body to cut it off on its way; but colonel Fletcher and captain Baird having conceived some suspicion of their guides, suddenly changed the line of their route; and, by a wide circuitous sweep, through rice-fields and swamps to the right, added to the friendly cover of the night, had the good fortune to evade this danger, and, before morning, to effect the desired junction. Hyder, however, was determined that they should not return so safely, and with consummate ability he prepared the trap for their ruin. The most difficult ground on the road which they were to pass was enfiladed by batteries of cannon; and, as the time and circumstances of their march were known, large bodies of the best foot in Hyder's army lay in ambuscade on each side; he himself, with almost his whole force, being in readiness to support the attack. Whilst these real dispositions were making, a cloud of irregular cavalry were employed in various motions on the side of Conjeveram, in order to divert the attention of the English camp. In this manner arrived the morning of the day (September 10th) appointed for the march of the united detachment; and daylight had scarcely broken, when the silent and expectant enemy perceived our unfortunate detachment advancing into the very centre of the toils which were laid for them. The enemy in ambuscade reserved their fire with admirable coolness and self-command till the unhappy English were in the midst of them. On a sudden, whilst marching in column, in a narrow defile, a battery of twelve guns opened upon them, and poured in upon their right flank. The English faced about; another battery immediately opened on their rear. They had no resource but to advance; but here other batteries met them, and in less than half an hour fifty-seven pieces of cannon were brought so as to bear upon every part of the British line. By seven o'clock in the morning the enemy poured down upon them in thousands, and every Englishman in the army was engaged. Captain Baird and his grenadiers fought with the greatest heroism. Surrounded

and attacked on all sides by 25,000 cavalry, by thirty regiments of sepoy infantry, besides Hyder's European corps, and a numerous artillery playing upon them from all quarters within grape-shot distance, yet this heroic column stood firm and undaunted, alternately facing their enemies on every side. The French officers in Hyder's camp beheld the scene with astonishment, which was increased when, in the midst of all this tumult and extreme peril, they saw the British grenadiers performing their evolutions with as much precision, coolness, and steadiness, as if under the eye of a commander on a parade. Our soldiers had only ten pieces of cannon, but these were so excellently served, that they made great havoc among the enemy. At length, after a dubious contest of three hours—from six in the morning till nine—victory began to declare for the English; the flower of the Mysore cavalry, after many bloody repulses, were at length entirely defeated, and the right wing, composed of Hyder's best forces, was thrown into disorder and began to give way. Hyder himself was about to give the orders for retreat, and the French officer who directed the artillery already began to draw it off, when one of those unforeseen misfortunes occurred which totally change the fortune of a day. By some most miserable accident, the tumbrils, which contained the ammunition, suddenly blew up with two dreadful explosions in the centre of the British lines. One whole face of their column was thus entirely laid open, and their artillery overturned and destroyed. The destruction of men was great, but the total loss of their ammunition was still more fatal to the survivors. Tippoo Saib, a worthy son of his martial father, instantly saw and seized the moment of advantage, and, without waiting for orders, fell with the utmost rapidity, at the head of the Mogul and Carnatic horse, into the broken square, which had not yet time to recover its form and order. This attack by the enemy's cavalry being immediately seconded by the French corps, and by the first line of infantry, determined at once the fate of our unfortunate army. After successive prodigies of valour, the brave sepoys were almost to a man cut to pieces. The British officers made one more desperate effort: they rallied the Europeans, and, under the fire of the whole artillery of the enemy, gained a little eminence, and formed them-

selves into a new square. In this form, though totally without ammunition, the officers fighting only with their swords, and the soldiers with their bayonets, they resisted and repulsed the myriads of the enemy, in thirteen different attacks; until at length, incapable of withstanding the successive torrents of fresh troops, they were fairly borne down and trampled upon, many of them still continuing to fight under the very legs of the horses and elephants.

The loss of the English in this engagement amounted to 4000 sepoys and about 600 Europeans. Colonel Fletcher was among the slain; colonel Baillie, captain Baird, after being severely wounded in four places, and 200 Europeans, were made prisoners. They were carried into the presence of Hyder, who received them with most insolent triumph, which the English officers retorted by an indignant coolness:—‘Your son will inform you,’ said colonel Baillie, appealing to Tippoo, who was present, ‘that you owe the victory to our disaster, rather than to our defeat.’ Hyder angrily ordered them from his presence, and commanded them instantly to prison. He had purchased this victory at a very dear rate, for the slaughter fell almost entirely on his best troops, and the number is believed to have nearly trebled that of the whole of Baillie’s army. This loss is stated to have augmented the natural ferocity of Hyder’s temper, and may be reasonably assigned as a cause of his cruel treatment of his prisoners.

On the unhappy morning of this battle, Sir Hector Monroe, with the main army, had advanced along the Trepassore road, to meet the expected detachment. He heard the firing on his left, but was at too great a distance to come up before it had ceased. It would seem, indeed, that no notion was entertained of Hyder’s being engaged with the whole army in the action, and the firing was considered as proceeding only from the desultory attacks of his cavalry. At length, however, the repeated discharges of the appointed number of signal cannon, without any return being made, and the dead stillness which prevailed, began to excite some melancholy presages of what happened. The successive arrival of two or three wounded sepoys—for not a British soldier moved—who had the fortune to escape singly from the carnage, confirmed these apprehensions, and

compelled the main army to think of their own safety. When the whole affair was known a council of war was held, and it was unanimously agreed that the only measure of safety was an immediate retreat to Madras, which was accordingly executed.

In the mean time colonel Baillie, captain Baird, and the other British prisoners, were marched to one of Hyder's nearest forts, and there subjected to an imprisonment, of which confinement in a horrible dungeon was the least circumstance. Captain Baird, in particular, was chained by the leg to another prisoner, as much of the slaughter in Hyder's army was imputed to the English grenadiers. He remained a prisoner at Seringapatam three years and a half. In March, 1784, he was released, and in July joined his regiment at Arcot. In 1785, the regiment changed its number to the 71st. In 1787, he embarked with it for Bombay, and returned to Madras in 1788. The 5th of June, 1789, he received the majority of the 71st; and in October obtained leave of absence, and came to Britain. The 8th of December, 1790, he obtained the lieutenant-colonelcy of the 71st; and in 1791 he returned to India, and joined the army under marquis Cornwallis. He commanded a brigade of sepoys, and was present at the attack of a number of droogs, or hill forts, and at the siege of Seringapatam in 1791 and 1792; and likewise at the storming of Tippoo Sultan's lines and camps on the island of Seringapatam. In 1793, he commanded a brigade of Europeans, and was present at the siege of Pondicherry. The 21st of August, 1795, he was appointed lieutenant-colonel. In October, 1797, he embarked at Madras with his regiment for Europe: in December he arrived at the Cape of Good Hope; when he was appointed brigadier-general, and placed on that staff in command of a brigade. The 18th of June, 1798, he was appointed major-general, and removed to the staff in India. He sailed from the Cape for Madras in command of two regiments of foot and the drafts of the 28th dragoons, and arrived in January, 1799. The 1st of February he joined the army forming at Velore for the attack of Seringapatam, and commanded a brigade of Europeans. He earnestly sought and obtained permission to head the storming party in this perilous achievement, and his request was granted. Every arrangement being com-

pleted on the 4th of May, 1799, it was resolved to commence the attack at one o'clock, as the British knew that at this hour the natives were accustomed to betake themselves to repose on account of the heat. A few minutes before that hour Baird went among his party to see that every man was in readiness, after which he advanced to the ramparts, and ascended the parapet of the trenches, waving his sword, and cheering on his soldiers to the encounter. His bold bearing upon the occasion was that of a knight of romance, and such was its effect upon his followers that they scaled every obstacle, and burst through the enemy's defences like a torrent. In seven minutes the British flag waved upon the outer bastion, and before night Seringapatam itself had changed masters. He was now a conqueror in that perfidious city where he had formerly endured such unmerited suffering; but notwithstanding the flush of opposition, and the pride of victory, every feeling of resentment was abandoned. When the enemy had ceased to resist, his humanity in checking the excesses of his infuriated soldiers was equal to the gallantry with which he had led them on, and his captives as well as the whole city were loud in their praises of his clemency. According to established usage, general Baird conceived himself entitled to assume the governorship of the town he had taken, and under this impression he took up his abode in the palace of Tippoo; but lord Mornington (afterwards marquis Wellesley) had nominated his brother to this charge, and thus he was superseded on the following day by colonel Arthur Wellesley, who commanded a corps of reserve, but had not been actively employed in the capture. 'And thus,' said Baird, 'before the sweat was dry on my brow, I was superseded by an inferior officer.' He could little foresee that this 'inferior officer' was to become the first captain of the age! In consequence of his distinguished valour in this important capture, Baird was presented by the army, through lieutenant-general Harris, commander-in-chief, with Tippoo Sultan's state sword, and a dress sword from the field officers serving under his immediate command at the assault.

In 1801, general Baird was appointed to command an intended expedition against Batavia, but which was sent to Egypt. He landed at Cossier in June with the

army, crossed the desert, and joined lieutenant-general Sir John Hutchinson's army a few days before the surrender of Alexandria. In May, 1801, he was appointed colonel of the 54th regiment; and in 1802, he returned across the desert to India, in command of the Egyptian Indian army. He was removed to the Madras staff in 1803, and commanded a large division of the army forming against the Mahrattas. He marched into the Mysore country, where the commander-in-chief, lieutenant-general Stuart, joined him, and afterwards arrived on the banks of the river Jambudra, in command of the line. Major-general Wellesley being appointed to the command of the greater part of the army, Sir David found that his services could be of no farther use, and being chagrined with the injustice and neglect he had experienced, he obtained permission to return to Britain. He sailed in March with his staff from Madras, and was taken prisoner by a French privateer; but in October he was re-taken as the ship was sailing into Corunna. He arrived in England on the 3rd of November, having given his parole that he should consider himself a prisoner of war; but shortly after he and his staff were exchanged for the French general Morgan.

Sir David Baird received the royal permission to wear the Turkish order of the crescent, December 31, 1803; he was knighted by patent dated June 19, 1804; and was nominated a knight companion of the Bath on the 18th of August following. In the same year he was placed on the staff in England: he was appointed lieutenant-general, October 30, 1805, and commanded an expedition against the Cape of Good Hope. He arrived there the 5th of January, 1806; made good the landing on the 6th; on the 8th, attacked the Dutch army and beat them; on the 10th, the castle and town of Cape Town surrendered; and on the 18th, general Jansen surrendered the colony. In 1807, he was recalled. He sailed on the 18th of January on board a transport, and arrived on the 12th of April at Portsmouth. On the 19th of July he was removed from the colonelcy of the 54th to the colonelcy of the 24th, and placed on the foreign staff under general lord Cathcart. He commanded a division at the siege of Copenhagen, where he was twice slightly wounded; and returned with the army in November.

In 1808, Sir David was placed on the Irish staff, and

commanded the camp on the Curragh of Kildare. In September that year he embarked at the cove of Cork, in the command of a division consisting of about 5000 infantry for Falmouth, where he received reinforcements, and sailed in command of about 10,000 men for Corunna, where he arrived in the beginning of November, and formed a junction with the army under lieutenant-general Sir John Moore. He commanded the first division of that army; and in the battle of Corunna, on the 16th of January, 1809, he lost his left arm, which was shattered by a grape-shot, so that it had to be amputated from the socket of the shoulder.

For his services on this occasion Sir David Baird, whose name had already been included in the parliamentary votes of thanks for the operations of the army in India in 1799, for those of Egypt in 1801, and for the Danish expedition, again received the thanks of both houses of parliament. He was promoted to the rank of general, June 4, 1814; and was appointed governor of Kinsale on the death of general Sir Cornelius Cuyler in 1819; and of Fort George on the death of general Ross in 1827. His own death took place on the 18th of August, 1829, at his seat, Ferntower, in Perthshire. The latter part of his life seems to have been considerably embittered by what he deemed the injustice of our government, in not having adequately rewarded his numerous military services; and although he had been created a baronet, he considered himself justly entitled to a peerage. His duties in Ireland were chiefly of a civil character, and by the manner in which he discharged them he fully evinced that his talents were better fitted for the field of battle, than the higher and more important task of peaceful negotiation.

GERARD, VISCOUNT LAKE.

GERARD, first viscount Lake, was the second son of Launcelot Charles Lake, Esq., by Letitia, daughter of John Gumley, Esq., of Isleworth, in Middlesex, and was born on July 27th, 1741. At an early period he was

devoted to the military profession: he entered the army at the age of fourteen, and made his first campaigns in the seven years' war. He first obtained a commission in the first regiment of foot guards, in which he succeeded to a company: on the 2d of May, 1791, he was promoted to the command of the 53rd regiment of foot, from which he was transferred to the 73rd, and afterwards to the 80th. After having served with credit in the American war, and in Holland, under the duke of York, and having attained the rank of general, he was appointed to the chief command in Ireland during the rebellion of 1797-8. On the landing of general Humbert, in August, 1797, at Killala, with a small French force, general Lake, who was stationed at Castlebar, was suddenly attacked by the invaders before his troops had been collected, in consequence of which he was obliged to retreat with the loss of six pieces of cannon. But he made ample amends for this unavoidable mischance by the effective manner in which he co-operated with the marquis Cornwallis during their subsequent pursuit of the French. The final defeat and surrender of Humbert at Ballinamuck, on the 8th of September, was owing to the vigorous attack upon the enemy by Lake, while they were retreating before Cornwallis.

A more splendid field of exertion was now presented to the subject of this memoir, in which he was to reap a high military reputation. He was appointed commander-in-chief in India, A. D. 1800, at a very critical period. The warlike Mahrattas were divided between two rival chieftains, Scindiah and Holkar, whose superior ascendancy threw the authority of the Peishwa into the shade, and menaced an entire dissolution of that alliance which subsisted between the Mahratta tribes and the British government. In this case, the marquis Wellesley, who was governor-general, was apprehensive that the intrigues of the French would allure the Peishwa to throw himself upon their protection; an event that became more probable from the successes of Holkar, which not only threatened his rival's affairs with ruin, but those of his sovereign also. A treaty was therefore concluded between the marquis and the Peishwa, in March, 1803, by which he was to be restored to his throne, and on the British troops being set in motion for this purpose, the command of the advanced detachment was given to

major-general Wellesley, now the illustrious duke of Wellington. This treaty, as was natural, brought the rival Mahratta chieftains to their senses, and instead of continuing their feud, they entered into a mutual confederacy to support each other against the common enemy, and subvert the alliance between the British and the Peishwa. But the governor-general soon detected this compact, and therefore orders were transmitted to general Lake to assemble the army upon the north-west frontier of the company's territories, to be prepared to act against Scindiah. This was done by the general with a promptitude and energy that greatly contributed to the subsequent success. The army of Bengal on the north-west frontier of Oude was soon in a state of readiness to commence operations as soon as hostilities should begin.

This consummation arrived in consequence of the refusal of the confederate chiefs to accede to the marquis Wellesley's requisitions; a refusal which was reckoned tantamount to a declaration of war, and accordingly general Lake marched from Cawnpore on the 7th of August 1803, at the head of an army of British and native troops, to the number of 10,500 men. His first aim was to attack M. Perron, who was at the head of the French interests in India, and who was continually intriguing among the native chiefs for the subversion of the British interests. Perron's force, consisting of 15,000 cavalry, was strongly posted near the fortress of Ally-Ghur, upon which Lake determined to turn his left flank; he advanced for this purpose on the 29th of August, at the head of his cavalry, in two lines, supported by his infantry. The simultaneous advance of this bold onset so dismayed the enemy, that, after throwing out a large column of their horse which was soon driven back, they retired as rapidly as the British approached without hazarding a battle. General Lake then took possession of Cael, and summoned the fortress of Ally-Ghur to surrender; but this being refused by M. Perron, the French commandant, it was taken by storm on the 4th of September, after an hour of desperate resistance. In this place the military stores of M. Perron were contained, the capture of which was of great importance, and materially influenced the fate of the campaign. A few days after, the French commander wrote to general Lake,

announcing that he had left the service of Scindiah, and requesting permission to pass unmolested to Lucknow, which was granted.

Having thus quelled the French adventurers, the next aim of general Lake was to extend the British frontier to the river Jumna, and protect the person of the aged emperor Shah Aulum, who was held in a sort of honourable imprisonment by the French faction. He therefore moved towards Delhi, the capital of the Mogul empire, on the 7th, and on the 11th of September encamped near the Jehna Nullah, within six miles of the city. The enemy, however, began to muster rapidly in front of the British encampment, and prepare for battle, having their flanks so well defended by swamps that they could only be approached in front, while their front was bristled with a line of entrenchments, and a numerous artillery. Their force also amounted to 19,000 men, while Lake could bring no more than 4500 into action. He endeavoured to allure them from their strong entrenchments by a feint, in which he was successful. After his cavalry had skirmished with the enemy, and sustained a heavy cannonade, he ordered them to retire, which they did, making an opening for his infantry to advance, and the Indians mistaking this manœuvre for a hasty retreat, rushed out from their strong position with shouts of triumph. But the steady advance of the British infantry stopped their career, and the charge that followed was so overwhelming that they broke, and fled in every direction. Upon this general Lake ordered his line to break into columns, and from between the intervals the flying artillery darted out and played with such effect that the rout was complete, while whole troops were driven headlong into the Jumna. Three thousand of the enemy perished in this engagement, and all their artillery and military stores fell into the hands of the victors. The personal intrepidity of the British commander was conspicuous during the whole battle; his horse was shot under him at the commencement, and in the charge of foot by which the victory was decided, he led it, at the head of the 76th regiment, through a dreadful shower of round, grape, and chain shot. After this victory, Lake moved his ground nearer to the Jumna, and received a message from Shah Aulum entreating the protection of the British government. The

interview which took place in consequence, between the successful general and the fallen monarch, was touching in the extreme. Lake repaired to the royal palace of Delhi, which had once been so gorgeous with embassies and processions, to congratulate the descendant of Timour upon his emancipation from factious subjects, directed by foreign intriguers—but in the person of the representative of those who had ruled over so many kings and princes, he saw a blind, heart-broken old man, seated beneath a ragged canopy, and surrounded by insignia that mocked rather than imitated the pomp and circumstance of royalty. But a gleam of sunshine was thrown over the last days of the aged and care-worn Shah Aulum, by the deliverance which he now experienced, and the promise of British protection, so that, in the hyperbolical language of his people, the interview was said to have restored sight to his eyes. The grateful Mogul conferred upon general Lake the second rank in the empire, under the high-sounding Persian titles of ‘The Saviour of the State, the Hero of the Land, the Lord of the Age, and the Victorious in War.’

Active proceedings were still necessary, and the successful commander was again in the field. The army marched from Delhi on the 24th of September, towards Agra, and reached it on the 2d of the following month. This place was held by a strong garrison consisting of seven battalions, which encamped on the outside of the fort, and occupied the town and chief mosque of Agra. General Lake resolved to dislodge them, and ordered the attack, which soon carried the ravines, and the garrison craved a suspension of hostilities ; but during the negotiation, they treacherously renewed the conflict, by firing upon the British. The breaching batteries were therefore opened once more, and in four days the fort capitulated. Thus the branch of the campaign which had for its field of operation the north-west frontier of Oude, was finished with an energy, rapidity, and success, seldom witnessed even in the wars and conquests of India.

The powerful Scindiah was now to be assailed and humbled, more especially as that chieftain acted by the able advice and with the co-operation of M. Perron’s partisans, whose troops formed the main strength of his army. Fifteen battalions of these, and two battalions which had escaped from the defeat at Delhi on the 11th

of September, constituted the force of which general Lake now resolved to go in pursuit; and having left Agra on the 27th of October, he came up with them on the morning of the 1st of November, near the village of Laswaree. They then sent a message to treat of surrender, and general Lake returned them an offer of the terms, upon which he allowed them an hour to deliberate. No reply being received after the hour had elapsed, the British infantry were ordered to the attack, and four British batteries opened a heavy fire, which, however, was returned with interest, as the enemy were superior both in number of guns and weight of metal. The 76th regiment, which headed the attack, was thinned so rapidly in its advance by the cannonade, that Lake judged it necessary to begin the charge with that small body of men and the few native troops that were already come up, without waiting till his whole army could close; he therefore led them on in person under a terrible fire by which they were for a moment staggered, while at the same instant the enemy's cavalry made a dash upon them to complete their disorder. But the infantry received them with such a steady and close discharge that they were obliged to recoil: they rallied, however, in a few moments, and were about to repeat the onset, when Lake called up his own cavalry to encounter them. Their charge was brilliant and successful, and the rest of the British infantry, that had by this time arrived upon the scene, joined the attack upon the enemy's reserve, which was posted in the rear of their first line. The resistance at this point, as in every other part of the battle, was gallant and obstinate, but unavailing; the enemy, driven from their position and their artillery, after having vainly attempted to rally, were forced at last to retreat, which they did in good order. Nearly the whole of their army lay dead on the field of battle, or remained prisoners to the British; their artillery, camp equipage, money, beasts of burden, and provisions, enriched the conquerors, and soothed them for the toil and expense of such a victory. No effort of this campaign had tasked such exertions, or been crowned with such signal success: by it the power of Scindiah, as well as the influence of the French party, received an irrecoverable blow; the Peishwa was restored to his authority, and the Deccan tranquillized. It is worthy of remark also that the greater

part of the army by which such a triumph was achieved, had previously been long under arms, and in the course of forty-eight hours had performed a march of more than sixty-five miles. The commander also showed himself worthy of such soldiers, by his skilful arrangements and personal courage. Setting the example to the whole army, he led in person all the different attacks on the lines, and had two horses killed under him. Indeed, the whole of this campaign formed a glorious parallel to that which was simultaneously waged by the illustrious Wellington in a different part of India, and which was so distinguished by the victory of Assaye.

On account of these services general Lake was elevated to the peerage on the 1st of September, 1804, by the title of Lord Lake, of Delhi and Laswaree (the places of his two greatest victories), and to the dignity of Viscount, on the 31st of October, 1807. After his return to England, however, he was not fated long to enjoy those honours which he had so amply merited. He was appointed to sit on the trial of that miserable traitor, or imbecile general, Whitelocke, upon the Buenos Ayres affair—and as if the calamities of that shameful expedition had sent home a secret pestilence that was to cost us more lives even after all had been finished in the southern hemisphere, viscount Lake caught cold upon the trial, which terminated his existence after a few days of confinement. He died on the 30th of February, 1806, at the age of sixty-five, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Francis Gerard, second viscount Lake.

MAJOR-GEN. SIR JOHN STUART, K.B.

SIR JOHN STUART was born about the year 1760, and was the son of a Scottish gentleman who had emigrated to South Carolina, where his occupation chiefly lay in the back settlements of the province. According, however, to the prevailing practice among the colonial families, the subject of our memoir was sent to England for the purposes of education, and this being completed at Westminster school, he returned to the paternal roof.

After the death of his father in 1782, he adopted the military profession, and having obtained the rank of ensign he first saw active service at the battle of Guildford, where he received a severe wound in the groin, the consequences of which proved troublesome in after-life. Little after this occurs in the military career of Sir John till 1795, when, having risen through the several ranks until he had attained that of brigadier-general, we find him serving under Sir Charles Grey, in the expedition to the West Indies. This campaign was singularly fortunate, as Martinique, Guadaloupe, St. Lucia, and several smaller possessions, fell into the hands of the British. During this campaign general Stuart found an antagonist who tasked the utmost of his skill and courage in the celebrated Victor Hughes, who had obtained possession of Guadaloupe, and organized a formidable system of resistance with the aid of the negro slaves.

From the West Indies, Stuart was recalled to serve in another hemisphere; and having obtained the command of the Minorca, or Stuart regiment, he embarked with Abercromby for the deliverance of Egypt from the French. His aid was effective in the memorable landing, and the movements which followed previous to the battle of Aboukir. The courage of Stuart was particularly conspicuous in this terrible engagement. Perceiving that gallant regiment, the 42d, on the point of being overpowered, he hastened to its aid, and charged with the foreign brigade and the queen's German regiment with such effect, that the French were checked in their career of success, and driven back upon their own artillery. His conduct on this occasion elicited the highest approbation from his dying commander-in-chief, and the following extract appears in the general orders of the army, dated March 24th, 1801: 'The support given to the reserve by brigadier-general Stuart and the foreign brigade, was as gallant as it was prompt, and entirely confirmed the fortunate issue of that brilliant day.' On the promotions which subsequently took place, he was raised to the rank of major-general; he also received, from the grand seignior, the insignia of the order of the Crescent, which had been instituted for the purpose of rewarding those whose valour had been most conspicuous in the delivery of Egypt.

After the conclusion of the peace of Amiens, Sir John

once more returned to Egypt, being sent thither on a special mission ; and as he visited Constantinople on his way, he had there a critical escape from the effects of Turkish treachery. The course of his diplomatic duties required him to confer with the principal officers of the Turkish government, and among these was the capudan pacha, whom Sir John had bitterly reproached in Egypt (and it is said also by something weightier than words) for his treacherous massacre of the Mameluke chiefs. The capudan pacha in the bitterness of his heart resolved to take full vengeance for this offence, and as the plague was raging with great violence in the city, he caused two infected persons to be brought to his house, that they might die in the small chamber in which he meant to give audience to the general, causing it also to be kept closely shut until the British general arrived. But Sir John underwent this terrible ordeal without receiving the infection, and the malignant purpose of the pacha was happily disappointed.

On the breaking out of the war which succeeded the short-lived peace of 1802, those officers who had served with distinction in Egypt were not forgotten, and the station which was intrusted to Sir John Stuart on this occasion was one of high importance. Bonaparte having been proclaimed king of Italy, proceeded to take possession of the Neapolitan kingdom, which he easily accomplished, by driving Ferdinand IV. and his family into Sicily, after which he established his brother Joseph upon the vacated throne of Naples. But the fierce and hardy natives of Calabria were too much attached to Ferdinand, and too impatient of foreign control, to obey a French sovereign, and therefore they took up arms against the invaders, and signalized their valour in many a desperate skirmish. This spirit of revolt was carefully cherished among them by emissaries from the Sicilian court, and it was at last thought that by the aid of regular troops their resistance might be rendered effective. In compliance, therefore, with the wishes of the exiled court, Sir John Stuart, who commanded the British troops that had been sent to defend Sicily, undertook an expedition to the opposite coast of Italy in aid of the insurgents. He set sail for this purpose, and disembarked his troops in the gulf of St. Euphemia, near the frontier of Lower Calabria, in the beginning of July,

having under his command a force that fell somewhat short of 5000 men.

The French commander of Calabria was general Regnier, who had served under Menou in Egypt; and although he had seen the battle of Aboukir, and shared in the defeats and expulsion of his countrymen, his contempt of the military character of England was unbounded; he had even published a book on the evacuation of Egypt, in which he denied every claim of our officers and soldiers to skill and courage, and proved, to his own satisfaction at least, that they might have been very easily beaten. It was now time to make good his assertions, and rout his adversaries in the field as well as upon paper—and in full confidence in his own skill, as well as his superiority in cavalry and the discipline of his soldiers, he left his strong position on the bank of the river Amata, and on the 4th of July advanced to give combat to the British on the open plains of Maida. At nine in the morning the two armies confronted each other, the British light infantry brigade, which formed the right of the advanced line, being drawn up opposite the 1st Legion, the favourite French regiment. The French troops were not only more numerous on this occasion, being 7000 strong, but consisted chiefly of well-trying and experienced veterans, while their antagonists were for the most part young recruits; but in spite of this disparity the British advanced eagerly to the conflict. The opposed corps, when they were within one hundred paces of each other, mutually fired a few rounds, after which they prepared for close combat with the bayonet. The British soldiers, who were in quick march for the purpose, were impeded by the blankets which they carried at their backs; which their commander perceiving, ordered the line to halt, that they might throw them down. This was done in a moment, but the French imagining that the pause proceeded from fear, advanced with quick step, and loud shouts of triumph, in the hope that their enemies were already half conquered. Never were soldiers more miserably mistaken: the British, disencumbered of their load, again advanced, cheered in turn, and crossed the bayonets of the French, who were confounded at this unexpected boldness. Their officers now endeavoured to make them stand and return the charge, but in vain;

they were paralyzed to find themselves so unexpectedly assailed where they had hoped to be the assailants; and no sooner were the bayonets crossed than they broke and fled when it was too late to escape, so that they were pursued with great slaughter, while the whole plain was covered with their dead and wounded. The left of the French being thus completely defeated, a desperate struggle was made by their right to retrieve the day, and Regnier brought up his cavalry, in which arm the British were deficient; but such was the steady resistance of the infantry, that they threw off the horse from every point of attack. The French fled in all directions, and were pursued with great havoc not only by the British soldiers, but the Calabrian peasantry.—Such was the battle of Maida, which, although waged upon a small scale, was valuable in its moral results, as it inspired the British soldiers with a confidence in their own prowess, that was of the utmost service during the course of the war. As for its political effects, they were comparatively valueless, for it was soon found that the Calabrians were too ferocious and unmanageable to be converted even into irregular soldiers; and as the malaria began to affect the British troops, Sir John Stuart returned to Sicily, and resumed the protection of that island.

As soon as tidings of this victory arrived in London, the Park and Tower guns were fired, and a Gazette Extraordinary was published, detailing the particulars of the engagement. A vote of thanks to Sir John Stuart was proposed and unanimously carried in both houses of parliament, and soon afterwards he was invested with the insignia of the order of the Bath, while the regiments which he commanded in Calabria were permitted to bear the word Maida upon their standards. He was also created a noble by the Sicilian court, under the title of Count of Maida. Soon after these public honours, Sir John was rewarded with the colonelcy of the 74th regiment of foot, and appointed lieutenant-governor of Grenada; and he subsequently held the distinguished office of commander-in-chief of the western district of England. He died at Clifton, on the 1st of April, 1815, and was interred in Bristol cathedral.

LIEUT.-GEN. SIR JOHN MOORE, K.B.

It is fortunate for the character of this illustrious commander, that success is not always taken as the criterion of excellence. It is frequently amidst difficulties and disappointments that those higher abilities are called forth which might have been eclipsed amidst the blaze of prosperity ; and that the talents of a commander are exhibited more transcendantly amidst the emergencies of a disastrous retreat, than the triumphs of a victorious advance. Thus Moreau was more illustrious for his masterly retreat through the Black Forest, than for his splendid victory at Hohenlinden ; and Sir John Moore has at length won his due share of that approbation, which has been conceded to his more fortunate successors, who entered his field of labour under more favourable auspices.

Sir John Moore was born at Glasgow, on the 13th of November, 1761, and was the son of Dr. Moore, a physician, the well-known author of *Zeluco*, and other popular works : his mother was a daughter of John Anderson, laird of Dovehill. In his boyhood, he was educated at the High School of Glasgow, where he was distinguished for the gracefulness of his person, and a certain impetuosity of temper, which, however, paternal care and his own good sense soon repressed. When he had arrived at the age of eleven, Dr. Moore was engaged to accompany, as governor, the young duke of Hamilton to the continent ; the subject of our memoir was taken with them ; and thus he had an early opportunity of observing men and manners, and making a judicious choice of his future course in life. That choice was decidedly for the military profession, which was formed at twelve years of age, and all his subsequent studies were directed to this point. After having visited France, Geneva, Germany, and Prussia, in which last country his spirit was inspired by a truly heart-stirring military spectacle—Frederick the Great reviewing 40,000 of his soldiers—Sir John went with the travelling party to Italy, where he learned that an ensigncy had been procured for him in the 51st regiment, being now fifteen years of age. As the regiment was stationed at Minorca,

he repaired thither, and joined it in 1777. A garrison life, however, was not sufficiently stirring for his active temper, and as the war in America was then raging, Sir John wrote to his father, expressing his anxious wish to serve in that quarter. This was soon gratified by his friend and fellow-tourist, the duke of Hamilton, who, after raising a regiment for immediate service, obtained in it for Sir John the rank of lieutenant. The duke, indeed, who had been incited by a sudden access of chivalrous enthusiasm, held the rank of captain in this regiment of his own raising, and intended to accompany it; but when the period arrived, he had been visited by a new and more gentle inspiration; for he married, and resigned his commission. Lieutenant Moore reached the scene of war, and the Hamilton regiment, although composed of raw recruits, was soon marched into the fire of action. On one occasion his company, being attacked by superior numbers, took to their heels; upon which he rallied them by his voice and example, and held the enemy at bay, although with the loss of one-third of his men, until assistance arrived. While all commended his intrepidity on this occasion, he wrote the following *naïve* and modest statement to his father: ‘I got some little credit by chance for my behaviour during the engagement. To tell you the truth, not for any thing that deserved it, but because I was the only officer who did not leave his post *too soon*.’ His services and merit soon procured him the rank of captain. He fortunately escaped the disasters of lord Cornwallis’s army at Yorktown, for he had left it for New York, before they commenced. On the capitulation that followed, and by which the war in America was ended, captain Moore returned to England, and on the peace of 1783, the Hamilton regiment was disbanded. During this period of tranquillity he devoted himself to study, and especially to that of fortification and military tactics, and on the downfall of the ministry, which soon followed the peace, he was elected a representative of four Scottish boroughs, through the influence of the duke of Hamilton. In 1787, he was promoted to a majority in the 60th regiment, and afterwards in the 51st, in which he had first got his commission. His next step in the army was in consequence of our rupture with Spain, about the mercantile dispute of Nootka Sound. As the 51st regiment was

ordered to South America on this occasion, the lieutenant-colonel, who was averse to such a service, retired, and his commission was purchased by major Moore. The expected war, however, did not take place, as Spain made every concession, upon which the 51st remained in Ireland until 1792, when it was ordered to embark for Gibraltar.

After a short stay in this impregnable fortress, the monotony of which but ill-accommodated with Moore's active temperament, his regiment was ordered for Toulon, to reinforce the garrison; but before that ill-fated town was reached, general O'Hara had been taken prisoner, and the garrison compelled to embark. In consequence of this, when Moore had reached the English fleet under the command of lord Hood, he found it filled with the inhabitants of Toulon, who, after having fled from the revolutionary fury of their countrymen, were fiddling and dancing, as if their sufferings had been a dream. But a new destination was given to the services of the 51st regiment, for the affairs of Corsica were now mixed up with the changes of this all-engrossing war. That unfortunate country was overrun by French troops, while its institutions were subverted by the new revolutionary principles of the French government; and after a brave but unavailing resistance under their heroic leader Paoli, the Corsicans had placed themselves under the protection of England. They sent to lord Hood for aid to expel the French from the island, which they represented as an easy task; but as that commander was doubtful of the truth of their assertions, from his bitter experience at Toulon, he selected two officers, one of whom was lieutenant-colonel Moore, who had lately joined the army of general Dundas, to examine into the state of affairs, and report upon the propriety of the expedition. Moore landed with some risk, as the coast was wholly occupied by the enemy; and after joining a guerilla party of the natives, with whom he explored the state of the country, he reported to lord Hood and general Dundas, that a landing would probably be successful, and that the French could be expelled. In consequence of these representations, and the reasons with which they were corroborated, the British troops were landed in Martello Bay, on the 7th of February 1794, and Moore was detached with 800

soldiers and seamen to march forward, and attack the enemy's works. But the French had employed the interval so well in strengthening their fortifications, that an attack by land was out of the question: the fleet then attempted to enter the bay by forcing the Martello tower; but this tower, although garrisoned by only thirty-six men, held the whole British fleet in play for seven days. It was at length silenced, but the other works seemed still unassailable, upon which colonel Moore, who had examined a steep, rocky hill, about 700 yards from the enemy's chief redoubt, advised that cannon should be dragged up this precipice, and planted on the summit. This seemingly impossible achievement was speedily accomplished by the energies of the British seamen, who in two days hauled up and mounted two eighteen-pounders by the help of block and tackle, while another battery of smaller guns was planted on a neighbouring summit. The astonished French found themselves thus unexpectedly commanded by the British artillery, and after their ramparts had been shattered, they were assailed by three storming columns, the central one being headed by Moore himself, and which was the first to scale the entrenchments. The works and all the neighbouring forts were hastily evacuated by the French, who retreated into Bastia. As the enemy were now collected in great force in this quarter, Bastia was blockaded by the fleet, and obliged to surrender to the British on the 23rd of May.

Of the island of Corsica nothing now remained to the French but the town of Calvi, the siege of which the British commander resolved to undertake. This was commenced on the 29th of June, and as the place was of great strength, the siege continued till the 19th of July, when a practicable breach having been made in the rampart of one of the forts, it was resolved to attempt it by storm. The reserve headed by Moore was appointed to attack the fort, which was gallantly done amidst a shower of bullets, hand grenades, and shells, that exploded among them at every step; Moore himself was struck on the head by the splinter of a shell that whirled him round, and covered his face with blood. But he recovered in a few moments, and mounted the breach with his gallant followers, who rushed forward with loud shouts, driving the enemy before them. The post was won, and bat-

teries were raised upon it, which so successfully played upon the garrison, that on the 2d of August they were compelled to surrender. After this brilliant affair, the British commander invested colonel Moore with the duties of adjutant-general, as a step to farther promotion. The whole island was now rescued from the French—but here, as it has frequently happened, the blunders of British diplomacy counteracted the effects of British valour. The Corsicans, who only sought a protector at the hands of Britain, received a master in the person of Sir Gilbert Elliot, who was thrust upon them as viceroy; and before the simple islanders could recover from their astonishment at this undesirable boon, the new functionary commenced his office royally, by quarrelling not only with the natives, but the British commander also. As might be expected, therefore, the island of Corsica could not long be a pleasant residence for Moore, who came in for an ample share of the vice-regal indignation; and after several bickerings with Elliot, he was commanded by the latter to quit the island in forty-eight hours. Thus unceremoniously was he dismissed from a country which his valour had so greatly contributed to deliver. But Sir Gilbert's departure was as abrupt, and almost as early, as his own. He invented a constitution for the island, which was modelled from that of England; but so complex a political mechanism for a little country like Corsica, was as preposterous as the application of a powerful steam-engine to raise a bucket from a common fountain. The Corsicans therefore rebelled, and called in their old masters the French, who soon drove out Sir Gilbert and his impracticable system of government, after which the island was established as an integral portion of the French empire.

The dismissal of colonel Moore, and the unfavourable representations of the viceroy, instead of retarding, rather promoted his military advancement, so that soon after his return to England he was unexpectedly promoted to the rank of brigadier-general in the West Indies. He joined his brigade in the Isle of Wight, and set sail from Spithead on the 28th of February, 1796, to join the army under Sir Ralph Abercromby at Barbadoes. His able services under this gallant veteran during the West India campaign displayed the highest exertions of valour and military skill, especially in the debarkation

at St. Lucia, and the storming of Morne Fortuné, in which latter achievement he used the same plan which had been so successful at Calvi. Heavy guns were dragged up to the most advanced posts, by which Morne Fortuné was so successfully battered that the garrison capitulated. After these successes, Sir Ralph Abercromby appointed general Moore commandant and governor of St. Lucia, in order to complete the reduction of the island, a charge which the latter accepted with reluctance, as he longed for more active service. But he performed this duty with his wonted energy and success, notwithstanding the difficulties he encountered from the French troops, and the wild bands of Caribs, and runaway slaves, who filled the whole island with havoc and massacre. By establishing a line of posts, and keeping his troops continually on the alert, he repressed these insurgent bands wherever they attempted to rise, and at length restored tranquillity among the plantations. But from the effects of the climate, and incessant service, the mortality among his troops was so frightful, that the 31st regiment only, which at first consisted of 915 men, had dwindled away to seventy-four. Happily the object of Abercromby's expedition was accomplished by the reduction of Grenada and St. Vincent, for which purpose he had left St. Lucia, and therefore the soldiers were recalled from this fatal Golgotha. General Moore was carried from the island in an apparently dying state to Martinico; but in his voyage to England, the sea breezes soon restored his enfeebled constitution. On his return, he received the rank of major-general, and in September, 1798, he was appointed colonel of the 9th West India regiment.

The field of general Moore's exertions was now shifted to Ireland. That most unhappy country had been no unconcerned spectator of the French revolution; and when the Irish leaders saw the republican form of government established in France, they had hoped that with French assistance a similar destiny might be accomplished for themselves. They had therefore invoked a landing of our enemies, and in the hope that this object would be fulfilled, they had broke out into a state of desperate and open resistance that rendered military interference necessary. Sir Ralph Abercromby was appointed to the chief command of the army upon this

occasion, and he applied to have Moore appointed his brigadier-general, which request was complied with. Here general Moore served, first under his old commander, and afterwards under lord Cornwallis, and had a considerable share in suppressing the revolt occasioned by the landing of general Humbert. Besides these active services, he was distinguished in Ireland by the prudence with which he controlled the insurrectionary dispositions of the Irish, and the strict sobriety and discipline which he maintained among the soldiers under his immediate command.

After tranquillity had been restored in Ireland, general Moore, on his return to England, offered his services in accompanying the expedition under the duke of York to aid the Dutch in their revolt against France; and on his offer being gladly accepted, he rejoined Sir Ralph Abercromby once more, being attached to that commander's division of the army, a brigade in which was placed under his command. He landed at the Helder, on the 27th of August, 1799, and was actively engaged in that fierce conflict which immediately followed, and where the British were victorious, and in the subsequent engagement on the 19th of September, with general Brune, in which the valour of the British was rendered useless by the blunders of their Russian allies. General Moore, however, had still greater cause to remember the somewhat equivocal engagement of the 2d of October, in which the British were commanded by the duke of York. On this occasion, the column commanded by Abercromby showed itself worthy of its leader by sweeping every thing before it, and Moore, who was in the thickest of the heavy fire, received two severe wounds, by which he was compelled to leave the field. In consequence of these injuries he was obliged to return home, which he did in a very debilitated condition. As his constitution had been greatly shattered, it was judged that he needed a long interval of retirement; but it seemed as if the unconquerable energy of his will could raise him above pain and sickness, for early in the following spring he was ready for action, and requesting to be employed. He was placed again under his revered friend Abercromby, whom he followed in the Egyptian expedition; and he signalized his wonted courage and military conduct in the memorable landing of the British

troops, their subsequent advance, and, above all, the brilliant affair of the 21st of March, at Aboukir, where he was general officer of the day. His coolness, decision, and activity, in this trying conflict, where the British were not only outnumbered, but almost taken by surprise, greatly contributed to the victory. At an early period of the engagement, he was severely wounded in the leg by a musket ball; but indifferent to the pain, he still continued to act until the last shot was fired. This wound prevented him from sharing in the subsequent movements of the army, until the French had agreed to evacuate Egypt, when he was appointed to escort their troops to Rosetta. This service he performed in such a judicious and masterly style, although at the head of only 6000 men, as to extort the highest applause of the enemy. After these events, the general returned home in time to soothe the death-bed of his venerable father, who died exulting in the merited renown of his illustrious offspring.

After this period, until 1806, general Moore was chiefly employed as one of the British generals in preparing for the national defence, in consequence of the threatened invasion. As he largely enjoyed the confidence of the commander-in-chief, he was entrusted with the important station of Sandwich, opposite to Boulogne, where Bonaparte was expected to land; and although the enemy's threat was never fulfilled, yet the high state of discipline to which Moore brought the soldiers and volunteers had filled them with hope and made them eager for the encounter. His zeal on this occasion was gratefully acknowledged by the order of the Bath, which was conferred upon him towards the end of 1804. In 1806, he was sent to Sicily, shortly after the battle of Maida, where he served under general Fox, and on the following year he was appointed commander-in-chief of all the troops in the Mediterranean; but in consequence of the intrigues and divisions that prevailed in the weak and worthless court of Palermo, he was unable to effect any thing of consequence for Sicily. While he was endeavouring to organize its miserable troops, and put the island into a state of defence, an order came to him from England, to proceed with 7000 men to Gibraltar, and there wait for farther instructions. On his arrival there it had been intended that his services should be directed

towards Portugal, which country was menaced by a French force, under general Junot. But the prince regent of Portugal, instead of waiting for the arrival of Sir John Moore, took refuge with the British fleet, so that on the very day before the British general's arrival the prince had set sail, on account of which Sir John was obliged to return home. Another expedition equally fruitless led him to Sweden. He was sent at the head of 10,000 men to aid our ally Gustavus against the common enemy; but unfortunately for the general cause, this monarch was as mad as an overwrought feeling of chivalry and the study of the Apocalypse could well make him. His requirements were therefore so extravagant, and so inconsistent with Sir John Moore's duty to his own government, that the latter very properly refused to comply; upon which the freakish sovereign was so indignant, that he put the British general under a species of arrest. Sir John, however, contrived to escape from Stockholm, disguised and unattended, and in consequence of this rupture the armament was recalled.

The last and the most important of Sir John Moore's campaigns now succeeded; the only campaign in which he bore the principal command. Spain and Portugal, which had been absorbed within the wide-spreading dominion of Bonaparte, had become impatient of the foreign yoke that galled their national spirit, and insurrections took place in every part of the Peninsula, the reports of which were extravagantly magnified in England. In consequence of these rumours the nation seemed to be pervaded with one of its periodical political frenzies, so that nothing was said or sung about our streets, coffee-houses, and theatres, but laudations of Spanish valour and Spanish patriotism. All this would have been harmless enough had it been confined to the popular feeling; but our ministry were unfortunately infected with the hallucination. It was asserted that the Thermopylæ of European liberty was to be found in the Peninsula, and that it needed only a few British troops in that quarter to complete the good work, and utterly annihilate the power of Bonaparte. Sir Arthur Wellesley was therefore sent thither in the first instance, after which it was resolved to send out an additional army, in order that the operations might be more exten-

sive and certain. Sir John Moore had just returned from Sweden at this crisis, and it was generally expected, on account of his high reputation, that he would have been appointed to this command; but greatly to the surprise of his friends, he was attached to the expedition in a subsidiary capacity. The armament arrived in Maciera-roads just in time to hear of the victory of Vimiero. Preparations were now making, after the liberation of Portugal, for an advance into Spain, when a despatch from lord Castlereagh arrived at Lisbon, on the 6th of October, 1808, in which Sir John was appointed to the command of an army of 30,000 infantry and 5000 cavalry, to co-operate with the Spanish armies in driving the French from their country. It was thought by the British ministry, that such a force would be perfectly adequate to the undertaking. They had been grossly deceived by the representations of the Spanish Junta, who talked of successes that had never occurred, and of armies that existed no where but on paper, and all that they wanted was the presence of a British force, to form the nucleus of a universal national resistance. In the plan, therefore, which was prescribed to Sir John Moore, he was required, after entering the country, to concert his measures with the commanders of the several Spanish armies, and in all cases of doubt or difficulty, to be directed by Mr. Frere, the British minister in Spain. Sir John Moore was not so weak as to be infected with the popular delusion. He suspected the existence of those armies which the Spaniards so pompously paraded in their manifestoes; he knew the defective character which at this time pervaded the British commissariat; and he found that the means of transport for a campaign of such geographical difficulties were miserably defective. But in spite of these obstacles his march was commenced on the 18th of October, and on the 13th of the following month he reached Salamanca, having in that short interval performed a march of 400 miles. But on arriving at this place he found the futility of those representations, upon the strength of which he had been encouraged to advance. Instead of the 100,000 Spanish soldiers who were to cover his march, he found that Napoleon himself had hurried to the scene of action, thus leaving Portugal to its fate, while the Spanish armies were

completely demoralized and helpless through the injudiciousness of their commanders, and their frequent losses. In consequence of these circumstances, and the victory which the French gained at Tudela, Sir John Moore resolved to preserve his army by retreating to Portugal. In this measure, however, he was opposed by Mr. Frere. This functionary was blindly enthusiastic upon the subject of Spanish patriotism, which made him hope even against impossibilities; his ridiculous devotedness to the cause made him actually, like the knight of La Mancha, see armies in every cloud of dust; and besides, although merely a scholar and a civilian, he considered himself an oracle in military affairs, and competent to direct the whole campaign. He, therefore, fiercely opposed every idea of retreat, and insisted upon Sir John's advance to Madrid, now menaced by the French, but which he represented as about to become a second Saragossa. Although Moore suspected the correctness of these statements, and felt the difficulties of his position, yet he resolved to make one farther generous effort in behalf of Spain, and advance for the protection of the capital. He therefore resumed his forward movement on the 11th of December, at the head of only 25,000 effective soldiers, while 150,000 French troops were stationed in different parts of the country. But general Romana, whose co-operation was necessary, instead of joining him, retreated into Galicia, and the British were obliged to abide the whole brunt of the storm. The emperor had detached Soult in pursuit of them, and their march was retarded by occasional skirmishes with the enemy. Sir John Moore intended to have reached Carrion on the 24th of December; but here he found not only that Soult was concentrated at Carrion with 20,000 men, but that the whole French army had been called up from its different positions to surround him, and that Napoleon himself was advancing at the head of 50,000 soldiers. Even a victory, under such circumstances, would have annihilated the British army. To advance, or even to remain in its present position, would have been madness; and as for Madrid, it had surrendered without resistance, and was now occupied by the French. Thus, to use the expressive language of Moore, 'the bubble had burst, and he must

have a run for it.' No alternative remained but a speedy retreat into Galicia.

It was on the evening of the 24th that this memorable retreat was commenced, and not a moment too soon, for the patrols of Napoleon's army were already in sight, and had actually come up with the rear of the British column, while Soult at the same time was advancing. Lefebvre had also thrown his army between the British and the frontiers of Portugal, so that, with the exception of one dangerous outlet, they were hemmed in on every side. On the 27th, after some smart skirmishing, the headquarters of the army were established in Benevente, after which Sir John Moore continued the retreat to Astorga, which was reached on the 30th. This town, however, the army was obliged to quit on the following day, and in less than twenty-four hours Napoleon entered it with his army. It was here that the emperor was obliged to halt in his pursuit, in consequence of the change that had taken place in Austria, which required his immediate presence in that quarter. However, he entrusted to Soult the task of driving the British into the sea, and 25,000 men were placed for this purpose under his immediate command, while nearly twice that number could be called upon in case of necessity. Nothing could be more disastrous to the British soldiers, or trying to the spirit of their commander, than this most difficult and protracted march in the face of such a superior enemy. Our soldiers, who had entered Spain amidst the general enthusiasm and hope, and who longed for nothing better than an encounter, were disappointed on entering to find every thing so different from what they had been taught to anticipate. The pride, the bigotry, and the inefficiency of the Spanish troops converted their disappointment into rage; but the feeling became perfect madness when they found themselves compelled to retreat from a country where they had been taught to expect a career of victory and triumph. Then succeeded the miseries of their march, where they were sometimes obliged to proceed with the rapidity of couriers over rocks and mountains, in the midst of rain, snow, and tempest, enduring all the sufferings of hunger and thirst, and with an insulting enemy hanging incessantly on their flank and rear. All discipline was therefore gra-

dually forgotten, and all order confounded; troops and regiments were alternately converted into tumultuary mobs or bands of marauders; the cottages were plundered and burnt and the peasantry murdered in their line of march, and calamities more terrible than those inflicted by a national enemy were inflicted by the British soldiers, upon those people whom they came to defend. It was in vain that Sir John Moore exerted his utmost authority to quell these destructive excesses. The sufferings of the soldiers made them indifferent to the restraints of discipline, or the threats of their officers; and wherever wine could be found they gave loose to riot, until they fell unresistingly beneath the sabres of their pursuers. There was only one circumstance that could restore them to discipline and obedience; this was the appearance of the enemy, and the promise of an engagement. No sooner did the French advance, and show symptoms of a desire for battle, than the broken ranks threw themselves immediately into their wonted order, and prepared with alacrity for the combat.

In this state of disorder and suffering the army reached the neighbourhood of Corunna, to which the British transports had been ordered round from Vigo; but as Sir John Moore looked towards the harbour he saw nothing but an open expanse of water, for the fleet was still detained at Vigo by contrary winds. He was therefore obliged to take post at Corunna until the shipping could arrive, even though he should have to hazard an engagement; and upon this subject Soult did not leave him long in suspense. On the 14th of January (1809) the transports arrived, in which the sick, the horses, and the artillery were embarked, except twelve guns (only six-pounders) which were retained for action; but the French army was also at hand, with the full determination of preventing the escape of the British. A parting battle was inevitable, and on the 16th Sir John Moore made every preparation to await it. The British infantry, to the number of 14,500, occupied a range of heights in the neighbourhood of the town, enclosed by three sides of the enemy's position, their several divisions under the generals Baird, Hope, Paget, and Frazer, being thrown up to confront every point of attack. The French, who amounted to 20,000 men, and were led by the greatest of their commanders next to Bonaparte, advanced in

full confidence, and at their first onset drove in the British piquets, and carried the village of Elvina; they then made three attacks simultaneously upon as many different parts of the British army, and obtained at first a partial success from their immense superiority in cannon. But Moore having detected the weakest part of the enemy's position, threw forward his reserves, under Paget and Frazer, who drove the French out of Elvina. The struggle was renewed for the possession of this post, around which the interest of the battle was now concentrated, while Sir John Moore, knowing that his right was the weakest point of his army, took his station there. He had sent the 50th regiment to aid in the capture of the village; and when he saw their gallant bearing, he exultingly exclaimed—'Well done the 50th, well done my majors,' alluding to majors Napier and Stanhope, by whom it was commanded. To the 52d regiment, which was detached on the same service, he briefly exclaimed—'Highlanders! remember Egypt;' and when their ammunition began to fail, so that they seemed disposed to fall back, he rode up to them, and cried—'Join your comrades; you have your bayonets!' When the contest for the village was at the fiercest, Sir John, who was anxiously watching the event, was struck on the left breast by a cannon shot that dashed him to the ground with great violence. Without the least change of countenance he rose again in a sitting posture, and continued to observe the battle as if he had been untouched. It was not till he saw that his soldiers were gaining ground, that he allowed himself to be taken to the rear. At first it was hoped that his hurt was not deadly; but a moment sufficed to undeceive his friends upon this point. His shoulder was shattered to pieces; the arm was hanging only by a piece of skin, and the ribs over the heart, besides being broken, were bared of flesh, while the muscles of the breast were torn into long strips. While his soldiers were placing him in a blanket, the hilt of his sword got entangled in the wound, and captain Hardinge, a staff officer, attempted to unbuckle the weapon; but Moore prevented him, saying in a feeble voice—'It is as well as it is, I had rather it should go out of the field with me.' This touching incident reminds us of one that graced the last moments of a hero of antiquity, who, like Moore, died in the moment of victory—

Epaminondas kissing his shield, and rejoicing that it had not been left behind.

Although the presiding spirit that had animated the British army was thus withdrawn, the first impulse still continued to act, and the regiments, as yet ignorant of the death of their commander, pressed onward and gained ground. Elvina was won, and when night set in the French were retiring in confusion before the successful charges of the British reserves. Had the latter been but reinforced on this occasion, the success had been more complete, for the ammunition of the French was nearly exhausted, while the narrow bridge of El Borgo was the only medium of retreat. As it was, however, the enemy were thrown into such disorder that the British could find no difficulty in getting on board their ships, and therefore Sir John Hope, upon whom the command devolved, judged it prudent to embark during the night. This was done with such ability and promptitude, that on the succeeding morning the transports were nearly all out at sea, before the disappointed French could bring a gun to bear upon them.

From this point we must again return to the last moments of the expiring hero. A few veteran soldiers, in slow procession, and weeping as they went, carried their commander from the field; but he repeatedly ordered them to halt and turn round, that he might listen to the distant firing, and judge of the progress of the battle. His practised ear soon discerned the state of matters, and he allowed himself to be carried to the town. He could only speak during short intervals of agony, and his anxious question which he repeated to every one was, 'Are the French beaten?'—and on being assured that such was the case, he exclaimed, 'I hope the people of England will be satisfied; I hope my country will do me justice.' He then spoke affectionately of his mother and his relatives, inquired after the safety of his friends who were still engaged, and even at that moment mentioned those whose merits had entitled them to promotion. A few moments after he died without a struggle. His friends would have brought his corpse to England, but he had often expressed a wish that he should be buried on the field where he might happen to fall; and the wish was now remembered as a sacred bequest. The rampart of the citadel of Corunna was selected as the fittest grave, and the hour of mid-

night, when the sounds of conflict had sunk into repose, as the period of interment. The chaplain-general read the funeral service by torchlight, and the mourners departed amidst the murmurs of a random fire, that was gradually approaching nearer. But a generous enemy completed those funeral rites, which the friends of the dead had been obliged abruptly to terminate. On the succeeding day, when the British were safely out at sea, the guns of the French paid the wonted military honours to the funeral of Moore, and Soult afterwards raised a monument to his memory.

‘Thus ended,’ writes the eloquent historian of the peninsular war, ‘the career of Sir John Moore, a man whose uncommon capacity was sustained by the purest virtue, and governed by a disinterested patriotism, more in keeping with the primitive than the luxurious age of a great nation. His tall, graceful person, his dark, searching eyes, strongly defined forehead, and singularly expressive mouth, indicated a noble disposition and a refined understanding, while the lofty sentiments of honour habitual to his mind, being adorned by a subtle, playful wit, gave him, in conversation, an ascendancy that he always preserved by the decisive vigour of his actions.’ As for his public and professional character, it is briefly but happily sketched in the general order which was issued to the army, on the 1st of February, 1809: ‘In the school of regimental duty,’ it says, ‘he obtained that correct knowledge of his profession which is essential to the proper direction of the gallant spirit of the soldier; and he was enabled to establish a characteristic order and regularity of conduct, because the troops found in their leader a striking example of the discipline which he enforced on others. In a military character, obtained amidst the dangers of climate, the privations incident to service, and the sufferings of repeated wounds, it is difficult to select any point as a preferable subject for praise. The life of Sir John Moore was spent among his troops. During the season of repose, his time was devoted to the care and instruction of the officer and soldier; in war he courted service in every quarter of the globe. Regardless of personal consideration, he esteemed that, to which his country called him, the post of honour; and by his undaunted spirit and unconquerable perseverance he pointed the way to victory.’

FIELD-MARSHAL

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, K. G.

&c. &c. &c.

By the end of the seventeenth century the military character of Britain, once so dreaded upon the continent, had become cheap in general estimation, and those nations that had trained themselves to arms by continual warfares and aggressions, were ready to deride every warlike operation which our countrymen undertook by land. They asserted that our island spirit had been corrupted by traffic; that our generals were ignorant of the first principles of the military art; and that even the national valour, when roused to action, and conducted to success, was rather a fortuitous and momentary paroxysm, than a permanent characteristic of the British people. Such was the general opinion throughout Europe until the delusion was dispelled by the victories of Marlborough. When the ploughshare of succeeding generations had erased the deep marks of havoc produced by his campaigns, and when France, our hereditary, national enemy had produced the greatest and most successful of her commanders, the charge against Britain was resumed, and many a taunting gibe was expressed at the idea of a 'nation of shopkeepers' pretending to interfere in the affairs of Europe as a military people. And indeed our first efforts to repress the aggressions of Bonaparte seemed to add truth as well as poignancy to the sarcasm. But the triumph of the enemy was brief. The illustrious Wellington entered upon the scene, and stepped from victory to victory. After showing, by routing all the most distinguished officers of Napoleon in turn, that his success was owing to no capricious change of fortune, he finally stamped the military reputation of the country, as well as his own, upon the field of Waterloo, where he broke the power of the ablest and most successful conqueror that had ever been inflicted upon the human race.

Arthur Wellesley, the illustrious subject of this memoir, third surviving son of the first earl of Mornington, was born at Dangan Castle, in the county of Meath, on the 1st of May, 1769. His mother was Anne, eldest daughter of Arthur Hill, first viscount Dungannon. The family of Wellesley is of great antiquity in Ireland, as its progenitor accompanied Henry II. thither in the capacity of standard-bearer, and was endowed by that sovereign with large grants of land in Kildare and Meath. The first place where the young hero received a public education was Eton school; after which he was removed to the military school of Angers, in France, where he learned the principles of that science in which he was to show his proficiency at the expense of his instructors. At the age of eighteen, he obtained an ensigncy in the 73rd regiment of foot; and as rapid promotion was easy at that period for those who possessed wealth or influence, he rapidly rose through the intermediate steps, and became lieutenant-colonel of the 33rd regiment in 1793. During this interval, he served above three years in the cavalry, which circumstance was of importance to his future use of that arm of warfare: he also sat in the Irish parliament during the three years preceding 1794, where he represented the borough of Trim. Little comparatively is known of the history of colonel Wellesley during this period, but we may safely presume that his active mind did not waste itself in frivolity or idleness. It is probable that even now he was carefully treasuring up those lessons of experience, which he afterwards so brightly illustrated as a warrior and a statesman.

Such was the quiet tenor of his life till 1794, when the expedition of the duke of York called him for the first time into active service. In May, he embarked with his regiment at Cork, and landed at Ostend in the following month. It is unnecessary for us to repeat those disastrous events which befell the British and their allies, during this unfortunate campaign, in which the exertions and moral energies of the former were paralyzed by the blunders of the latter. The sagacious mind of colonel Wellesley, even at this early period, and upon a ground which he was afterwards so gloriously to occupy, must already have detected those gross mistakes that were alternately committed by the assailants and the

assailed. The allied armies formed a feeble cordon of nearly eighty miles in length, that might have been broken at every point; but the French had not yet acquired so much military sagacity as to attack it with their forces concentrated. As it was, however, the duke of York was compelled to retreat, and the miseries of his soldiers in this retrograde winter march through Flanders were trying in the extreme, until they reached Westphalia. The dreary wastes covered with snow which they had to traverse, and the multitudes that sunk under the inflictions of cold, fatigue, and hunger, remind us of those sufferings which were afterwards experienced upon so gigantic a scale by the French army in their retreat from Moscow. During the progress of these unfortunate events, colonel Wellesley exerted himself with energy and promptitude wherever his services were required. In the desultory contests that took place, he on one occasion, at Meteren, repulsed the enemy by whom he was attacked, and recovered two pieces of cannon which they had taken; and on another, at Geldermansel, he was equally successful. During the last and most trying part of the retreat, he commanded a brigade in the rear-guard, and in so judicious a manner as to excite the admiration of his brethren in arms. The wasted British army, at the termination of their retreat, embarked at Bremerlehe, on the Weser, in the spring of 1795, and returned home amidst the discontent and murmurs of the whole nation.

No sooner had Wellesley returned than a new sphere of action was opened for his services in the West Indies, whither he was ordered to embark in autumn. He set sail with his regiment accordingly; but fortunately he was not fated to encounter that baneful climate which has destroyed so many of our best and bravest officers; for adverse winds and tempestuous weather dispersed the armament, and drove the 33rd regiment back to Spithead. On the April of the ensuing spring its destination was changed for India, which he reached at an early period of 1797, having obtained the rank of colonel by brevet, in the preceding year. It was not many months after his arrival at Calcutta that he was followed by his eldest brother, lord Mornington, who had been appointed governor-general of India. This was an event particularly favourable to colonel Wellesley, who

was now certain of having his abilities employed in their proper sphere, and therefore, in 1798, he was attached to the army of general Harris, which had for its object the dethronement of Tippoo Saib. The particulars of this splendid campaign have been already related, but that part of it which fell to the share of Wellesley tended to increase his growing military reputation. He was already distinguished for the admirable and efficient discipline which he had introduced among the greater part of the troops, who for some time previously had been placed under his superintendence, so that general Harris, on assuming the command, noticed the circumstance particularly in the general order; and during the siege of Seringapatam, his frequent suggestions upon the state of the different posts were received with great approbation by the commander-in-chief. As Wellesley commanded the reserves, he had no opportunity of taking a part in the storming of the city; but when the capture was accomplished, he exerted himself with great humanity in calming the fury of the soldiers, who were sufficiently disposed for deeds of cruelty and rapine. After tranquillity had been restored, he was invested by general Harris with the office of commandant, and a garrison was established in the capital.

While colonel Wellesley was thus called to the military and civil government of a great portion of the Mysore, and employed in restoring order by the vigour of his administration, one of those military adventurers so common in the east suddenly made his appearance, for the purpose of restoring the reign of anarchy. This was a sort of independent chieftain, or brigand, named Doondiah Waugh, who, after troubling the country, had been trepanned and imprisoned by Tippoo; but at the siege of Seringapatam he had escaped from his dungeon, and contrived to rally a considerable force, at the head of which he proceeded to levy contributions upon the province of Bednore, accompanied with numerous acts of atrocity. A British force under colonel Dalrymple was sent against him; but Doondiah fled, and took refuge in the Mahratta country, whither his pursuers could not follow him. Such an Asiatic freebooter might in time have founded at least a temporary empire, so that it was necessary to crush him before his power had opportunity to consolidate; and colonel Wellesley, who

was now appointed to the command of the troops above the ghauts, found that this service was included among his military duties. He therefore took the field in person against Doondiah, in 1800, and found in this daring barbarian an antagonist with whom it was not easy to cope. This chieftain's forces being wholly composed of cavalry and light artillery, enabled him to come and go like the winds; and such was the terror which his flying movements inspired, that he had become the master of a considerable portion of the territory that had lately been wrested from Tippoo Sultan, while the pompous title which he had assumed, of 'King of the Two Worlds' showed the extent of his ambitious hopes. The country was so wasted by his depredations, that it was impossible to subsist an army from its resources; but Wellesley, on the occasion, displayed that fertility of invention for which his great campaigns were afterwards so remarkable. He commenced his march towards the end of May, and after following the doublings of his light-heeled antagonist till the 9th of September, during which he had greatly curtailed the power of Doondiah, he at length drove him fairly into a *cul-de-sac* between Yepulpurry and Bunnoo. The chieftain, whose force now consisted of 5000 cavalry, endeavoured to turn and break through between his pursuers, but his career had come to a close. Wellesley, who urged the pursuit with his cavalry alone, gave him no time for such a movement. At the head of the 19th and 25th British regiments, and the 1st and 2d of native cavalry, he made so resistless a charge, that the marauders were broken and scattered almost in a moment, while Doondiah himself was among the slain. By these prompt measures, which were attended with immense toil and hazard, one of the national pests of devoted India was speedily exterminated.

After this successful campaign, the first in which he held the chief command, colonel Wellesley returned to his civil duties in the Mysore territory, where his talents for political administration were as conspicuous as those he had lately shown for war, so that the natives were gradually reconciled to the British government, which at last they preferred to that of their native princes. But a new enemy was soon to summon him again to the field, and put the uttermost of his ability to the test. It is here necessary to premise, before mentioning the par-

ticulars of a campaign upon which the military reputation of our illustrious hero is based, that the vast empire of the Mahrattas was in a great measure under the dominion of four feudatory chiefs, who exercised a sovereign and independent authority over their respective dominions, and set at nought the control of their feudal superior, the Peishwa, from whom they derived their power. These were Scindiah, Holkar, Guickwar, and Bhoonslah. The most powerful of these was Scindiah, whose army amounted to 40,000 men, disciplined and commanded chiefly by French officers. As it was natural that these sovereigns should feel jealous of the British power, they had first tried the experiment of stirring up Doondiah against it, that they might learn by the result whether it might be safely encountered. But when the result was ascertained, and when it was found that nothing but union among themselves could give to their resistance any hope of success, their mutual feuds and jealousy of each other, fortunately for the British interests, stood in the way of such a coalescence. To prevent, however, the possibility of such a union, and to detach the Peishwa from their control, was now the policy of the Company, more especially as that unfortunate potentate, who had been defeated by Holkar and obliged to fly, had earnestly solicited an alliance with the British. The request was acceded to by the governor-general, and it was also sought, though in vain, to include Scindiah, the rival of Holkar, within the same treaty. The terms being settled, and signed by the Peishwa on the 21st of December, 1802, it was resolved to restore him to his throne; and as these events had been for some time anticipated, Wellesley, who had now been raised to the rank of major-general, had been busied in preparations for an arduous and important campaign. In fact, the task of subsisting an army in the east, in which Wellesley so much excelled, is of much greater difficulty than gaining victories and storming cities. Of this the marquis Cornwallis was made fatally aware, in his advance upon Seringapatam. The truth of this proposition will be easily perceived when we call to mind the geographical peculiarities of India, and the fact, that in an Indian army scarcely a fifth part of the number are the effective combatants.

All being now in readiness, general Wellesley, who

commanded the advanced detachment of the expedition, commenced his march from Hurryhur on the 9th of March, 1803, and proceeded towards Poonah, the capital of the Peishwa; and as he hoped to be joined by the chieftains who were in hostility with Holkar, he carefully abstained from any hostile act that might excite their jealousy. Several of these joined him with their forces, so that the country was relieved for a time from their depredations, and on their line of march the British were every where welcomed by the natives as their liberators. After having crossed the rivers in basket boats, and suffered every hardship from the roughness of the country, and the heat of the climate, general Wellesley, previous to reaching Poonah, was given to understand that Amrut Rao, who kept possession of the city, intended to burn it before the British arrived. The English general, to prevent such a disaster, began to amuse the barbarian with a feigned negotiation, in the midst of which he made a rapid night march with his cavalry upon Poonah. Amrut Rao having timely warning of this sudden movement, abandoned the city with great rapidity, which immediately fell into the hands of the British. By this bold measure the war was removed to a distance from the Company's territories, and an advantageous position was gained, from which the campaign might be continued with success. On the 13th of May, the Peishwa re-entered his capital in state, and resumed his throne.

Having recruited and refreshed his army, and brought it into a most efficient state during the halt at Poonah, general Wellesley again prepared to take the field. The purposes of the great Mahratta chiefs were still uncertain, and in the event of their combining, the war would have assumed a very formidable aspect. Scindiah himself had lately shown such symptoms of hostility as could not be mistaken, and on being offered certain amicable terms by the British general, he refused them so peremptorily, that he was selected as the first example, for a warning to his brother chiefs. War was therefore declared against him on the 6th of August, and Wellesley resumed his march at the head of 10,000 regular troops, and about 30,000 native soldiers. His first operation was against the town and fort of Ahmednuggur, which was strongly garrisoned for Scindiah. The town was carried

by storm, and the garrison of the fort were compelled to capitulate, after which Wellesley pressed forward, being eager to come to action with the enemy: but Scindiah was equally desirous to shun an engagement, and he purposed to carry on a predatory war with his cavalry only. But he was soon obliged to abandon this purpose on account of the rapidity with which he was followed, and the disposition of those detachments from the British army by which his motions were circumscribed. He therefore called up his infantry, and encamped at the village of Assaye, having the almost impassable river Kaitna, with its steep and rugged banks, in his front. The troops of Scindiah, and those of his ally Bhoonslah, the rajah of Berar, to the number of 50,000, occupied the large plains to an extent of several miles; and besides their numbers and formidable position, they had an immense train of artillery; while Wellesley had with him upon this occasion not more than 4,500 men, of whom only 1700 were Europeans. But after the British commander had surveyed the enemy's position, he resolved to attack them, notwithstanding this disparity of numbers. As soon as this purpose was known his army was elate with anticipated success: from their reliance upon their commander, his soldiers felt as if the victory was already their own.

On the 23d of September, 1803, was fought the important battle of Assaye. On the village of that name the infantry composing the left wing of the enemy rested, and upon this general Wellesley resolved to make the attack, by which the battle would be confined within a narrow space, and their numerous cavalry neutralized. A ford was found by which the Kaitna was easily crossed; and with his infantry formed into two lines, supported by the cavalry, he closed upon the enemy, notwithstanding a heavy cannonade, by which his few guns were rendered useless, most of the gunners and draught bullocks being killed. The charge was made with the bayonet; the Mahratta artillery was carried; and the British still rushing forward, at length drove the Mahratta infantry towards the river Jouah, a tributary of the Kaitna, which joins it at an acute angle. When the native troops of Scindiah were broken and put to flight, the French infantry in his service retreated at first in good order; but on being closely fol-

lowed and assailed by the victors, they were finally compelled to fly with their allies. The British, in their hot pursuit, had thrown themselves into some disorder; and it was then that the Mahratta cavalry, which had been shut out from the combat by the judicious arrangements of Wellesley, began to muster upon the skirts of our over-eager battalions, and threaten an attack; while some of their infantry had rallied near Assaye, and commenced a fire upon the rear of the pursuers. Thus, the successful army was suddenly placed between two fires, and its situation for a moment was more critical than ever. But Wellesley, instantly placing himself at the head of the 78th regiment and a portion of his native cavalry, charged upon the Mahrattas who had rallied, and soon put them to flight. The field was strewn with the dead and wounded, and 100 pieces of artillery and seven standards fell into the hands of the British, who had 365 killed, and 1481 wounded, being more than one-third of their whole force—a proof of the obstinacy of the resistance, and the difficulty of such a victory, as well as the determined valour of those who gained it.

After this defeat, Scindiah had recourse to negotiation, and a truce was agreed upon on the 22d of November, by which he engaged to move his forces into the territories of the rajah of Berar, and there maintain a strict neutrality. But instead of observing these conditions he united himself with Manoo Bappoo, brother to the rajah, and prepared to renew the war. Wellesley, therefore, went in pursuit of these confederates, whose united forces composed a formidable army, and came up with them on the 29th, near the village of Argaum. The British troops had performed a long march under the heat of a burning sun, and the day was already far spent; but as soon as Wellesley discovered the enemy's line stretching to a great extent in front of the village, and drawn up in battle array, he determined on an immediate attack. As his army advanced for the purpose, a heavy cannonade was suddenly opened upon it from artillery that was concealed by trees, upon which a part of the native infantry turned and fled in dismay: but before the panic had spread, he succeeded in rallying, and bringing them back, after which his whole line advanced at a steady pace. The battle was now commenced in earnest by a large body of Persian cavalry in the service of the rajah

of Berar : these gallant Asiatics, mounted upon fleet chargers, advanced like a whirlwind upon the 74th and 78th regiments, who were in advance on the right of the British line ; but their impetuous onset and heady valour were in vain, for they were cut off almost to a man. At the same time Scindiah's cavalry made a dash upon the British left, but were repulsed with great slaughter by a battalion of native infantry. The enemy's infantry were now reached and encountered ; but these having seen the fate of the horse, did not even wait the charge : they fled in confusion, leaving their cannon and ammunition behind, and were chased several miles by moonlight with great slaughter ; nothing but the friendly darkness could have saved them from total destruction. As it was, their loss was more than 2000 men, while the British had only forty-six killed, and about 300 wounded. Scindiah having been thus baffled by Wellesley, at the same time that his forces had been defeated in the north by general Lake, now thought it prudent to submit, more especially as the rajah of Berar had already concluded a separate alliance with the British. He acceded to every condition of the treaty which was proposed by the conqueror, and surrendered into the possession of the Company the rich provinces between the Jumna and the Ganges, called the Dooab, several extensive districts beyond the Ganges, a part of his maritime territory in Guzzerat, and finally the person of shah Aulum, the Great Mogul, whom for some time he had kept in a state of thralldom. Thus our empire in the east, which was founded by Clive, was completed by the victories of Lake and Wellesley ; and while the former was promoted to a peerage, the latter was rewarded with the order of the Bath. This was certainly establishing an invidious disproportion between the merits of these two illustrious commanders ; but Wellesley could afford to wait : his spring-time of reputation had only begun, and those deeds which with others would have formed the bright termination of a military career, had been with him nothing more than a commencement.

It was natural that Sir Arthur Wellesley should now long for a more distinguished sphere of action than India was likely to furnish. He had already established for himself a reputation that was sure to open for him a way in Europe, and the value of his services could not

fail to be appreciated by the authorities at home. Besides this, his health required a change of climate, and he was unwilling to stay longer in India, as he felt that the Company had but coldly recognised the zeal with which he had promoted their interests. He therefore announced his intention of departing for England, to the regret of all his companions in arms, as well as of those provinces into which his civil administration had introduced the blessings of prosperity and peace. Numerous addresses from the various civil and military bodies, all expressive of affection and regret, were sent to him on the occasion ; and on the 5th of March (1805) a grand farewell entertainment was given to him by the officers of the presidency of Madras. A few days after this, he embarked for England, where he arrived in the month of September.

Circumstances had occurred before the landing of Sir Arthur that seemed to promise him immediate opportunities of distinction ; for, in consequence of the growing power of France, Russia, Austria, and Sweden had leagued with Great Britain against the predominant enemy. Only one month, therefore, after the arrival of Sir Arthur Wellesley, our ministry resolved to send an army to the north of Germany, to co-operate with the Swedish and Russian forces for the recovery of Hanover, and to attempt a diversion in favour of the Austrian and Russian army, at this time closely pressed by Napoleon on the banks of the Danube. But this expedition, to which Sir Arthur was attached, and most unjustly as a mere leader of brigade, had scarcely reached its destination, when Napoleon's successes, the treachery of Mack, and above all the battle of Austerlitz, showed the impracticability of the attempt, so that the British army returned to England early in the spring of 1806. On Sir Arthur Wellesley's arrival, he was returned to the British parliament as member for the borough of Newport, the first time he had sat in that house ; and here he was obliged to defend his brother, the governor-general of India, upon the several charges that were brought against his vice-regal administration. This, however, he effectually accomplished, and showed himself as powerful in the senate as in the field ; and in April of the same year he married the Hon. Miss Elizabeth Pakenham, daughter of lord Longford, to whom he had been engaged before his departure for India. After this, the

duke of Richmond being appointed lord-lieutenant of Ireland, in April, 1807, Sir Arthur was appointed his chief secretary, in which capacity he was employed for several months, partly in Dublin, and partly in London. But the expedition to Copenhagen soon called him from civil into military action, and when admiral Gambier and lord Cathcart were sent, at the head of a powerful armament, to secure the Danish fleet at Copenhagen, that it might not be employed by France to the jeopardy of England, Sir Arthur Wellesley accompanied the expedition as commander of the division of reserve. In this hostile demonstration, which was completely successful, Sir Arthur bore a distinguished part. He led the reserve in two divisions against the Danes at Kioge, where three or four of their battalions were drawn up in one line, with cavalry upon either flank, and at a short distance there seemed to be another force still more numerous. Such was the skilfulness of his arrangements, and the promptness of his attack, that the Danes were routed with great loss. This defeat accelerated the capitulation that soon took place, by which the Danish fleet was surrendered to the temporary custody of England. On returning to England, and resuming his official duties as chief secretary of Ireland, Sir Arthur received the thanks of the House of Commons, 'for the zeal, intrepidity, and energy, displayed in the various operations which were necessary for conducting the siege, and effecting the surrender of the navy and arsenal of Copenhagen.'

The time had at length arrived when Sir Arthur Wellesley was to enter upon a field where his great talents could be properly exercised, and for which his previous training in India had so admirably fitted him. The resistance of Spain and Portugal to the aggressions of Napoleon had filled the British public with such hopes of success, that an army was assembled in 1808 to aid these countries against the common enemy, and Sir Arthur was appointed to command an expedition in which he would have to cope with the bravest armies and best leaders of France. He set sail with the armament from Cork on July 12th, but on arriving at Corunna he found that the Spaniards, although they had lately been defeated under their generals Ceusta and Blake were still too proud to avail themselves of the aid of a British army.

They were eager enough, however, to receive supplies of arms, ammunition, and above all of money, after being furnished with which they advised Sir Arthur to repair to the north of Portugal, where his exertions would be most required. Sir Arthur repaired to Portugal accordingly; and after some negotiations with the leading men of that country, he found that the best place to disembark his army would be the Mondego river, upon which he took this bold step, although all his forces had not yet arrived, while he knew that Sir Hew Dalrymple had been sent out to supersede him. The remainder of the troops under general Spencer unexpectedly arrived before the landing was completed; and Sir Arthur set forward at the head of 12,000 men, few of whom had ever seen actual service, with inexperienced officers, a mere handful of cavalry, and a wretchedly defective commissariat. But this decisive measure was necessary on account of the despondency of the Portuguese. He was joined by a Portuguese army in a still worse plight than his own, upon which he commenced his march to Lisbon by the sea-coast, to keep up his communication with the store-ships. But the leaders of Portugal soon showed themselves as obstinate and opinionative as those of Spain, so that when Sir Arthur arrived at Leyria, he found that the Portuguese general would accompany him no farther. Every entreaty on the part of the British commander was in vain, and all that he could obtain was a reinforcement of 1000 infantry, with all the light troops and cavalry, from the Portuguese army.

It was necessary for a force so constituted as the British to press forward to action, as nothing but a victory could reconcile such impracticable allies. Fortunately, too, the opportunity was at hand, as generals Laborde and Loison had been detached by Junot to proceed to Leyria, and anticipate the arrival of the British. But having been too late for this purpose, Loison was obliged to return, leaving Laborde with 6000 men at Rolica. Sir Arthur hurried forward to the attack, and after driving in the enemy's pickets, he surveyed the position of their main army, and adopted his plan with promptitude. The French occupied the plain in front of the village, and the nearest hills on each side, all the favourable points of which were occupied by small detachments, while in their rear was

a steep ridge parallel to their position, forming a second line, in which they might entrench themselves in case of defeat. Wellesley resolved to attack them in three columns: one of these was to turn the left of the French, and penetrate into the mountains in their rear; another was to take possession of the hills on their right, and watch the advance of Loison, who was hourly expected to come to the aid of his partner from Alcaentre; while with the centre column, which he intended to lead himself, Sir Arthur resolved to attack the enemy in front. These dispositions being made, the British army advanced to the attack on the 17th of August; but Laborde, whose interest it was to gain time, in the hope of Loison's arrival, retired adroitly and in good order by the passes of the mountains, as his antagonists advanced. A new arrangement was thus necessary, for the French were more strongly posted than ever: accordingly, the right and left British columns were marched to outflank the enemy on either side, while the main column, without waiting the result of these movements, made a furious onset upon the enemy's front, which was strongly defended by passes lined with light troops. A desperate struggle was the consequence, in which the 9th and 29th regiments forced two strong ravines, and maintained their ground till the rest of the troops came up, and particularly one of the flanking columns, that had now entered into combat; afterwards their united efforts were so successful, that the French were compelled to give way. Sir Arthur's want of cavalry prevented a pursuit through the mountain passes, but the honours, if not the advantages, of victory were decidedly his own. It must be remembered also, that although the British were so superior in numbers, only about 5000 men were actually engaged.

In the mean time Junot, who commanded in Portugal, had resolved to check the advance of the British, for which purpose he left Lisbon, and marched upon Torres Vedras, which he reached the day after the battle of Roliça. In consequence of this movement, Sir Arthur would have marched thither immediately; but having learned that generals Anstruther and Ackland were in the offing with reinforcements for his army, he resolved to protect their disembarkation. He therefore proceeded to Vimiero, which he judged the most fitting place for

the purpose, and the troops were landed through a violent surf. His whole force was now increased to 19,000 men, and eighteen pieces of artillery; but he was still so miserably deficient in cavalry, that he was unable to gain information of the enemy's movements. At length, having learned that Junot had concentrated his forces, and occupied a strong position at Torres Vedras, he resolved to turn it by moving along the coast and gaining Mafra, where he would be in the rear of the enemy with his advanced guard, while the rest of his army should occupy a strong post on the left bank of the San Lorenzo, at a few miles distance. But this daring plan, which perhaps would have decided the fate of Portugal by a single blow, was unfortunately annihilated at the very moment that it was about to be attempted. Sir Harry Burrard, who had been sent out to supersede Sir Arthur, had arrived in Maceira Roads; and no sooner was the measure proposed to him, than he gave it a most decided negative. Sir Arthur Wellesley was therefore obliged to remain at Vimiero in a weak position, while Junot, as he was well aware, was marching thither to give him battle.

On the 21st of August, at eight o'clock in the morning, large masses of the enemy's cavalry became visible; columns of infantry followed, and in such a direction as showed that they meant to turn the left of the British position, and attack it in the rear. This would have cut off the only chance of retreat, and therefore Sir Arthur anticipated their movement by advancing four brigades, with three pieces of cannon, to the height on the Lourinha road, along which the enemy were advancing. After an awful pause, during which the French columns were sometimes concealed by trees and the broken ground as they marched, they made their presence known by a furious attack on the advanced guard, which was promptly met by terrible volleys of musketry and Shrapnel's case-shot: they still, however, continued to press forward and ascend the steep acclivity, when the 50th regiment closed upon them with the bayonet. The charge was so irresistible, that the assailants were defeated with great loss. Another French column advanced to the church-yard for the purpose of penetrating into the town, in which attempt at first they were almost successful; but on being charged in flank

by Ackland's brigade, which was moving to take up its position, this attempt was also frustrated. While these two attacks were going on, a third and the most desperate of all was made by two French grenadier battalions, that were ordered to take Ackland's brigade in flank; but the English guns opened upon them at a distance of 200 yards, and swept down their ranks as they advanced. The French columns now began to retreat in great disorder, upon which the handful of British cavalry imprudently dashed among them; but the French horse rallied, and charged upon them so violently as to drive them back with the loss of their colonel. While the British centre was thus hotly and successfully engaged, the battle was equally violent on the extreme left, which the French, under general Solignac, had hoped to take in flank and rear. But as soon as he had executed his circuitous movement for the purpose, he was disappointed to find three lines of infantry drawn up to receive him. The French charged, but were received so steadily at the point of the bayonet, that they soon wavered, upon which they were attacked by the British in turn, and driven, after a desperate struggle, into the low ground of the village of Perenza, with the loss of six pieces of cannon. General Brennier, who had been detached by Junot to co-operate with Solignac, but had been obstructed in his march by several ravines, now advanced, and entered into action; but the British, who had been interrupted only for a moment by his coming, soon rallied, returned to the charge, and continued to drive the enemy before them. The French brigades being thus broken in all directions, and the left of their army separated from the right, Sir Arthur Wellesley resolved to cut off the latter from Torres Vedras, and prevent its retreat upon Lisbon. But Sir Harry Burrard, who had arrived during the action, and taken no share in it from a feeling of delicacy, now interposed. He thought the measure too hazardous, although he saw the enemy flying before him, and therefore he ordered the troops to halt on the ground they occupied. In vain Sir Arthur represented that nearly one-half of the British army had not been in action, and that the whole united could safely move on Torres Vedras. The new commander could not understand this plain reasoning, and trembled for his responsibility. In the mean time, Junot profited

by this cessation : he rallied his broken troops and regained the pass of Torres Vedras to prepare anew for action. In this battle the French lost about 2000 men, thirteen pieces of cannon, and twenty-three waggons loaded with ammunition : the loss of the British was 720 in killed, wounded, and missing.

The singular chapter of changes in the command of the British army had not yet terminated ; for early on the morning after the battle Sir Hew Dalrymple arrived to supersede Sir Harry Burrard ; and thus, no doubt to the great astonishment of the French, the British army had three commanders-in-chief successively, in twenty-four hours. Sir Hew intended to commence active measures on the arrival of Sir John Moore with reinforcements ; but Junot did not oblige him to await the coming of such effective aid. That able commander had now resolved to evacuate Portugal, and he accordingly sent general Kellermann with a flag of truce, to ascertain the terms on which he would be permitted to depart. Thus, in spite of the scrupulous misgivings of Burrard and Dalrymple, the French confessed their inferiority, so that the bold measures of Wellesley might have been adopted with every prospect of success. As it was, an agreement, commonly called the convention of Cintra, was ratified, by which the French army engaged to evacuate Portugal, on conditions of which the following is a summary, viz. : ‘ The soldiers not to be considered as prisoners of war, but to be at liberty to serve on their arrival in France ;—to be conveyed from Portugal by the British government ;—to be allowed to carry with them their arms and baggage, their artillery of French calibre and horses belonging to it, and tumbrils, supplied with sixty rounds per gun, as well as their military chest and personal property—and should any doubt arise as to the meaning of any article, it was to be explained in favour of the French army.’ Had Sir Arthur Wellesley been commander-in-chief on this occasion, no such proposals would have been listened to for a moment ; but his remonstrances on the subject were overruled by his superiors, who dreaded the thought of reducing the French to desperation. He had no resource but to sign the treaty with the rest, and this he did with feelings of bitterness, resolving immediately after to return to England, as he could be of no farther service to the army.

Not only England, but Portugal also, participated in his indignation at this unworthy convention. The French troops, on leaving Portugal, took care not to depart empty-handed. They carried off the plunder of churches, museums, and private houses, under the pretence that it was their own property, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the lawful owners, and they embarked amidst the curses of a whole nation which they had so wantonly oppressed and impoverished.

After this event, no farther military operations remained in Portugal; upon which Sir Arthur Wellesley, having sought and obtained permission, returned to London. After justifying the small share he had taken in the convention of Cintra, he resumed his official situation of chief secretary for Ireland, and repaired to Dublin. But his stay there was brief, in consequence of the re-assembling of parliament; and when he resumed his seat, he was gratified to receive the thanks of both houses for his services in Portugal. Sir Arthur was occupied for a short time in parliamentary duties, when a fresh summons called him again to the field. Notwithstanding the deliverance of Portugal, the cause of France had been triumphant in Spain, where army after army had been beaten or annihilated; and to crown all, the expedition of Sir John Moore, from which so much had been hoped, had terminated at Corunna, in consequence of which Portugal was once more occupied by a French army under marshal Soult. The unfortunate Portuguese again implored the aid of England, upon which our ministry resolved to resume the war in the Peninsula upon a greater scale than ever; and as no one was thought so capable of encountering the great commanders of Napoleon as the victor of Vimiero, Sir Arthur Wellesley was selected to conduct the expedition. His recommendation to the British ministry respecting the conduct of the war was, that Portugal should be defended whatever became of Spain, and that, in consequence of the inefficiency of the Portuguese armies, a British force of 30,000 men should be kept up in that country. Having thus provided against those disasters that had marred the Spanish campaign, he sailed from Portsmouth on the 16th of April, 1809, and on the 22d arrived in the Tagus, where he was welcomed by the people with rapture, while Lisbon was illuminated in honour of his arrival.

For a short time previous, lord Beresford, who had been appointed to the command of the Portuguese forces, had been employed in the Herculean task of reducing them to military discipline, and had succeeded so much beyond expectation, that they were now in some measure fit to co-operate with the British army. Soult was at present at Oporto, in the north of Portugal, and Victor and Lapisse at Merida,—their united forces being about 30,000. The plan which Sir Arthur adopted was to drive Soult into Galicia, and upon his return to fall upon Lapisse and Victor, who in the mean time were to be prevented from joining Soult by a strong detachment from the British army. This arrangement, however, was disturbed by a victory which Soult had gained over Sylveira; Sir Arthur therefore resolved to advance and operate on two routes, one of which, the high road that led to Oporto, would enable him to fall upon Soult's right unexpectedly, with superior numbers. This part of the army he conducted in person, committing the other to marshal Beresford, and on the 9th of May the main body of the British army marched from Coimbra. On the 11th, the advanced guard of the French, to the number of 4000, was found strongly posted at Grijo, and was attacked in front and flank with such vigour, that it was forced from its position, and obliged to cross the Douro. This was a disastrous circumstance for Soult, who would have retreated immediately from Oporto, but calculating upon the impediments in the route of the British, he thought that he might safely remain twenty-four hours longer, to concentrate his detachments. His calculations, however, did not take into account the uncommon skill and enterprise of the British commander. Wellesley resolved to cross the Douro without delay, although the passage of the river was truly perilous, being deep, rapid, and more than 300 yards wide, while 10,000 French veterans lined the opposite bank. Having selected a favourable position on the other side, where the first troops that crossed would be able to maintain themselves till farther aid arrived, he gave the signal, and boat after boat to the number of three were successively launched, without producing any stir among the enemy. The landing-place was a very strong building called the Seminary, surrounded by a stone wall, and here the whole of the first battalion of the Buffs had landed and

established themselves before a single gun was fired. Then, indeed, as if rousing from a trance, the French troops rushed from Oporto towards the Seminary; horse, foot, and artillery, surrounded and assailed it at once with the suddenness of a hurricane; and such was the critical situation of the building, girdled as it was with incessant flashes of musketry and cannon, that a long resistance seemed impossible. General Paget, who had mounted the roof of the Seminary, was struck down by a musket shot; general Hill took his place; and as the contest deepened and became more desperate, Sir Arthur was only prevented from crossing in person by the vehement remonstrances of his officers. In the mean time, several boats were eagerly brought by the citizens and launched, to accelerate the crossing, while shouts and the waving of handkerchiefs from the windows of Oporto gave notice that the French had abandoned the lower part of the city. General Murray, who had been detached with a small force to cross the river four miles above the city, in which he had succeeded, now arrived as the French columns were yielding, and in a short time they were compelled to retreat. Such was the celebrated passage of the Douro—an achievement which for skill and daring yields to none that occurred during the course of this momentous war,—achieved, too, at the expense of only twenty killed and ninety-six wounded, while the French sustained a loss of 500 in killed and wounded, as well as the capture of five pieces of cannon. The French retreated to Vallonga, while Sir Arthur employed the two following days in crossing over the rest of his army, with the baggage, stores, and artillery. Oporto was full of triumph at its deliverance, and every house was illuminated; but the light shone fearfully upon the dead corpses of the French, that had been shamefully stripped by the people, and left neglected upon the streets; and Sir Arthur, after having defeated the enemy, was now obliged to repress the excesses of his allies, and compel them to respect the common observances of humanity.

On the 13th of May, when the British rear had crossed the river, Sir Arthur Wellesley commenced the pursuit of Soult; but this skilful commander, who never appeared greater than in defeat, had rallied his forces successfully, and was retreating to Amarante, where he expected that Loison with a strong force still maintained

his position. But Loison, on learning that Oporto had been evacuated, had retired without a blow at the approach of Beresford, leaving Soult to the chance of capture or destruction. This discovery stunned the whole French army for an instant, and a cry was raised that they must capitulate; but Soult stilled their murmurs, and at this critical moment a Spanish pedlar offered to conduct him by a path that led over the Sierra de Catalina to Guimaraens. The general immediately destroyed his artillery, abandoned his military chest and baggage, loaded the animals with the sick and musket ammunition, and in this forlorn condition followed his guide amidst torrents of rain, and through a region that would have tried the practised foot of the goatherd. At Guimaraens he fell in with Loisin, and on the same night he was joined by Lorges' dragoons from Braga. Thus his heroic perseverance and courage under the most trying circumstances enabled him to concentrate his army, so that he was at the head of 20,000, and ready to renew the war, instead of having recourse, like Junot, to a convention. He resumed his march, taking upon himself the command of the rear-guard, to oppose the pursuit of the British, by whom he was closely followed, while the front, under the command of Loison, was obliged to fight its way through the Portuguese. In this manner the French army had reached the Ponte Nova on the Cavado river on the 16th; while the rear-guard was halting at Salamonde, to protect its crossing on the retreat to Montalegre, when Wellesley, who had left Braga in the morning, came upon it at about four in the afternoon. Soult had posted his rear-guard to great advantage, with a ravine on the right and a steep hill on the left: but the hill was soon turned; his soldiers, who were dispirited, fled, after a single volley; and as they crossed the Ponte Nova, the British guns played upon them with such tremendous effect, that the bridge, the neighbouring rocks, and the defile beyond, were strewn with dead. The French managed, however, to reach Montalegre on the 17th, and on the 19th Soult was at Orense, whither he could not be pursued by an army encumbered with guns and baggage. But while we allow the defeated French general his proper meed of approbation, let us not lose sight of the successful rival to whose superiority he was obliged to yield. Sir Arthur

had landed at a distracted capital, and among a dispirited people, and two powerful armies were in the field to oppose him, one of which held possession of the second city in the kingdom. But in twenty-eight days he had raised the people from despair to hope, made a march of 200 miles through a difficult country, forced the passage of a great river, and compelled his adversary to fly across the frontier without artillery or baggage.

Sir Arthur Wellesley was now eager to carry the war into Spain ; but, on returning from his pursuit of Soult to Oporto, in consequence of the necessity of refitting his army, he had there a chilling specimen of the nature of Portuguese gratitude. His soldiers were in want of every necessary, and had received no pay for two months ; there was no money in the military chest, and the supplies of gold from England had not yet arrived. In this difficulty he applied to the senate, and afterwards to the merchants of the Wine Company, but in vain ; and at last, after considerable delay, they were absolutely shamed into a loan of £10,000, for the supplies of an army that had saved their city from being plundered. This sum was but a drop compared with the emergency, so that after marching to Abrantes, Sir Arthur found himself unable to carry the war across the frontiers from want of money. The expected remittances came from England, but valuable time had been lost, and after the arrears of the army had been paid, nothing remained but a trifling balance with which to commence the campaign. To add to this miserable deficiency in what so emphatically constitutes the sinews of war, general Cuesta, the Spanish commander, with whom the British general was to co-operate, was a stupid, bigotted, obstinate old man, who could understand no plan, and would obey no will, but his own, while the Estremaduran army under his command was so undisciplined and disorganized, that it was altogether unfit to be trusted. Thus Sir Arthur Wellesley had entered upon all the difficulties by which Moore had been so miserably beset ; but an immediate advance into Spain was necessary, and he commenced the campaign accordingly, without waiting for the reinforcements that were expected from England. His force on this occasion consisted of 22,000 British soldiers ; of the allies, Cuesta's army amounted to 38,000, and that of Venegas to 25,000, but upon these he could

place little reliance; while Spain was occupied by above 70,000 French soldiers in complete fighting trim.

On the 8th of July, 1809, Sir Arthur arrived at Plasencia. On arriving at the ridge of mountains that separates the valley of the Tagus from Castile and Leon, he found it necessary to guard his flanks by securing two passes, one of which he wished Cuesta to occupy; but here the old Spaniard was so impracticable, that after a long refusal he stiffly assented, and then allotted for the purpose only 600 men—a mere mockery for such a service. Sir Arthur, after this, endeavoured to consult with him upon their line of future operations; but the old man squandered away two precious days in obstinate and useless debate, and would at last assent to no proposal. Such was the conduct of this worse than uselessly; nor was that of the Junta more flattering. As in the case of general Moore, they promised every thing and performed nothing—so that while the Spanish camp was filled to overflowing, the English army was furnished with neither carts nor mules, and was starving for want of provisions. Bitterly, indeed, might Sir Arthur have exclaimed in the words of the Spanish proverb, ‘Spare me from my friends: I can defend myself from my enemies!’

Under these ominous circumstances the British marched to Talavera, and easily drove in the enemy’s outposts. On the following morning they were ready for battle; but here again Cuesta interposed, by refusing to move till the next day. Thus the 23rd was passed in inaction. Early, however, on the succeeding morning the allied troops were put in motion to pass the Alberche, but no enemy was visible, having retreated during the night to Toledo. Beyond this point Sir Arthur had previously expressed his resolution not to move until his starving soldiers were supplied with provisions, upon which Cuesta, with a rashness equal to his obstinacy, resolved to pursue the enemy at the head of his own army. This he did in the fond hope of reaching Madrid; but when he had arrived at Torrejos on the 26th, his heart misgave him, so that he resolved to retrace his steps and fall back upon his British allies. Fortunately for him, Sir Arthur had moved two divisions of infantry and all his cavalry across the Alberche to Cazalegas, to which place the Spanish army returned in great disorder, with

the French in full pursuit at their heels. It was now necessary to withdraw the Spanish army from its dangerous position on the farther side of the Alberche—upon which Sir Arthur pointed out to Cuesta a safe position at Talavera; but it was with the utmost reluctance that the Spaniard at last yielded to a suggestion upon which the fate of his army depended. The allied forces now occupied a position about two miles in length, extending perpendicularly from the Tagus; their right rested on the river in front of Talavera, where the ground was shaded with vines and olive-trees, and intersected by banks and ditches, while their left rested upon a commanding height overlooking a valley of about 600 yards wide. The Spaniards, who were posted on the right by the judicious foresight of Sir Arthur Wellesley, were so effectually protected by trees, banks, walls, and ditches, that they would be little exposed to a heavy cannonade, and there, also, they could defend themselves to advantage when assailed. The approach to Talavera, which was by the Toledo road, was defended by a heavy battery in front of a church, which was occupied by Spanish troops; the town itself was also occupied by Spanish infantry, and the point of junction between the two allied armies was defended by a half-finished redoubt, that contained ten guns, a division of British infantry, and a brigade of cavalry. This favourable position was completely occupied on the evening of the 27th of July. The British troops, including those of the German legion, amounted to nearly 20,000 men, with 30 guns; the Spanish army to 34,000 men, with 70 guns; while the French army consisted of 50,000 veteran soldiers, accustomed to victory, and commanded by king Joseph in person, who had under him the marshals Jourdan and Victor.

The encounters that preluded the battle of Talavera would have themselves been reckoned worthy of commemoration, but for the engagement that followed. On the afternoon of the 27th, a division of the French forded the Alberche, and threw forward their light infantry so rapidly, that they almost took Sir Arthur himself prisoner; but the steadiness of the 45th regiment restored the battle, and the British division, after losing 400 men, regained its position. The enemy cannonaded the British during the evening, and endeavoured at the same

time to overthrow the Spanish infantry on the right, but without success : during the night, however, they threw a division across the valley on the left of the high grounds where the British were posted under general Hill ; a desperate conflict followed, as this was the key of the British position, and the French were driven down the hill into the ravine below. This important post was again attempted at daylight on the 29th, and the French, who had planted artillery on the opposite height, which corresponded with that of the British position, kept up a cannonade that swept along the whole army as far as the redoubt that connected it with the Spaniards. Aided by this destructive fire, the French columns advanced upon both sides of the hill, and their musketry was so heavy and fatal, that multitudes of the British fell, and Hill himself was wounded ; but at length a terrible charge of his light and heavy cavalry united wrested the temporary advantage from the enemy, and drove them back to their former station.

The hour for a decisive push was now at hand. The last of the above-mentioned skirmishes had ended at nine o'clock in the morning, and from that period until mid-day the heat of the weather was so intense, that the troops of both parties mingled together to quench their thirst at the little brook between their positions, without interruption. But at one o'clock the French drums interrupted this temporary harmony, and their troops began to muster : at two, the French heights opposite the British position swarmed with troops that reached to the valley below, and immediately the battle was opened by eighty pieces of cannon, whose destructive showers preceded the onset of the light troops. Sir Arthur Wellesley took post on the summit of the hill, from which he watched every movement of the enemy, who endeavoured to bear down the British army by a simultaneous attack both upon its wings and centre, and several columns of infantry, supported by light cavalry, had already all but reached the hill upon the left. But before they could clear the obstacles of the lower ground, Sir Arthur sent Anson's brigade, composed of the 23rd light dragoons and the 1st German hussars to charge upon them. The gallant troops went off at a canter, which soon increased to a gallop, but a hollow cleft was in their way, of which they were not aware till they touched the brink. The Germans reined up

under a heavy fire, but the English impetuously dashed in, men and horses rolling over each other, or desperately scrambling up the opposite bank by twos and threes, where they were speedily rallied, and led headlong into the midst of the enemy. Here, however, their career terminated; for Victor detached his Polish lancers and Westphalian light horse to fall upon them in the rear, a service which these fresh troops performed with such vigour, that the 23rd was overpowered and obliged to retreat, with the loss of half the number that went into action. But their adversaries, as if exhausted by the effort, remained stationary in the valley, and did not venture upon the German cavalry that were still drawn up in reserve. While these events occurred on the British left, Victor's fourth corps assailed the right, but was met upon either flank by a heavy fire that soon threw it into confusion, and drove it back with great loss. The broken troops rallied, however, and attempted to make head against their assailants; but a regiment of Spanish cavalry charged among them and completed their discomfiture. At the same moment, the centre was the scene of a furious conflict, where the British, after being almost torn to pieces by the French battery, were attacked by a division that had crossed the ravine, under general Lapisse. The assailants were met by Sherbrooke's division with a heavy fire, and then a charge of bayonets that made them give way, upon which they were pursued by the brigade of guards; but this fine body being carried away by the ardour of conflict, the British left flank was uncovered, the French rallied with the aid of their supporting columns, the guards were driven back, and the English troops fell into disorder. But Sir Arthur, who had foreseen this contingency even while the guards were in pursuit, sent down the 48th regiment to their relief. It descended and formed on the plain, and after dismissing the fugitives through its openings, the whole body resumed its line, and met the pursuers with such a shock as suddenly to suspend their career. The disordered British and German troops in the mean time were rallied during the respite, and the French, already confident of victory, were driven back, while their leader was mortally wounded. Thus the French had been thrown off and baffled at every point; and the British, who had endured the whole brunt of the battle, might

now have become the assailants; but they were in such an exhausted condition from long want of provisions, and the Spanish army was so little to be trusted, that they were unable to improve their victory. When the battle, therefore, ceased at six o'clock, both parties retained their original position, and the loss on either side had been equal, amounting in each case to about 7000 men. But the honour and the moral advantages of the conflict were decidedly in favour of the British troops. They had borne the onset of more than twice their number of French troops, and had repelled them, while Cuesta, in his impregnable position which had been assigned him by the British commander, took little share in the engagement. The close of the battle of Talavera was marked by one of those frightful incidents that so often rob war of its attractions. The long, dry grass and shrubs having taken fire, an inundation of flames passed suddenly over a part of the field, scorching in its course the dead and wounded. To add to these sufferings, after the allied army had entered Talavera, there had been made by the Spanish authorities no provision whatever for the wounded, and although the British troops were perishing with hunger, while there was abundance of grain secreted in the town, no succour was allowed them. Beyond this point endurance would have been more or less than human, and Sir Arthur Wellesley was obliged to tell the Junta in plain terms, that instead of following out the campaign he would disperse his army until he was supplied with provisions and proper means of transport.

An important difficulty under which the British general had laboured since his entrance into Spain, arose from his want of intelligence respecting the movements of the different French commanders, and the extent of their resources: this was especially the case respecting the army under Soult, of the number and movements of which Sir Arthur could obtain no certain tidings, until it had advanced through the Puerto de Banos without meeting with the slightest resistance from the Spaniards. It was only in this unwelcome fashion that the neighbourhood of an enemy was announced, and Sir Arthur resolved to go in quest of Soult, after leaving Cuesta at Talavera to hold Victor in check. He commenced his march at the head of the British army on the 3rd of

August, hoping to overwhelm Soult, whose forces he had been taught to consider as numerically inferior ; but on the contrary, the duke of Dalmatia had 53,000 soldiers, while his own, after being reinforced by several Spanish battalions, did not exceed 23,000. Cuesta, indeed, so far from defending Talavera, had abandoned it to the enemy, and was now within a day's march of the British ; but to balance such a doubtful chance of aid, king Joseph and Victor were preparing to effect a junction at Mostoles. The narrow valley of the Tagus was now the scene of a curious game of cross-purposes, where Soult and Wellesley, equally ignorant of each other's movements, might have stumbled upon each other by chance, in which case the collision would have been fearful to the British army. But just at one and the same period intercepted letters fell into the hands of both leaders, by which Sir Arthur ascertained the real strength of Soult, while the latter discovered that the British were almost within his reach. A fearful but a spirit-stirring trial of skill now took place between these two great masters in the art of war, where the one sought, while the other shunned, an encounter. At first the moves were in favour of the French commander, who, by an admirable series of dispositions, barred up the British army in front, while impassable mountains were on their right, and the Tagus on their left, and Joseph and Victor expected to assemble in the rear. But Sir Arthur extricated himself from this difficulty by abandoning for a time the fruits of his successes, and retreating across the Tagus. Cuesta loudly complained of this arrangement, but it was now too late to attend to his remonstrances. The passage of the river was safely accomplished on the 4th of August, in consequence of the precautions which Sir Arthur had taken, and thus the admirable combinations of the enemy were baffled by still higher exertions of generalship.

In the mean time, Cuesta, who, according to custom, had deferred moving to the last, did not vouchsafe to cross the river till the 5th ; so that Soult, who till this period was ignorant of Sir Arthur's movement, had time to advance, and pour down his troops upon the Spanish rear-guard before it had moved from the right bank of the Tagus. It was soon driven across the river, and on the 8th Soult also passed over, in consequence of the sloth

or ignorance of the Spaniards, who might have effectually disputed the passage. When it was at the heat of mid-day, the greater number of the Spanish soldiers, sentinels and all, were enjoying a comfortable *siesta* near Azután, within five miles of the bridge, when the French suddenly burst upon them, and shook them from their slumbers. A furious but brief conflict was the consequence, for the Spaniards fought without order, and were soon put to flight. Soult resolving to pursue the advantage, made several movements for a second and more decisive engagement, when a great part of his force was called off by king Joseph to oppose Vanegas, after which he was himself reduced to a state of inactivity by an order from Napoleon, dated from Schoenbrunn. So little still was Cuesta disposed to act in concert with the British, that Sir Arthur did not learn of the defeat of the Spaniards till the 9th; and so complete was the old man's indiscretion, that he had left behind him forty pieces of cannon under a very slender guard. Had these fallen into the hands of the French, the Spanish army would soon have been annihilated; but Wellesley persuaded the soldiers to drag them off without the knowledge of Cuesta.

It would be difficult within a work of such limited compass to detail the movements that followed, in which the skilfulness of the English was only paralleled by the folly of the Spanish commander. The French divisions were scattered over different points, so that Sir Arthur might have struck some decisive blow; but this was impossible on account of the exhausted condition of his soldiers, who were still suffering from want of provisions. For a long time they had received only half a ration per day; they had no salt to their provisions, and their only drink was water; sickness was general among them, and their horses and beasts of burden were dying by hundreds. And still there was no help from that ungrateful country which they were shedding their best blood to deliver. Even after they had been five days without bread, 500 mules passed them laden with provisions for the Spanish army, and to every remonstrance of Sir Arthur, the Junta only answered with evasive promises or more provoking silence. At least a month had now elapsed since he had informed the Supreme Central Junta, that if his army was not supplied with

provisions and means of transport, he must retire into Portugal, and the present condition of the army made farther forbearance impossible. Across the frontier, therefore, he conducted 16,000 sickly and famine-worn soldiers, without horses for the cavalry or mules to draw the cannon, several pieces of which, and a great quantity of ammunition, he was obliged to leave in the hands of his perfidious allies. But notwithstanding these melancholy circumstances, this campaign had produced important fruits. The south of Spain had been delivered, and Portugal kept free from invasion; and British valour, hitherto held cheap in the eyes of Europe, had attained its former reputation, and given promise of what it would yet accomplish. On leaving the country, Sir Arthur said—‘ I have fished in many troubled waters, but Spanish troubled waters I will never try again.’ We have seen upon what substantial grounds this resolution was founded.

The opinions which were agitated among the British public, and the discussions in both houses of parliament, at the termination of this campaign, were in some cases as unjust as they were short-sighted. While nothing was talked of by some but the disasters of our army in Spain, its commander was accused of presumption and want of capacity, of vain-glory, partiality, and misrepresentation; nay, one member had the hardihood to hint at the propriety of an impeachment of Sir Arthur Wellesley. There prevailed, however, a better feeling in higher quarters, and in consequence of a just appreciation of his services, Sir Arthur was raised to the peerage by the titles of baron Douro of Wellesley, and viscount Wellington of Talavera and of Wellington, in the county of Somerset, with a pension of £2000. per annum, settled upon himself and the two next heirs to his title in succession.

It would be difficult to describe the feelings of the Spanish Junta when they found that lord Wellington had retired across the frontier into Portugal. They keenly felt, although they would not acknowledge, their own helplessness; they were too proud to make a proper use of their British allies, and too feeble to forego their aid. Wellington, however, although he would no longer make Spain his field of operation, maintained his position for many weeks upon the frontier of Estremadura, by which

he preserved Andalusia from falling into the hands of the French, at the expense, however, of a serious loss in men, from a pestilential fever which prevails at that season of the year in the low grounds about the Guadiana. But the usual obstinacy of the Spaniards rendered even this service ineffectual, and lord Wellington was therefore obliged to resume his original plan of moving to the northward of the Tagus, as the liberation of the Peninsula could be best accomplished in Portugal. This movement was made the more necessary in consequence of the defeat and dispersion of the Spanish army by the French at Ocanna, on the 19th of November. On the 15th of the following month, the British army broke up, and proceeded by easy marches to the eastern frontier of Portugal, where the troops were established in healthy cantonments, and prepared for the approaching struggle. To accomplish the deliverance of Portugal, the most strenuous exertions as well as the greatest sacrifices were necessary; but the energies of lord Wellington were adequate to the occasion. Having assumed the entire responsibility of those measures by which he must stand or fall, he insisted upon the recognition of his full rights over all the arrangements made for the British and Portuguese armies, as marshal-general of Portugal. He demanded of the regency to revive the ancient military laws, by which all men were required to arm in defence of the kingdom; and that on whatever line the invaders should approach there should be a laying waste of the country, a demolition of mills and bridges, and an abandonment by the people of their homes, while the population, armed and converted into soldiers, should close upon the flanks and rear of the enemy. In the mean time, as he was informed that Massena had been intrusted with the command of the French army in Spain, and had received an order from Napoleon to drive the English into the sea, Wellington took up a defensive position towards the frontiers, not for the purpose of contesting the ground, but of impeding the progress of the invaders.

The soundness of these precautionary measures was soon to be put to the test. Bonaparte having concluded a peace with Germany, was now able to direct his immense resources against Spain and Portugal, and such masses of veteran soldiers were thrown into the Peninsula

as threatened to make resistance hopeless. Massena commenced his march at the head of 70,000 men, and opened the campaign by commencing the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, on the 4th of June, 1810. Although lord Wellington had his head-quarters so near as the village of Alverca, which is midway between Almeida and Celerico, he was obliged to witness the fall of the city without being able to make one attempt to relieve it. Such an attempt, indeed, was out of the question, as only 25,000 men composed his disposable force, a great part of which consisted of inexperienced and undisciplined Portuguese. His quiescence on this occasion galled Massena, who saw that he had no common antagonist to encounter, and the French commander endeavoured, but in vain, to taunt and irritate his lordship into the open field. Massena after this invested Almeida, upon which Wellington recrossed the Mondego, and approached the enemy, with the purpose of watching some moment for a decisive blow, or at least to protract the siege. Even this last measure would be of great importance, for by delaying the French army before Almeida until the rains set in, the difficulties in the way of the invasion of Portugal would be seriously increased. This plan would probably have been successful, as the French spent nearly a whole month before the town in a state of inactivity, when one of those accidents occurred which no human sagacity could anticipate. Near midnight the powder magazine of Almeida exploded, and the whole town, with the exception of six houses, was converted in a moment into a mass of ruins, under which were buried guns, artillery-men, and military stores. Even yet resistance for some time longer would have been both practicable and useful; but the dismayed survivors capitulated upon the 27th of August. This was a grievous disappointment to lord Wellington, more especially as the enemy found such supplies of bread in the town as would enable them to advance. Indeed, nothing could now be more trying than the situation of his lordship. The Spaniards had complained of what they termed his timidity, and even the British of what they reckoned his inertness—both incessantly clamoured for an engagement; and the Portuguese, not only dispirited, but maddened by their losses, began to cabal against him, and oppose all his measures. It was in a position like this,

more than in the field of battle, that the iron energy and indomitable courage of his character were apparent. With his small and heterogeneous army even a victory at the present juncture would probably have been fatal, while defeat would have ensured the loss of the Peninsula. That army was the last stake of the good cause, and therefore he would not hazard it, in spite of the loud remonstrances of every party. In writing to the Portuguese authorities upon the subject, he thus addressed them: 'I should forget my duty to my sovereign, to the prince regent, and to the cause in general, if I should permit public clamour or panic to induce me to change in the smallest degree the system and plan of operations which I have adopted after mature consideration, and which daily experience shows to be the only one likely to produce a good end.'

All parties, however, were soon to be gratified, for the hour of a decisive engagement was drawing nigh. The French continued to advance, and Wellington to retreat, but in such excellent order and with such circumspection, that the enemy could not force him to give battle. Portuguese traitors were in the French camp, who acted as guides to Massena; but such was their ignorance even of their own limited country, that instead of the easiest, they led him by the most difficult routes, so that his advance was greatly impeded. His purpose was to obtain possession of Coimbra, which the sagacity of Wellington soon discerned; his lordship therefore secured that town against any sudden attack after which he took post with the greater part of his army in front of Coimbra, to protect it. Here he resolved to hazard an engagement, as farther delay would have destroyed the spirit of the Portuguese as well as the confidence of his own troops; and he was the more induced to this measure, as the nature of the ground which he selected compensated for his inferiority in numbers. His position was the Serra de Busaço, a high, steep, and rugged range of hills, where every point of advantage was occupied and strengthened to the utmost, while a division of Portuguese cavalry and the 13th light dragoons were posted in front of the Alva, to hinder the advance of the enemy's cavalry on Mondego. Massena was still ignorant of the nature of the ground, and

the strength of the British lines; he was led onward in a great measure hood-winked by the ignorance of his Portuguese guides; and even when he arrived, and had reconnoitred this formidable position, he believed that the British would never abide the encounter, or, if they did, that they would be beaten. He now thought that the time had come when he should be able to drive the English into the sea, as Napoleon had commanded, and in this hope he made arrangements for a battle on the ensuing day.

It was on the 27th of September (1810) that the battle of Busaco commenced. At the foot of the Sierra de Busaco nearly 70,000 French soldiers were assembled; while on the summits 50,000 antagonists, about half of whom were British, were drawn up to receive them. For three days previous, some smart skirmishes had taken place; but these were only light preludes to the important contest. Massena, who had burst through the mighty obstacles of the Alps and the Apennines, could see no difficulties in the present instance; and having ordered an attack, the huge masses of his troops were seen indistinctly moving in the valley beneath, and winding up the steep, rugged sides of the mountains, amidst heavy mists which the sunrise had not yet dispelled. And first there were heard a few dropping shots from the advanced skirmishers of either party, and these were soon succeeded by whole sheets of living flame, that seemed to wreath every crag and hill as the conflict deepened and became more universal. The main object of Massena was to force his way through the British lines by obtaining possession of the road that crosses the Sierra from St. Antonio de Cantara, and thus to turn Wellington's right; and, for this purpose, Ney, Regnier, and Loison—men trained to war amidst the victories of Bonaparte—made the most desperate attacks upon the British right, and occasionally staggered our columns by the weight and violence of their onsets. But every onset was successfully repulsed by the British and Portuguese, who now fought side by side with equal ardour, and who were favoured on every occasion by the skill with which their positions had been chosen. At length, Massena finding that his object could not be accomplished, after two desperate attacks had failed,

reluctantly withdrew his shattered legions, leaving between 6000 and 7000 in killed and wounded, while the allies did not lose above 1300.

Massena now finding that the British position at Busaco was impregnable, resolved to try some other route by which he could turn it; and from a peasant he learned of a road that led to Cordao, on the great road from Oporto to Coimbra, by which his purpose could be accomplished. On the 28th, therefore, he gradually withdrew his troops, keeping up a smart skirmishing to conceal his movement, and it was only towards evening that his intention was discovered. The British therefore abandoned their position at Busaco on the 29th, and continued to fall back upon Lisbon, where Wellington knew that he had a still stronger position than that which he had occupied at Busaco. These were the celebrated lines of Torres Vedras upon which he was retreating, while the enemy were following in blind confidence. The French entered Coimbra and pillaged it, with a full share of military license, after which they pressed forward, meeting with no resistance from Wellington, who delayed giving battle until the anticipated moment had arrived. In this way the British and Portuguese troops were led into the lines, astonished at every step on account of the strength of the position that had been previously selected and prepared for them by their leader's admirable foresight, and the secret of which he had till now concealed within his own breast. If any thing could equal their astonishment, it was that of Massena, who had never dreamt of such a stupendous barrier for the defence of Lisbon. He had expected that the British troops would have been hurrying to their ships, and leaving Portugal to its fate; but instead of this, they were looking down in calm security upon their enemy below, and so strongly entrenched, that neither his army, nor yet one of twice its numbers, would have been able to dislodge them. The lines composed three distinct ranges of defence, stretching across the peninsula formed by the Tagus and the ocean, upon the extremity of which Lisbon is situated, and exhibited over a tract of thirty miles the model of a field of battle. Nature had done much to form the district into a strong rampart of national defence, and art had completed the work by the resources of military science, for the roads

that led to it were destroyed, the mountains were perpendicularly scarped, rivers were dammed and inundations formed, roads were constructed to facilitate the rapid communication of the troops, while redoubts resembling castles in size and strength, and every inaccessible post, were defended by 600 pieces of artillery. By this wonderful succession of works, which he had planned and caused to be executed in secrecy, lord Wellington possessed the rare advantage of having a moveable army within a fortified place, from no single point of which he could be dislodged without an immense numerical superiority on the part of the assailants.

It required no great skill on the part of the French commander to discover the hopelessness of an attack. He lingered many days before the lines, surveying them at every point, and cautiously feeling as it were for some place of weakness, by throwing out his skirmishers against them in various directions. After a month had been spent in these experiments, until his provisions were exhausted, while the pay of his soldiers was several months in arrear, he saw that the rich plunder of Lisbon was not destined to balance his defective accounts. Not only a retreat, but a very hasty one, was necessary, and this was executed with the utmost secrecy. On the 15th of November, as the British looked out from their entrenchments, they saw in the morning twilight the French sentries at their usual posts—but when daylight strengthened, they discovered that these were only men of straw, equipped in military costume, and propped with broomsticks that looked like shouldered muskets. It was expected in this case that Massena intended to retreat into Spain, where he could refit his army and prepare for another campaign; and to harass his retreat as much as possible the British followed upon his track. But such was not the purpose of the French commander: he still hoped to effect the conquest of Portugal; and having retired no farther than Santarem, which is by nature a very strong position, he there entrenched himself in three lines, in the same manner his adversary had done at Torres Vedras, intending there to pass the winter and await the coming of reinforcements. By this admirable disposition he still held Lisbon in a state of blockade, while he was enabled to subsist his army from the resources of the district, and he could not be attacked

without imminent hazard. All that Wellington could do, therefore, was to watch the movements of such an enemy, and discover some favourable moment of onset ; and accordingly, his advanced troops were posted in front of Santarem, while the head-quarters of the army were established at Cartaxo. But it is impossible to describe, or fully to appreciate, the trying situation of lord Wellington at this particular juncture. The Portuguese were weary of the war ; a large faction among the authorities studiously thwarted the measures of his lordship for the national defence ; there were Portuguese traitors in the camp who revealed all his movements so carefully to the enemy, that no plans could be concealed except such as were confined to his own breast. Accusations, misrepresentations, even caricatures, were transmitted to England to excite against him the popular indignation ; and as if all this had not been enough, some of his best generals were obliged to return home on account of sickness, and others, being disgusted with the war, sought leave of absence under the plea of business, so that at last only one general remained of all that had come out with him from England. And all this time the Spanish horizon, towards which he looked for aid in the great common cause, only waxed darker and more forbidding. The Spaniards, who hated and despised the Portuguese, seemed to forget that the fall of Portugal would involve the ruin of Spain also ; and therefore, instead of aiding him with reinforcements or co-operation, they still looked on with sullen tranquillity, allowing their own national affairs to become more hopeless than ever. Any other commander than Wellington, placed in such a trying situation, would have resigned his office with disgust, or embarked his army in despair.

The time at last arrived when the British commander was to reap the fruits of his perseverance. Massena, after clinging to the hope of conquering Portugal to the last, found his army so much reduced by want and sickness, that he must forsake his prey ; and he resolved to abandon Santarem as stealthily as he had retreated from Torres Vedras. He accordingly destroyed all the guns and ammunition that could not be carried off, and forwarded his sick and baggage, after which he silently withdrew his army on the night of the 5th of March, 1811. This he was enabled to accomplish the more safely

by sending Ney to threaten the lines of Torres Vedras, by which Wellington at first was hindered from advancing. But Massena was not to be allowed to leave Portugal with impunity: he was closely followed by his indefatigable antagonist, and a succession of skirmishes took place during the retreat, in which the French invariably sustained great loss. Thus the two armies continued, the one in retreat and the other in pursuit, combating at every step, while the French, although superior in numbers, were out-manœuvred, and driven from every place of strength at which they endeavoured to make a stand. The last, as well as the most desperate of these struggles, occurred near Salingal, on the 3d of April, in which Massena, who had not yet resigned his hopes of Portugal, endeavoured to stem the tide of pursuit. On this occasion a thick atmosphere of mists and fogs, succeeded by a dark heavy rain, had almost marred the dispositions of Wellington, as his soldiers were for some time at a loss to distinguish between friend and foe; but the weather soon cleared up, every error was rectified, and after a short conflict of an hour's length, the French were beaten with the loss of 1000 men. Massena continued his retreat during the night, and on the following day he entered the Spanish frontier.—Thus was Portugal delivered, after nearly four years of foreign invasion and oppression. Massena had entered the country at the head of 65,000 veteran troops, a reinforcement of 10,000 more had been sent to him while at Santarem, but of these scarcely 40,000 recrossed the border, after suffering as well as inflicting every species of calamity.

The two rival commanders now stood upon Spanish soil, but as prompt as ever to renew the deadly contest. Lord Wellington immediately invested Almeida, and laid siege to Badajoz, the reduction of which was of principal importance, not only for sealing the safety of Portugal, but ensuring the subsistence of Cadiz, which derived its supplies from the Condado de Niebla. In either operation any hope of aid from the Spaniards was out of the question, and therefore the whole work must be accomplished by the British troops. Lord Wellington made his calculations accordingly, and sent marshal Beresford into Estremadura, at the head of a considerable force, to relieve Campo Major, and lay siege to

Olivença and Badajoz. The first object of the expedition was accomplished by that gallant commander; but from the delay of the Portuguese authorities (as usual) in furnishing him with supplies, he was obliged to quarter his troops in Elvas, during which interval the fortifications of Badajoz were strengthened and prepared for an obstinate resistance: however, Olivença surrendered, and lord Wellington, eager to bring the whole plan to a favourable issue, hurried to Elvas, and assumed the direction of the siege of Badajoz. The supineness of the Spanish commanders had furnished such facilities for the strengthening of that town, that lord Wellington found it would be necessary to secure their co-operation before he could successfully invest it. He addressed them with a memorial to that effect, explanatory of the combined plan of operations on which he proposed to proceed; but while the Spanish chiefs were tardily digesting the plan, and deliberating whether they would comply or not, the movements of Massena recalled Wellington to Beira. The French commander was again in great force upon the Agueda, and had established his head-quarters at Ciudad Rodrigo; and on the 2d of May his army crossed the river, after which they proceeded to Dos Casas, driving the British advanced troops before them into the beautiful village of Fuentes Onoro. As this place was to be the scene of a decisive struggle, the British were drawn up in a position extending six miles from flank to flank, having the ruins of Fort Conception on the extreme left, Nava d'Aver on the extreme right, and Fuentes Onoro towards the centre. On the 3d, the enemy advanced in three columns abreast upon Fuentes Onoro and Fort Conception, and fell furiously upon the right of the British centre, in the hope of carrying the village; but Wellington, aware of the importance of this post, threw forward reinforcements, so that the place was gallantly maintained until night, when the French retired under cover of the darkness. On the following day both armies remained inactive; but Massena, having arrived upon the ground, reconnoitred the British position, and resolved to direct his chief force upon its right. But this purpose was anticipated by lord Wellington; and on the evening of that day he so effectually strengthened that part of his position, that there was no cause for anxiety.

On the morning of the 5th of May (1811), a little after daybreak, the battle of Fuentes Onoro commenced, by the French bearing towards the British right, upon which they closed, and for a few moments with apparent success. The 7th division, which bore the first brunt of the onset, was shaken; and the peninsular troops, which had been stationed to cover the right of this division, fled in dismay; so that it was rapidly turned by the French cavalry. A body of British horse then dashed forward to the rescue of this division, but was soon driven back, and its troop of horse artillery being thus abandoned was rapidly enclosed by the enemy. But in a few moments, to the astonishment of the enemy, who had never seen such a novel feat of war, this troop suddenly burst from amongst the French squadrons at full speed, with their guns unlimbered, and on reaching the allied line they suddenly poured a tremendous fire upon the surprised ranks of the pursuers. This soon daunted the onward career of the enemy, while the British infantry drawn up in squares successfully threw off the French cavalry at the points of their bayonets. In the mean time the British left was menaced; upon which lord Wellington concentrated his troops in that direction; and there the resistance was so effective, that although they were outflanked and continually charged by the French cavalry, they repelled every onset, and securely reached the station which their leader had assigned them. But the chief struggle during the day was for the possession of the village of Fuentes Onoro, to which the enemy once more directed their efforts; and here the conflict was so desperate and doubtful, that it was impossible for some time to foresee the issue. It was assailed by Drouet, and defended by three British regiments; and the banks of the stream, the streets, the houses, and the chapel, were each and all the scene of a desperate strife, attended with alternate success. Each commander continued to send reinforcements to the spot, and thus the conflict was maintained till night, when at last the French were compelled to withdraw. This terminated the battle in favour of the British and their allies, who, at the expense of 1700 in killed, wounded, and missing, had inflicted a loss of 5000 upon the enemy. Thus, with a very inferior force, Wellington had defeated 'the spoilt child of victory,' and thwarted

the great object for which he had given battle, viz. the relief of Almeida, which was abandoned to its fate, and soon evacuated by its garrison. Massena not daring to renew the attack, remained inactive on the 6th and 7th, but on the 8th he commenced a retreat. As if to crown also this signal success, lord Beresford on the 16th fought and gained the glorious victory of Albuera, which conferred a new lustre upon the British arms, and shook the already-loosened dominion of France in the Peninsula. This victory prevented the French from relieving Badajoz, which was invested on the 25th; but the garrison made such a desperate resistance, that the British were foiled in two attacks upon the fort of San Christoval. The siege thus continued till the 11th of June, when Wellington raised it, in consequence of having learned that Marmont and Soult were about to unite their forces for the relief of Badajoz. Finding that they were rapidly approaching, he retired across the Guadiana; but Marmont, who now commanded in Spain instead of Massena, advanced very close to the allied army, and showed symptoms of preparing for the encounter. The collision would have been fearful, as the combined French armies now exceeded 70,000 men, of whom 8000 were cavalry, while Wellington had no more than 56,000, of whom only 3500 were cavalry. But these were so admirably posted, that large portions were concealed by the inequalities of the ground; and Marmont, being unable to discover their precise situation, thought it prudent to remain inactive. Matters remained in this situation from the 23d to the end of June, when at last the French army was withdrawn.

Wellington was now anxious to take Ciudad Rodrigo before Marmont could come to its relief; and therefore, having moved the greater part of his army on the 21st of July, under the pretext of placing it in more healthy quarters, he marched towards that city, and held it in a state of blockade for six weeks, at the end of which Marmont advanced to its relief, with his army amounting to 60,000 men and 100 pieces of artillery. But this time Wellington would not retire, as the moral effect of such a movement would have equalled the evils of a defeat: he therefore took up a position upon the Coa, from which, as from a centre, his troops irradiated in lines over a hemisphere that included all the principal

roads by which the French could assail him. The enemy, who were deceived by this imposing appearance, ventured at first upon nothing farther than light skirmishing, in order to feel the strength and ascertain the number of their opponents. Having discovered their own superiority, they now prepared for a more serious encounter; but Wellington, who knew that his position was not favourable for such a decisive trial, withdrew his troops by a skilful concentric movement, and took up new ground twelve miles behind Guinaldo. Here a fresh skirmish took place, after which Wellington fell back, and on the morning of the 28th of September he had occupied so strong a post on the heights behind Soito, that his army could not be turned, while the enemy's superiority in guns and cavalry was negatived. Marmont, therefore, was unable to accomplish any thing farther than the victualling of Ciudad Rodrigo, being obliged to retire from want of provisions, so that Wellington was enabled to resume the blockade of that city. His eye was also upon every part of the campaign, so that he resolved to strike a blow at Soult in Estremadura; for which purpose he directed general Hill to move against Girard, who was harassing the Spaniards at Caceres at the head of the fifth division. This important service was ably performed. Hill surprised the enemy, and drove them in a confused rout to the village of Santa Anna, after inflicting upon them a loss of 2000 men; after which, Wellington resolved to lay siege both to Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz. The period was favourable for such an attempt, as there was no apprehension that Napoleon, who was now employed in preparations for his Russian campaign, would be able to interpose; while the exhausted condition of the British army was such, that the enemy, never dreaming of such a hardy attempt, were unprepared to counteract it. His soldiers were soon restored to health by favourable weather and supplies of provisions, while the French armies in the Peninsula were diminished by draughts for the Russian campaign, so that the favourable moment for action had arrived, and he laid siege to Ciudad Rodrigo with an army of 35,000 soldiers. This city had been greatly strengthened by the French since it was last besieged, and the peasantry were so remiss in bringing up supplies to the allied army, that the siege went on slowly,

and the French were making preparations at Salamanca for its relief: on these accounts Wellington found it necessary to storm the place at once, notwithstanding the strength of its defences. On the 19th of January (1812), therefore, having made two practicable breaches, the desperate attempt was hazarded, the British troops being led on in five separate bodies. The attack was made at the same instant upon as many points, each storming division being preceded by a party of soldiers carrying bundles of hay with which to lessen the depth of the ditch. The ditch was soon passed, the *fausse braie* (a low work united to the escarp of the body of the place) was scaled through a terrible scene of conflict and carnage, the breaches were won, and the shout of victory was heard at the same time from different parts of the defences, where the assailants had been equally successful. Thus, by a daring onset, upon which the martinet rules of warfare could never have dared to speculate, this important place was taken after a siege of twelve days, and in defiance of the immense superiority of those armies which were hurrying to its relief. The French on this occasion lost 1800 men killed and prisoners, while 150 pieces of artillery, including the battering train of Marmont's army, fell into the hands of the victor. In consequence of this important exploit, the British commander was raised to the rank of earl of Wellington by his own government, marquis of Torres Vedras by that of Portugal, and duke of Ciudad Rodrigo by that of Spain.

Marmont, on learning the fall of the city, withdrew his army from Salamanca to Valladolid; upon which, Wellington having left Ciudad Rodrigo to the keeping of the Spaniards, advanced to the siege of Badajoz. For this purpose he established his head-quarters at Elvas on the 11th of March, and on the 16th the fortress of Badajoz was invested by marshal Beresford. As no time could be afforded for a regular attack, Wellington resolved to carry the place by storming a detached fort called the Picurina, from the site of which the escarp of one front could be effectually breached. The fort was carried on the evening of the 24th, and in five days two breaches were made in the bastions of La Trinidad and Santa Maria. On the 6th of April every thing was in readiness for carrying the place by storm, and the attempt

was made at night, under the cover of darkness; but the garrison were on the alert, so that as the storming parties advanced, fire-balls were thrown among them that distinctly revealed every individual, and these were succeeded by such a tremendous fire, that their ranks were torn in pieces, or swept away as they approached the breaches. The assailants still rushed desperately forward; but the glacis, the ditch, and a ruined ravelin, which they successively reached, were choked with dead bodies; and even when the breaches were attained, these were so strongly defended with *chevaux-de-frise* as to be impassable, while an incessant storm of grenades and musketry rendered a longer stay at these deadly stations impossible. But at this trying moment, when the troops were about to be recalled, Picton, Leith, and Walker, who commanded three of the storming brigades, had surmounted every obstacle at their respective posts, and made good their footing within the walls. Thus the town was gained, but with a heavy loss to the captors of 5000 killed and 2600 wounded, during the different operations of the siege. And here it is melancholy to add, that those soldiers who had shown themselves heroes in the storming, seemed to have been converted into brutes, or even into fiends, when resistance was at an end, so that all the frightful excesses committed by the savage hordes of Timour or Genghiz Khan upon a captured town, were exhibited on this occasion by a Christian and a British army.

The French were now as much confounded by this rapid mode of taking towns as the Austrian generals had formerly been by the flying victories of young Bonaparte; and Soult, who had been making preparations for a pitched battle in order to relieve Badajoz, according to established rule, was mortified to learn that Badajoz was beyond his help. Wellington would now have followed up his successes by marching southward; but here his evil genius, in its wonted form of Spanish stupidity, obliged him to pause. After having taken Ciudad Rodrigo, he had intrusted its defence to the Spaniards, with directions to victual it from the English magazines; but these precious allies performed the work so tardily, that the provisions could not be moved from the short distance of seventeen leagues in seven long weeks, so that Marmont, in consequence of this unpardonable

delay, had blockaded the city, in hope of reducing it by famine. Lord Wellington was therefore constrained to retrace his steps to its relief, and at his approach Marmont drew back into Spain, upon which the former placed his army in cantonments between the Coa and the Agueda.

After his troops had been refreshed and rested, Wellington resolved to assume the offensive, and march against Marmont, who was profiting by the manifold blunders of the Spanish commanders: he therefore re-victualled Almeida and Ciudad Rodrigo, and before plunging into Spain resolved to destroy the communication of the French across the Tagus, as well as to establish one for himself. Both objects were successfully accomplished. Two bridge-heads, and formidable forts on both sides of the river, at Almaraz, were gallantly stormed and demolished by Sir Rowland Hill, on the 18th of May, while Wellington established his own communication with Sir Rowland Hill at Alcantara, by repairing the broken central arch of the old Roman bridge with cordage, which was thrown across a chasm one hundred feet wide. All being now in readiness, he crossed the Agueda on the 13th of June, and on the 17th appeared before Salamanca, which the French army immediately evacuated. Nothing could exceed the triumph with which the entrance of Wellington into that ancient city was welcomed by the inhabitants, who now found themselves delivered after three years of French bondage and oppression. But three forts which had been erected by the enemy, to command the passage of the Tormes, and bridle the citizens, were garrisoned by 800 French soldiers; and to reduce these, a regular attack was necessary on account of their strength. They were forthwith invested; but a delay of several days occurred, on account of their obstinate resistance, and during the interval Marmont had time to make preparations for their relief. His coming, however, was descried at an early period from the heights of San Christoval, three miles in advance of the city, upon which the British were drawn up in battle array. And now followed a scene of marching and counter-marching on the part of the French commander, in which he handled his large masses as a skilful fencer does his foils, but of which it was difficult to divine the purpose,

unless he hoped to mystify and throw his adversary off his guard, and rush upon him at some unprepared moment. But Wellington was a still more skilful fencer than Marmont, and therefore he regulated his movements so successfully, and watched the proceedings of the other with so much caution, that no such opportunity was afforded. It would be unnecessary to exhaust our readers by leading them through these devious manœuvres, that sometimes resembled the unprofitable march of king Pepin, and which continued from the 20th of June to the 21st of July, while the moves of the British army completely counteracted the efforts of the French. But like many exquisitely cunning persons, Marmont refined so much upon this process, that at length he contrived to overreach himself instead of his adversary; for having miscalculated the position of the British, a large portion of their force being concealed from view, he rashly advanced to give battle. This very process severed the left wing of the French so completely from the centre, that its destruction was certain. Wellington, who foresaw his advantage, exclaimed in a tone of exultation, as he contemplated this blunder of his light-heeled antagonist, 'At last I have them!'

The British army was posted with its left occupying one of two very bold rocky heights, called the Arapiles, and its right extending to Aldea Tejada. An interval of nearly two miles was apparently interposed between them, for the third division, which occupied this space, was concealed by the nature of the ground. It was this circumstance which induced the French marshal to give battle in the hope of crushing the British right, upon which he directed his greatest efforts. A cloud of skirmishers was accordingly flung upon it, and then succeeded a heavy cannonade; but while the right maintained a successful resistance, the third division emerged from its concealment, and fell unexpectedly upon the enemy's flank. This movement decided the conflict: the French left was outflanked and overwhelmed, before it could recover from its surprise, and Marmont, who galloped to the spot, had his arm broken by the explosion of a shell that struck him to the ground. General Clauzel succeeded to the command, and the enemy still continued to fight bravely. Their right was strengthened by the troops that had fled from the left,

and by others who had retired from the Arapile hill in consequence of the discomfiture of their centre; and thus rallied, the French army exhibited a bold front, and made a desperate effort to wrest the victory from the British, while the daylight was closing fast. But Wellington, equally determined to complete his success, attacked them both in front and in flank with such vigour, that they were forced back, and at length put completely to the rout. Even flight would not have been allowed them, had the orders which Wellington issued to the first division been fulfilled, which were, to push between general Foy and the rest of the French army, by which the escape of the latter would have been impossible: as it was, the divisions of Foy and Maucune were enabled to cover the flight of the broken troops, and save them from total destruction.—Such was the battle of Salamanca, which lasted from three in the afternoon till near ten at night. It was difficult to ascertain the loss of the enemy in killed, but it must have been immense, and 7000 were taken prisoners: there also fell into the hands of the victors eleven pieces of cannon, several ammunition waggons, two eagles, and six colours. This advantage, however, was obtained at a heavy price, as 5,200 British and Portuguese were killed, wounded, and missing. The value of the co-operation afforded by the Spanish troops in this engagement may be estimated from their loss, which amounted to two men killed, and four wounded!

Nothing could be more happily timed for the British than the victory of Salamanca. Joseph Bonaparte had advanced from Madrid to join Marmont, and had arrived within a few hours' march, when he heard of the marshal's defeat, upon which he hastily retreated, otherwise Wellington might have had to encounter upon the Douro a second army more powerful than the first. The British commander now resolved, as Marmont's retreating army was not likely soon to take the field, to march to the Spanish capital, and there either compel Joseph to a battle, or oblige him to quit Madrid. He accordingly commenced his march on the 6th of August, and by the 12th, two of his divisions entered Madrid, amidst the loud triumph of the citizens. Joseph had at first made a show of resistance by throwing his army across the roads that led to the capital; but instead of waiting for

the attack, he retreated with all his court and followers across the Tagus, and sought shelter in Valencia. Wellington, on finding that the king had fled, entered Madrid, where he was welcomed as the great national deliverer, the crowds enthusiastically clustering round him, kissing the hem of his garment, and hanging upon his stirrups. Their joy did not exceed the gratitude of the British government towards the hero who had conducted their affairs to such a prosperous crisis; and while his armorial bearings were augmented in the dexter quarter with an escutcheon charged with the crosses of St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick, this heraldic distinction was accompanied with the more tangible reward of a grant of £100,000, to enable him to support with suitable dignity the new honours that had been conferred upon him. Although Madrid was evacuated by the French, a garrison of more than 2000 men had been left in Buen Retiro, a favourite abode of the Spanish king, but now converted into a military depot, which was invested by the British on the 13th. But on the following day, when an attack was about to be made, it surrendered, and thus Madrid was completely cleared of the enemy.

Wellington soon found that it was time to be again in motion, as the cause had suffered reverses in the south-east of Spain through the errors of the Spanish leaders: he accordingly quitted Madrid on the 1st of September, and advanced into Valladolid, while the enemy retired at his approach, and crossed the Pisergua. Lord Wellington continued to follow them to Burgos, at which place he arrived on the 19th. During the whole progress of this retreat, the skilful conduct of Clauzel, who had succeeded Marmont in command, excited the admiration both of friend and enemy. After having re-organised his broken troops, he retreated before the British with such coolness and circumspection, as not to allow a single advantage; and although every day he offered battle, it was upon ground so judiciously selected, that Wellington, whose numbers were greatly reduced by sickness, could not venture to attack him in front, and therefore constantly turned his flanks. The French hastily retreated through Burgos on seeing that Wellington was now joined by the Spanish troops; but in the castle they left 1800 infantry, and several artillery-

men, to command the passages of the Arlanzon, and the roads communicating with them. The works were so strong, and so bravely defended, that several attacks failed. At last the walls were mined, and a breach was made by the explosion on the 29th, and another was effected by the same process on the 4th of October; but still the resistance was so obstinate and successful, that although the exterior line of the defences was gained, the garrison continued to make sorties, in which they inflicted serious mischief on the assailants. Things continued in this state till the 18th, when Wellington having received a supply of ammunition, and completed another mine, resolved, as soon as it should explode, to storm the breach in the second line. The attempt was made; but the bravery of the assault was met with equal bravery, and the assailants were driven back with loss. These delays began to assume a very serious aspect, more especially as the French army began to show a purpose of raising the siege. Massena, who now commanded the northern provinces, sent the army of Portugal for the purpose almost as soon as the siege commenced, and Souham, who was intrusted with the command, was only hindered from an immediate advance by a report that the allied army was 60,000 strong. At length he learnt that its utmost force was 30,000, upon which he moved forward, and after skirmishing with the British outposts he obtained possession of the heights commanding Monasterio, where the British army was encamped. The situation of the allies was thus so perilous, that Wellington saw the necessity of a retreat, which was commenced on the night of the 20th, when he moved his whole army back upon the Douro. He was followed by Souham with such superior numbers that, in the words of Wellington, they might have eaten up the British army; but fortunately perhaps for the latter, the French commander was prevented by the orders of the king from risking an engagement. However, he harassed the British in their retreat by frequent skirmishes. The Douro was crossed on the 29th of October, lord Wellington finding it necessary to continue his retrograde movement on account of the superiority of the French, and the inefficiency of his own allies, the Spaniards. On the 8th of the following month he regained his old position of San Christoval, in front of

Salamanca. Here he halted, and chose an advantageous ground, where, at the head of 52,000 English and Portuguese troops, and 16,000 Spaniards, he thought he might safely abide the encounter of the French, who mustered 90,000 combatants. But the French showed no inclination to encounter Wellington upon ground of his own selecting, and instead of advancing to battle, they moved upon the flank and rear of the allies; upon which Wellington broke up from San Christoval, and selected a new position upon the Arapiles, where he again offered battle to the enemy; but still Soult was too wary to accept the challenge, and Wellington continued his march towards Ciudad Rodrigo. After enduring great misery and privation, the British reached Rodrigo on the 18th, in a weary and exhausted condition, having had little rest since the 13th of June, when the campaign commenced. Wellington's skilful dispositions, however, during this retreat, had rescued them from certain destruction, and it was with astonishment that the French saw the escape of an army, upon the ruin of which they had built such reasonable hopes of success. The troops were distributed into winter-quarters where they could be fed without difficulty, and concentrated at a short notice. Such was the termination of the campaign of 1812, at which, as usual, the politicians in England loudly grumbled: they saw in it nothing but an advance, and then a retreat. But Wellington, who was best qualified to estimate its advantages, declared that it was the most successful campaign in all its circumstances, and had produced for the cause more important results, than any campaign in which a British army had been engaged for the last century.

Having settled his army in comfortable quarters, Wellington began to prepare for the ensuing campaign; for which purpose he repaired to Cadiz on the 18th of December, resolving, as he said, 'to throw himself into fortune's way at the renewal of the war, if he could collect a sufficient army.' He there proposed to the Spanish authorities certain measures, without a compliance with which he felt it would be impossible for him to assume the command of their army, as commander-in-chief of the Spanish forces; and as these proposals were in themselves both reasonable and necessary, they were readily conceded. In the mean time, while he remained

in winter-quarters, he was gratified to find that his services were properly appreciated ; for the Blue Riband, which had been vacated by the death of the marquis of Buckingham, was transmitted to him from England, while the prince regent of Portugal conferred on him the title of Duke of Victoria. Having now brought the Portuguese troops to an effective state in point of numbers and discipline, and reduced those of Spain to some degree of order and obedience, he opened the campaign about the middle of May, 1813. Not only the condition of his own army, but the state of the enemy, gave him every prospect of success. Bonaparte was now struggling amidst the snows of Russia, and could send no reinforcements to the Peninsula ; the French marshals who commanded under Joseph were at war not only among themselves, but also with their nominal sovereign ; and Soult, by far the most able antagonist of Wellington, was recalled by Napoleon, who was now unable to dispense with his services.

The plan of the British commander, when he commenced operations, was to turn the French position on the Douro, by passing his left across the river within the Portuguese frontiers ; then to ascend as far as Zamora, cross the Esla, and unite with the Galician forces ; and in the mean time to force the passage of the Tormes with the centre, in person, and connect his left wing with his right, which was considerably in advance, by establishing a bridge upon the Douro below Zamora. But here, at the commencement of this very critical plan, the dilatoriness of those who should have constructed the pontoon-bridge was so great, that injurious delays occurred, enough to affect the whole campaign. As his great object was to effect his passage suddenly, before king Joseph could have time to concentrate his forces, the measure was accomplished at last, notwithstanding several unforeseen obstacles, and the French troops stationed at Zamora and Tora fled at the advance of the allied army. Having successfully united his two wings on the Douro, Wellington found that the enemy, in consequence of the delays, had found time to concentrate their forces between Torre-lobaton and Tordesillas ; but this measure was now too late, for the allies were upon the right side of the Douro, and held the superiority of numbers. The French were therefore glad to retreat, while Wellington pressed forward and reached Valencia,

where his troops were received with showers of roses and welcoming acclamations. Joseph continued in full retreat towards Burgos, closely followed by his antagonist; and not finding a resting-place even at Burgos, he took possession of the rocks and defiles of Pancorbo, and moved the rest of his army behind the Ebro, where he purposed to await the arrival of reinforcements. But this design was not fated to be realized, for on the 13th of June, Graham moved the British left upon the Ebro, and crossed it in safety; the centre followed on the 15th, and Hill crossed it with the right on the same day; by which combined movements, admirably executed, the French were entirely cut off from the sea-coast. The British thus abandoned their line of communication with Portugal, of which they had always been hitherto obliged to keep a firm hold, and continued their march towards Vittoria in fearless confidence, while the French still continued in full retreat, bewildered by these skilful movements, the purpose of which they were unable to penetrate until they were executed. They at length gained the valley, or basin, of Vittoria, which is about ten miles in length, and eight in breadth, divided into two unequal parts by the Zadora, a branch of the Ebro. Their position extended about eight miles; their numbers amounted to 72,000, of which 11,000 were cavalry; and to oppose them, lord Wellington had 35,000 British and German, 25,000 Portuguese, and 21,000 Spaniards, including 10,000 cavalry, making a total of 81,000. The British commander thus possessed a numerical superiority; but in other respects the two armies might be said to be equal, for the Spaniards were mostly fresh levies, and therefore not for a moment to be compared to the skilful veterans of France.

On the 20th the allied army halted, in order to close up its columns, and upon the same day lord Wellington reconnoitred the enemy's position, preparatory to an attack on the morrow. On the 21st, at early dawn, the morning being wet and misty, the allies advanced to the attack in three bodies, which though acting in concert, seemed to be three distinct armies, on account of the ruggedness of the ground. Graham, who commanded the left, was to force, if possible, the passage of the river opposite Vittoria, by which the French position would be completely turned; Hill, at the head of the right, was to

turn the enemy's left; while the centre, which Wellington commanded in person, was to attack by the bridges of Nanclares, Vellodas, Tres Puentes, and Mendoza, which opened upon the right of the French centre. Hill commenced the conflict, and commenced it gallantly: he seized the village of Puebla, and after a severe struggle drove the enemy from their position on the heights, and then carried the village of Subijana de Alava, in front of the French line. The ruggedness of the country retarded for some time the advance of his remaining columns to their stations; but at length they crossed the Zadora at different points. Similar delays occurred with the central attack, which was conducted by lord Wellington; but at the critical moment a Spanish peasant came up with the information that the bridge of Tres Puentes was left unguarded. This was promptly occupied by a British brigade. It was now one o'clock, and a distant sound of guns on the left announced that Graham had commenced his attack on the extreme right of the French, while the advancing wreaths of smoke showed that it was done with success. Hill still pressed on successfully upon the extreme left of the enemy; and the allied centre secured the bridge of Mendoza, and forced the passage of the river. The battle now became desperate and general; but the allies had already obtained the advantage, and continued to drive the French from every point, while the sounds of Graham's successful onset were always approaching nearer. For six miles the French retreated, but still maintained a gallant running fight, availing themselves of every obstacle of ground to check the advance of the pursuers, or restore their centre—but in vain. Thus the battle continued till six o'clock, when the French stood at bay upon their last defensible height between the villages of Ali and Armentia, while behind them, like a broken tide, was a terrified multitude of men, women, and children, attached to the French army, with waggons laden with plunder, all hurrying through the city of Vittoria and the fields beyond it. This last line of defence was so desperately contested, that the victory for some time was held in suspense; but at length the enemy were overpowered by the numbers that were concentrated against them, and driven completely from the heights. Joseph, who commanded the army in person, perceiving that all was lost, and that the highway to

Vittoria was completely crowded and blocked up, directed the retreat by the road of Salvatiera, leaving the city on their left. Thus, the whole French left and centre were flying with headlong speed, with the allied cavalry in full pursuit, leaving their right to be enclosed and destroyed by the victors. The pursuit was continued till dark, along a miserable route filled with flying soldiers and non-combatants, intersected with parrots, poodles, monkeys, and women, which the epicurean French officers had brought with them to the field, but which now figured among the captives. Joseph himself was almost taken prisoner in Vittoria, and had only time to exchange his carriage for a horse, upon which he escaped; and the baton of marshal Jourdan, who commanded under him, was among the spoils. The whole artillery and baggage of the enemy and their money chests were taken, the last of which were said to have contained five millions and a half of dollars. Be this as it may, the soldiers and camp followers took care that the exact amount should never be fairly ascertained; and when the chests were conveyed to head-quarters, they were found empty. Even the gold that had tipped the baton of marshal Jourdan had disappeared with the other bullion. This trophy was transmitted to the prince regent of Great Britain, and the gift elicited the following gratifying intimation to lord Wellington, in a letter which was dated from Carlton House, 3d July, 1813:—‘Your glorious conduct is beyond all human praise, and far above my reward. I know no language the world affords worthy to express it. I feel I have nothing left to say, but devoutly to offer up my prayer of gratitude to Providence, that it has, in its omnipotent bounty, blessed my country and myself with such a general. You have sent me, among the trophies of your unrivalled fame, the staff of a French marshal, and I send you in return that of England.’

In consequence of this distinguished victory, and the consequent disasters by which the retreat of the French armies was attended, the allied forces occupied the whole line of the Spanish frontier, from Ronscesvalles to the mouth of the Bidassoa. But the situation of Wellington was still critical, for while he had two points to cover that were sixty miles from each other, and of difficult communication, he was now to be opposed by his old and

able adversary, Soult, who had been sent to retrieve the French fortunes in the Peninsula. Such a commander was not likely to lay himself open, like Jourdan, to such a defeat as that of Vittoria, and he was plentifully reinforced with troops and munitions to renew the war with success. The first measures of Wellington were, to blockade Pamplona, lay siege to San Sebastian, and at the same time to dispose of the rest of his army so as to shut up the various passes of the mountains. On account, however, of this extent of line and multiplicity of operations, the chief danger to be dreaded arose from the facility which Soult possessed of concentrating his forces, to break through some one of the passes and bear down upon Pamplona. In fact, this was now the design of the French commander, and by a sudden and well-managed onset he drove the British from the pass of Maya, inflicting upon them a loss of 1400 men and four guns, and advanced within five miles of the town. The Spanish troops, to whom Wellington had intrusted the blockade of Pamplona, were so dismayed at this approach, that they were about to retreat, and had even spiked some of their guns for this purpose, when the posture of affairs was changed by the promptitude of the British commander. He flew to the place of danger, and arrived about two minutes before the enemy had occupied the highway to Ostiz, where he took up a position that covered the approach to Pamplona. It was, indeed, high time for such speed and decision, for Soult not only purposed to raise the blockade, but to force the communication of the allied army. The French occupied a ridge parallel to that upon which the allies were drawn up, a deep rugged ravine lying between them, and the battle was commenced by an attack on the hill which commanded the Roncesvalles road, and which was occupied by a Portuguese battalion and a Spanish regiment. These troops resisted gallantly at the point of the bayonet; but as Soult intended to make this hill the pivot of his operations, Wellington reinforced them, so that the French were prevented from accomplishing their object. On the following morning the engagement was resumed by the French from the village of Sorauren, which they had carried on the preceding day; but they were taken in the rear and both flanks, and driven back. Upon this failure, Soult shifted the place of assault from the right

bank of Ulzama to the extremity of the ridge, but with no better success; after which a general attack was made along the whole range of heights occupied by the allied army, and the conflict was maintained for several hours with the utmost fury. But the French were foiled in every attempt, and at last driven down the hill with great slaughter. Being dispirited by these repeated failures, they were at last reluctantly withdrawn.

The following day (July 29th) was spent by both armies in a state of mutual tranquillity, but each was only waiting for reinforcements, which soon arrived. Soult now resolved, instead of forcing the front, to turn the left of the allied army, by an attack upon the corps commanded by Sir Rowland Hill, in which, if he succeeded, he would be enabled to relieve San Sebastian. He therefore brought up reinforcements in that direction, while he concealed his purpose by occupying with his chief force the heights of Sorauren; and early on the following day, the French troops began to advance in great force towards the mountains on the south of Ulzama. But Wellington, who had detected the purposes of this skilful movement, soon counteracted it with greater skill: he resolved, instead of awaiting the attack, to assume the initiative; and by his admirable dispositions, the enemy were driven from a position which his lordship described as 'one of the strongest and most difficult of access he had ever yet seen occupied by troops.' The dispersion of the French was so complete, that they fled across the mountains in broken detachments. Thus was Soult's left wing entirely routed and dispersed, and that commander, who had been employed on the British left, where he was gallantly resisted, did not learn of this disaster till towards the close of the day. He saw, that instead of hoping for victory he must instantly withdraw his army from certain destruction, and accordingly, he retired at nightfall towards the pass of Arraiz, closely followed by Sir Rowland Hill. A skirmish ensued on the succeeding morning, in which the French were driven from their strong position: they then retreated to San Estevan with such rapidity, that Wellington, whose route was necessarily very circuitous, was unable to overtake them in time, except with the light division under count Alten, which gained the flank of the enemy near the bridge of Yanci, and held them in check for

several hours. Soult still continuing his retreat, reached the pass of Echelar, and on the 1st of August took up a strong position ; but on the 2d, he was attacked by his indefatigable adversary ; and here, general Barnes's brigade drove two French divisions from the strong posts they occupied. This event closed a series of operations extending over a space of nine days, and the consequences of which were ruinous to the French. They acknowledged a loss of 13,148 men, 2700 of whom were prisoners ; but as more than 6000 prisoners were shipped for England, their estimate was certainly far short of the reality. The loss of the allied army was about 4000 British soldiers, 2000 Portuguese, and 300 Spaniards.

Wellington having thus established himself on this part of the Spanish boundary, resolved to secure his hold by reducing San Sebastian and Pamplona, instead of carrying the war immediately into France, a measure which as yet he saw would be premature ; and as a fleet of transports arrived from England on the 19th of August, with battering train, ordnance, ammunition, and military stores, he was enabled to resume his operations against San Sebastian with greater effect than ever. The batteries were opened on the 26th, to widen the breaches that had been previously made, and on the 30th, a desperate assault, headed by general Sir J. Leith, was made, which was met by the most devoted courage : the assailants were swept away as fast as they advanced, on account of the heavy fire of the garrison ; and as the tide was gradually rising upon the narrow peninsula on which the town is built, and enclosing the rear of the assailants, not a moment was to be lost. In this desperate crisis, Sir Thomas Graham tried a new experiment in gunnery, by directing forty-seven pieces of artillery to play upon the high curtain above the main breach in the face of the demi-bastion, while the soldiers were advancing to storm—the shot flew only a few feet above their heads, and swept the enemy from their ramparts ! A casualty co-operated with this novel mode of attack, for an immense magazine of fire barrels, shells, and grenades, which the garrison had piled upon the ramparts for their defence, suddenly ignited, and a tremendous series of explosions took place, by which multitudes of the besieged were swept from their stations. The British and Portuguese immediately dashed forward,

and the town was carried in the midst of a dreadful thunder-storm that deepened the horrors of the conflict. Two thousand of the allied army in killed and wounded attested the desperate character of the assault, and the bravery with which it was encountered. During the whole night, the devoted town was in a blaze, while the flames revealed every excess of the conquerors, who were maddened with the losses they had sustained, and a thirst for plunder and revenge.

Preparations were now necessary for the siege of the castle of la Motte, into which the relics of the garrison had retired, but the operations were retarded by the burning of the town, that continued for several days, until nothing but blackened ruins remained. The walls were at length bombarded with such effect, that after the castle was nearly a heap of rubbish it was surrendered, the French being allowed to march out with the honours of war. It was in the midst of these important events that Wellington was interrupted by a demonstration of the duke of Dalmatia. Soult, although he had been driven beyond the passes, resolved to make a bold effort for the relief of San Sebastian; but Wellington, who had foreseen, also anticipated, his measures. He moved forward several divisions of the Spanish army, with certain British and Portuguese brigades to support them, which were strongly posted across the line of approach at every assailable point. On the 29th of August, the enemy were seen assembling in great force at Vera, and on the morning of the 31st, they were in the act of crossing the Bidasoa, in three columns, at as many different points, upon which a heavy fire was immediately opened upon them. The first French corps, which had already crossed the river at the foot of the San Marcial height, advanced up the steep expecting an easy victory, as only Spaniards opposed them; but they were now to learn that the soldiers of the Peninsula had at length profited by the lessons of the British commander. The Spaniards, who saw their enemies toiling up the steep ascent in some disorder, immediately dashed upon them and drove them pell-mell down the hill into the river, in which many were drowned. A similar attack was made upon the right of the Spaniards, but with the same result. In the afternoon, a second French column, which had thrown a bridge across the Bidasoa and united them-

selves with the first, advanced simultaneously to the attack of the heights at different points. But here lord Wellington rode along the front of the Spanish lines, and addressed the soldiers with such commendations of their gallant conduct, that the mountains resounded with their *vivas*, and the French were received with such courage that they were again driven down the steep and across the river. The third column, under the command of general Clauzel, crossed the river, and endeavoured to force the heights that covered the right of the Spaniards, where they seemed for a short period to have succeeded; but the Portuguese troops that were posted in this quarter were so effectually reinforced from the British, that Clauzel was obliged to retreat and recross the Bidasoa, which he accomplished with great difficulty. In these conflicts the French lost 3600 men, and the allied army 2623. The heaviest of this loss was sustained by the Spaniards, as it amounted to 1679 men; but they had now rolled back the reproach which had long attached to their arms, and acquired that confidence in their own courage and efforts which would have been cheaply purchased by a greater sacrifice. Wellington, who knew the confidence he could place in them, had refused to reinforce them in the last attack, declaring that the honour of the victory, as well as the brunt of the battle, should be entirely their own. In consequence of this success, San Sebastian was taken without farther interruption.

The marshals Soult and Suchet now resolved to adopt a new plan of action. The former, with his whole army disencumbered of their guns, was to cross the Pyrenean chain by the mountain roads to the northward of Jaca; while the latter, reinforced from France, was to advance between the Ebro and the Pyrenees, and join Soult with 30,000 men and 100 pieces of artillery, after which their combined forces, to the number of 80,000 or 90,000, could fall upon Wellington's right flank. But this bold and well-conceived plan was rendered useless by the British general assuming the offensive. Wellington resolved to cross the frontier, and carry the war into the south of France; but finding it not prudent in the present juncture to move his whole force, he resolved to invade France with the left wing of his army. He therefore crossed the Bidasoa at an early hour of the morning of the

7th of October, amidst a thunder-storm that concealed his movements, and drove in the French pickets that were posted in the neighbourhood of Andaye. Three successive positions were then attacked and carried by the fifth division, while the other portions of the allied army were equally successful at the different points by which they crossed the river, except in an attempt to gain possession of the Great la Rhune, where the Spaniards under Giron were roughly handled : but on the succeeding night the French withdrew from that position also. The entire left wing of the allied army was thus established upon the soil of France, while the right occupied the passes of Ronscesvalles and Maya ; but although thus far successful the sufferings of the invaders were extreme, in consequence of those fierce changes of weather that occur among the Pyrenees, and sickness and death prevailed to a great extent among the soldiers. A still greater danger than even this, however, was to be apprehended from the Spanish and Portuguese troops. They had a long account of national injuries to settle, and had they been allowed to follow up their purposes of revenge upon France, the whole country would have risen as one man against them, and driven them across the frontier. But Wellington not only forbade every excess by proclamation, but sternly menaced every offender ; and the strict nature of his military discipline gave no ground to hope that punishment might be eluded. The French and Basque peasantry were also invited to remain peaceably in their villages, under the assurance that they would be protected from military license. These declarations, which were rigorously fulfilled, quickly softened the atrocities of invasion : the peasantry recovered their confidence and brought in abundance of provisions, so that the army was better supplied than it had ever been in Spain.

On the 31st of October, Pamplona, which had been blockaded by the Spaniards under Don Carlos de Espana, surrendered, and the garrison were embarked as prisoners of war for England. By this circumstance the right wing of the allied army was now at liberty, and Wellington therefore resolved to direct his whole force against Soult. The troops were accordingly drawn from Ronscesvalles and the passes of Maya on the 10th of November, and in nine divisions confronted the French

left and left centre, through which Wellington intended to break. The attack was commenced at dawn by the British right centre, and the advanced redoubts were carried, so that the enemy were obliged to retreat behind the village of Sarne, which was their main position, being of great natural strength and also skilfully fortified; but from this also they were driven by the on-sweep of the invaders. During the course of these events, the allied right, under the conduct of Sir Rowland Hill, was equally successful, having stormed the entrenchments on the left bank of the Nivelle, and compelled the enemy to take to flight to the mountains. A general advance was now made upon the right and left bank of the Nivelle; the hills beyond it were carried, and the allies, having thus established themselves in the rear of the French right, would have cut it in pieces and taken Soult prisoner, but that the darkness obliged them to pause. As it was, they had carried positions which had been three months in fortifying, and captured 1400 men, six tumbrils of ammunition, and fifty-one pieces of cannon. Even in defending the frontier of 'la belle France,' it is to be observed, that the French did not fight with that intrepid confidence which they had formerly been wont to exhibit. It seemed as if they now felt that they were opposed to a leader of a very different character from any former antagonist—one who had foiled their best commanders, and never experienced a defeat.

After this engagement, Soult commenced his retreat upon Bidart with his right wing, apprehensive that his communication with Bayonne might be cut off, while the allied army advanced in his track. As the French occupied a strong position in front of Bayonne under the fire of that place, including posts on the Adour and the Nive, Lord Wellington had resolved to cross the latter river immediately, but was prevented from moving by heavy rains till the 8th of December. On the following day he directed the right of the army under Hill to pass at one point, while the sixth division under Sir H. Clinton crossed at another, and both movements were successfully executed; the enemy were driven from the river, and obliged to retire towards Bayonne. But it was now that the allied army discovered the full difficulty of the task they had still to execute. Soult's position was a small, compact crescent, of which the strongly fortified town of

Bayonne formed the centre; while the allies, who were posted around it, necessarily occupied one of much greater circumference, which was liable to be broken at any point. This was Soult's expectation, and he prepared to realize it by an attack upon the weakened left wing of the allied army with nearly the whole of his forces. Early on the morning of the 10th the desperate conflict commenced—a conflict of life-and-death importance, in which the gates of France were to be the prize of the victor, and which was continued during the three following days. On each side were exhibited the same skilful manœuvring and the same desperate valour which had characterized the previous conflicts: but in them all the result was the same; the French were repelled at every point. It was during this protracted and momentous engagement, which was not waged as hitherto for conquest and aggrandizement, but national defence, that chilling tidings reached the French encampment, and found their way from troop to troop. The star of Napoleon was on the wane, and the empire which had been gathered under its auspices was falling in pieces. Hanover was emancipated; the Dutch had proclaimed their independence; and before the struggle had terminated, two German regiments came over to the allies. When the battle was ended on the 13th, Wellington had successfully accomplished all his purposes. The French were confined within their camp at Bayonne; their communication with Saint Jean Pied-de-Port was cut off; a large and fertile tract of country was wrested from them, and they were deprived of the navigation of the Adour, upon which they depended for supplies; and such was the havoc among their ranks, that in the last day's conflict alone their loss amounted to more than 6000 men.

Soult, still confident in the strength of his position, made a new arrangement of his forces, by which his line was extended until it doubled in the rear of the allied right wing, while his communication with St. Jean Pied-de-Port was once more opened, although not by the direct road. Upon this Wellington made a correspondent movement to secure the part of his army that was in danger, after which he sent the bulk of his forces into their old cantonments, intending with more favourable weather to commence a fresh campaign. While he thus kept firm possession of the most vulnerable part of

France, the cause of Bonaparte was daily declining ; the crisis was fast approaching, and the duke d'Angouleme, as the representative of the Bourbon family, arrived at the allied head-quarters under the assumed name of the Comte de Pradel. During the month of December the state of the weather kept both armies inactive, but at the commencement of 1814, all were ready for action. A succession of movements and skirmishes commenced this campaign, which was destined to be the most important in its results. The posts of the allied army were resting on the Gave (or rivulet) of Oleron, when the British commander gave orders on the 21st of February to break up from the blockade of Bayonne; and on the 24th, Hill and Clinton, with their divisions, crossed the Gave d'Oleron at different points, while Beresford attacked the enemy's posts at Gave de Pau, and forced them to retire. The French army was assembled at Orthez on the 25th; but Wellington, having forced the passage of the Adour in the face of every difficulty, by a series of skilful movements scarcely inferior to those that signalized the passage of the Douro, resolved to give battle. The position of Soult was peculiarly strong, and his army amounted to about 40,000, while that of Wellington was considerably diminished (in appearance at least) from his having been obliged to dismiss the Spanish troops on entering the French frontier, on account of their tendency to revenge and plunder. The engagement commenced on the 27th, at nine o'clock in the morning, by a vigorous attack of the British and Portuguese upon the village of St. Boës, in advance of the French right, which was carried after a desperate resistance; but from the heights beyond it such a destructive fire was directed, that they were unable to gain any farther footing. Wellington on observing this altered in an instant his plan of attack, and resolved to break through the French line at the angle formed by the meeting of its right and centre. By this rapid change, which was admirably executed by the allied troops, he brought an overwhelming force to bear upon the key of the enemy's position. This decided the engagement: the French ranks were broken asunder; upon which Soult, perceiving that his case was hopeless, commanded a retreat to Sault de Navailles by the only road left open to him. In the mean time the French left, which occupied Orthez under

general Clauzel, had fared no better: Sir Rowland Hill, who had effected the passage of the Gave above Orthez and placed himself in the rear of the enemy's left, perceived that the day was with the allies, and accordingly he pushed forward to intercept the retreat of the enemy at Sault de Navailles. Hitherto the French had retreated in good order; but perceiving that they were placed between two fires, and in danger of being cut off from their rallying point, their retreat became a race, in which they threw away knapsacks, arms, and accoutrements, and thus lightened they scoured along with a nimbleness that extorted even the applause of their more heavy-bodied pursuers. They got first to Sault de Navailles; but their rear column was overtaken by lord Edward Somerset, and charged so successfully, that many were taken prisoners. Had it not been for the ruggedness of the country, which prevented the British cavalry from an effective pursuit, the loss of the French army would have been more severe; but they had between 4000 and 5000 killed and wounded, and 2000 taken prisoners, with twelve pieces of cannon, besides sustaining a heavy deficiency in the shape of desertion, several thousands having abandoned their standards. The British, however, had almost paid dear for this victory, as Wellington himself was struck by a spent ball, which bruised him so severely, that he was unable to direct in person the last movements of the army.

On the following day, the British continued the pursuit in three columns; but the badness of the roads impeded their advance, and marshal Soult, after reinforcing his army with the troops of the garrison of Dax, and some battalions of conscripts, continued his retreat in the direction of Agen. Still, however, the pursuit was perseveringly continued, and with favourable results, for Beresford took a large magazine of provisions without resistance at Mont de Marsan, while Sir Rowland Hill, with the right wing of the allies, attacked a portion of the French army on the 2d of March, and drove them from the town of Aire. At last, the weather interposed in favour of the fugitives, and the Adour was so swollen by the rains, that Wellington could not move forward until his communication with the different parts of his army by means of the river could be restored. Thus Soult had a breathing interval, and he resolved to retreat

up the course of the Adour to Turbes, and effect a junction with Suchet's army, by which he might transfer the war once more to the Pyrenees. In consequence of this plan he was obliged to leave Bordeaux exposed to the allies; but he imagined that they would not dare to advance so far, with Bayonne and a strong French army in their rear. But the course of events baffled his calculations. The late losses of Napoleon, and the critical situation of France, now menaced on every side, had changed in many cases the whole current of public feeling, so that a desire was frequently and loudly expressed for the restoration of the Bourbons. Bordeaux itself was the first city that took a decided step in this reaction, by sending a deputation to the duc d'Angoulême at the British head-quarters, inviting his arrival, and to assure lord Wellington that the British army should be received with welcome. Beresford was immediately sent thither with 12,000 men to expel the garrison, and give the citizens an opportunity to declare themselves. It must be remembered, that Wellington had no purpose to bias the French nation as to the form of government they should adopt, or the dynasty by which they should be governed: his only desire was PEACE, which he thought could only be obtained by the downfall of Bonaparte; and therefore he had hitherto checked, rather than encouraged, the pretensions of Angoulême and the exclusiveness of the Bourbonists. He wished to ascertain the unbiassed feelings of the people themselves, and be guided by the result. This neutrality was the more necessary, as the allied European powers, who were in treaty with the falling emperor, had not yet declared, and did not even seem to have ascertained their own future purposes; and as the name of Bonaparte was still terrible, they advanced their unwieldy masses of troops into France to enclose him, with the same hesitation which hunters exhibit when they enter the lion's den. But the movement of the British troops upon Bordeaux struck the key-note of that popular feeling, which was taken up and continued over the whole length and breadth of France. The city, freed from apprehension, mounted the white cockade, and proclaimed Louis XVIII. and the cause of legitimacy.

Soult was in a fury at this unexpected event, by which all his calculations were baffled, and after publishing an

angry proclamation, in which Wellington was heartily abused, but to which the latter made no reply, the French marshal resumed the more difficult process of encountering his antagonist in the field. When the swelling of the Adour had subsided, the communications of the British army were restored, and Wellington having left a division under lord Dalhousie at Bordeaux for its protection, prepared to go in quest of Soult and Suchet. Soult in the mean time, having been reinforced, imagined that he now outnumbered his adversary, and in this confidence he resolved to assume the aggressive. He accordingly set his troops in motion, and crossed the Adour on the 12th of March; but his measures seemed now to lack that vigour and decision for which they had formerly been distinguished, for he did not reach Garlin, where Hill's right was posted, till the 15th. He found it too strong to be attacked in front, and he resolved to turn its right; but on finding that it continued to be hourly reinforced, he lost heart, and hastened back to Lambèze. It was now the plan of Wellington, who had called up Freyre's Spanish corps from the frontier, and otherwise reinforced his army, to resume the initiative, which he did on the 18th by an attempt to bring the enemy to action before they could repass the Adour; but Soult, preferring a retrograde movement, recrossed the river, and took up a strong position on the right bank. From this he was driven on the 20th, upon which he drew off to a still stronger position, formed by a range of heights covering the road to St. Gaudens: here, however, he was again outmanœuvred by his skilful opponent, upon which he continued his retreat with such celerity, that he reached Toulouse on the 24th, and there determined to make his final stand. The allied army did not arrive till three days later, and Soult employed every moment of the interval in strengthening his position and the defences of the city. The French army was posted upon the bold and picturesque range of heights called Mount Calvinet, which were crowned with redoubts and flanking entrenchments, that commanded the whole front of their position as far as the Ers, a deep and muddy river at the foot of Mount Calvinet; and as this river at the present season could only be passed by bridges, Soult had destroyed them all except that of Croix d'Orade, on the Alley road. The southern

front of his position was defended by the Garonne, the width and rapidity of which river he judged to be a sufficient protection.

Wellington, on having reconnoitred this formidable position, resolved to obtain a passage above the city, and thus compel Soult to abandon Toulouse. He therefore ordered a bridge to be laid immediately below the junction of the Arriege with the Garonne; but on making the attempt, it was found that the distance across was too great for the pontoons to cover. But Wellington could instantaneously alter or accommodate his plans to every emergency, however sudden; and he resolved to lay a bridge below Toulouse, and attack Soult's position in front, before the latter could be reinforced by the advance of Suchet. On the morning of the 4th of April the bridge was finished, and the river was crossed by a portion of the allied army without interruption; but the pontoons, with the weight of horse and carriages, and the strength of the swollen current, was at length swamped, and no farther crossing could be effected until the floods had abated. Thus the allied army was cut in two, and stationed upon either bank of the Garonne till the 8th, when the crossing was finally effected, and 45,000 men, of whom 8000 were Spaniards and 5000 Portuguese, were led to the attack of 40,000 French soldiers, protected by strong entrenchments. Fortunately, the dashing exploit of a body of horse under colonel Vivian had secured the possession of the only bridge over the Ers which the French had failed to destroy, and it was across this that Beresford marched with the 4th and 8th divisions to begin the attack. The battle commenced on the 10th of April at seven o'clock, the roofs and steeples of Toulouse being crowded with citizens, the anxious spectators of an event by which their own fate and that of the city was to be decided. Beresford's division crossed the Ers, and drove the enemy from the village of Montblanc, and Freyre's Spanish corps then rushed into action, striving to reach the French left, which was nearly half a mile distant; but this latter exploit was conducted with more ardour than discretion; for the assailants were driven down the heights with great slaughter, and the French had almost obtained possession of the bridge over the Ers, by which Beresford would have been cut off from the rest of the army, but that reinforcements arrived, by which the career of the

enemy was checked. The Spaniards were rallied by their officers, and led back to the charge, and the French were compelled to return to their entrenchments. In the mean time, general Picton, who had been commissioned to execute a feint on the extreme right of the allied army, was still more unfortunate. He had been directed to divert the attention of the enemy from the real point of attack, by menacing the bridge-heads that protected the bridges across the great canal of Languedoc; but his ardent courage soon converted the feint into a real attack, and under circumstances where success was impossible: the French entrenched behind a mound five feet in height, which was fronted by a dry ditch six feet wide and as many in depth, defied all the efforts of the assailants, and drove them back with great loss. The interest of the battle shifted once more to the French extreme right, where Beresford having successfully established himself, directed the attack against Montaudran and the redoubts on Mount Calvinet. These attempts were successful, notwithstanding the extreme difficulties of the ground and the strength of the enemy's entrenchments; and while the 6th division, under general Clinton, scaled the heights, and established themselves in front of the French line, the 4th, under Sir Lowry Cole, were equally successful in the other quarter, having forced their way up the hill, and established themselves on Clinton's left. A pause now occurred, which Beresford employed in bringing up his guns, which he had been obliged to leave behind at Montblanc; while the French laid planks between their different works for the more convenient movement of their artillery. About one o'clock, when Beresford had finished his preparations, the battle was renewed with great fury, and Clinton's division was attacked both in front and flank by Soult, who hoped to cut it off before it could be joined by Sir Lowry Cole; but the 6th division charged with the bayonet, and so effectually, that after a desperate hand-to-hand struggle the French were borne backward, while two of their principal redoubts, which formed the key of their position, were carried. These Soult endeavoured to recover, for which purpose he changed his front, and returned to the attack; but the 6th being now joined by the 4th division, instead of waiting the enemy's approach, advanced to the charge. The French were compelled to abandon their remaining works, which they

did in good order, carrying off all their artillery except a single gun, after which they occupied a ridge of great strength between Mount Calvinet and the town, which they still seemed resolved to defend. The allied army, which was now established upon three sides of the town, looked forward with eagerness to the expected encounter, and Wellington had made arrangements for cutting off the enemy's retreat; but during the night Soult withdrew all his posts within the entrenched line behind the canal, thus abandoning Toulouse to its fate. In this engagement the loss of the allied army was greater than that of the French, amounting to 4659 in killed, wounded, and missing. The enemy, however, confessed themselves vanquished by relinquishing their formidable works, and even Toulouse itself, in the defence of which they had resolved to 'bury themselves under its ruins.' But when the season of rest afterwards succeeded, in which they could 'fight all their battles o'er again,' by their fire-sides, they somehow discovered that they had not been beaten at all, but, on the contrary, had gained a glorious victory. This, at the worst, was a harmless piece of vanity: a more serious cause of regret is, that the battle should have been fought at all; for Paris was already occupied by the allied sovereigns, and Bonaparte had signed his abdication, so that had the tidings been conveyed more rapidly, all this gratuitous bloodshed might have been avoided.

If Soult had seriously intended to defend Toulouse, the resolution was very short-lived; for on the night of the 11th he retired with his whole force, by the way of Carcassonne, to join Suchet, and on the 12th Wellington entered the town. The white flag and white cockades now became the fashion, the imperial eagles had disappeared, and the streets resounded with the cries of '*Vive notre bon roi! vivent les Anglais!*' For this latter exclamation at least there was good cause, for Wellington, in his attack upon Soult, had subjected himself to serious difficulties in order to preserve the good town from the damage of a random cannonade. On the same evening tidings arrived of the incredible events that had taken place in Paris, and it was proclaimed in the theatre that Bonaparte had resigned all pretensions to the crown of France, and that Louis XVIII. had been called to the throne. Such events at first seemed im-

possible. The puller-down of kings deposed ! the 'child of destiny' reduced to the fate of vulgar heroes ! The audience at first distrusted their own ears ; and even when they were more assured, they could scarcely comprehend the tidings. A low murmur first arose, but some time elapsed before it swelled into a shout of triumph, which was strengthened by the British officers, and the song of '*Vive Henri Quatre*,' long disused in France, was loudly called for, to signalize the downfall of Napoleon, and the restoration of legitimacy. But while contemplating the fall of one illustrious personage, it is grateful to turn to the rise of another. In the following month, Wellington was raised to the ducal rank, and had £300,000 voted to him for the purchase of an estate for the maintenance of his new dignity. Here, as lord chancellor Eldon justly observed when addressing the duke of Wellington in the House of Lords, was a fact unprecedented in the history of England. In the short compass of little more than four years he had been raised to the highest rank that the crown can bestow. It is gratifying to add, that not one title had been bestowed without its appropriate meed. Arthur Wellesley, whether as knight, viscount, earl, marshal, marquis, or duke, had paid the price of each successive step by some heroic deed, that will illuminate the pages of British history when, perchance, the pages of the British peerage will cease to be consulted.

As hostilities had thus terminated, the talents of the duke of Wellington were now exerted in behalf of his country in a civil capacity, having been appointed British ambassador at the court of France ; and on the 4th of May he arrived at Paris, where he was received with high and merited honour by the allied sovereigns, and the most illustrious personages of Europe, who were assembled in the French capital. From thence he hastened, after a short stay, to Madrid, where the miserable Ferdinand, who had been restored to his throne, was embittering, rather than healing, the deep wounds of Spain. This priest-ridden potentate had dissolved the cortes, annulled the constitution which they had promulgated, and was striding onward towards absolute despotism at the hazard of a civil war and second deposition. The duke reached Madrid on the 21th, and continued there till the 5th of June, endeavouring to impress the neces-

city of moderation upon all parties, but in vain. Spain had not yet endured the full measure of that national affliction from which she was to learn wisdom. On the 10th of June, the duke of Wellington rejoined his army at Bordeaux ; and as peace had been signed at Paris, he proceeded to break up the British and Portuguese forces, which, under his superintendence, had been brought into such a state of perfect discipline and efficiency, that he said of them, ' I always thought I could have gone any where, and accomplished any thing, with that army.' On the 23d he arrived in England, and five days after he was introduced as a peer into the House of Lords. That important event resembled a great national triumph rather than a simple act of official initiation ; and as the general enthusiasm was equally prevalent in the House of Commons, he received the thanks of that august body by a committee expressly appointed for the purpose. He wished on this occasion to make his acknowledgments in person, which was granted, and on the succeeding day he entered the crowded house, being received by all the members standing. On this occasion, the principal merits of the noble duke were happily summed up by the speaker in the following appropriate and comprehensive words :—' It is not the grandeur of military success which has alone fixed our admiration, or commanded our applause ; it has been that generous and lofty spirit which inspired your troops with unbounded confidence, and taught them to know that the day of battle was always a day of victory ; that moral courage and enduring fortitude, which, in perilous times, when gloom and doubt had beset ordinary minds, stood nevertheless unshaken ; and that ascendancy of character which, uniting the energies of jealous and rival nations, enabled you to wield at will the fate and fortunes of mighty empires.'

1815.—Although peace had been established, it was the peace of exhaustion, not forbearance ; and France, chafed under the restraint of the allied powers, and irritated by the extravagances of the loyalists, began to exhibit a spirit of hostility, that only waited a moving impulse. And they did not wait long, for the ' Child of Destiny' was again in the field. We have been told by the wisest of monarchs, that the counsels of kings are inscrutable, and therefore we cannot pretend to divine the causes

which induced the allied sovereigns to send Napoleon to Elba, an island within sight of France; and still less can we conjecture the motives that induced them to furnish him with good, or at least plausible, reasons for escaping from confinement. As early as the 26th of February he left Elba, with an armament containing some 1,200 soldiers, and the allied sovereigns, who had latterly been exhibiting certain symptoms of disagreement among themselves, were restored to unanimity by the tidings. The emperors of Austria and Russia and the king of Prussia immediately published a declaration, by which they placed Bonaparte without the pale of all civil and social relationship, and delivered him up to public vengeance as the common enemy of mankind. In the meantime every step of Napoleon's advance was an earthquake: the troops that were sent to apprehend him hurried to his standard; the old soldiery of France, in whose eyes he was the incarnation of Victory itself, hailed his arrival as the commencement of a new era that was to eclipse all past renown; and the unfortunate Louis XVIII. was left as solitary upon his throne as Mark Antony on the banks of the Cydnus, when the crowds forsook him to hail the coming of Cleopatra. In this strange emergency the labours of the duke of Wellington were incessant. After having announced to the allied sovereigns the landing of Bonaparte in France, he enforced upon the British ministry the necessity of instant action before the power of their terrible adversary had gathered to a height. But after the profusion of the late war, the British statesmen had been seized with one of their periodical ague-fits of economy, which made them shiver at the expense of a final campaign, so that they had not even called out the militia, by which they could have availed themselves of the troops of the line in Ireland, and other quarters, for the present crisis. These circumstances necessarily occasioned such delay, that Wellington could not move till the 4th of April, on the evening of which day he arrived at Brussels, and assumed the command of the forces of his Britannic majesty upon the continent. The plan of the campaign which the duke recommended was fortunately adopted by the allied sovereigns, and their respective armies were so stationed as to be ready for the expected attack upon whatever quarter it might be made.

During these preparations Napoleon had not been idle. With an almost superhuman energy he had rallied and organized his dispersed veterans, restored the military magazines, and long before the allies were ready for the field he was at the head of a most efficient army of 150,000 men, 20,000 of whom were cavalry. With such an instrument, a fearful blow was to be dealt, and he had only to look around for the victim. And he was not long in making the selection. He resolved to burst upon one of the wings of the vast military cordon by which the empire was enclosed, separate Blucher from Wellington, and then crush them in detail; after which, success over his other enemies would be comparatively easy. His troops were, therefore, moved by rapid marches towards the frontiers of the Netherlands, and on the 12th of June, before daylight, he left Paris to take the command of the army, which he reached on the 14th. As it was his plan to take the allied army by surprise, his troops were set in motion by three o'clock on the following morning, and after driving in the Prussian outposts, they crossed the Sambre in the afternoon, in four bodies, at different parts of the river. The Prussian general, Ziethen, unable to endure the weight of such an onset, retreated before the French, contesting the ground inch by inch, that Blucher might have time to concentrate his forces. While thus the conflict and retreat were going on, marshal Ney arrived at the French head-quarters, and was directed by Napoleon to take command of the left column, consisting of 45,000 men, and advance to Quatre Bras, to separate the communication between Blucher and Wellington. The French marshal accordingly advanced against prince Bernard of Saxe Weimar, who commanded a portion of the Netherlands' army at Frasn , and who was obliged in consequence of his inferior numbers to fall back upon Quatre Bras, after a fierce but unequal struggle. Night at length put an end to these several conflicts, in which the French had been successful, although they had failed in destroying the communication between the British and Prussian armies.

While these events of the 15th were going forward, the duke of Wellington, who was ignorant that active hostilities had commenced, was present with his principal officers at a ball given by the duchess of Richmond

in Brussels, when the prince of Orange rode into the court-yard at five o'clock in the evening, and announced the first tidings of the enemy's movements. Soon after, despatches arrived from Blucher himself, in which the attack was mentioned as a mere affair of outposts. This information was insufficient to justify the duke in commencing any serious movement; it might be a feint of the enemy to allure him from Brussels, that the town might be left undefended, and, therefore, the dance continued until a little before midnight, when a second despatch came from Blucher announcing the whole events of the day. The drum was now beat to arms; the British officers bade a hurried adieu to their fair but terror-stricken partners; the streets of Brussels in an instant resounded with the loud din of a military muster, and the marching of the troops who were ordered for Quatre Bras. In the meantime Napoleon, who had passed the night at Charleroi, resolved to make a simultaneous attack upon both armies; that against the British, for the purpose of keeping Wellington in check, to be conducted by marshal Ney, while that against Blucher was to be led by himself in person. Quatre Bras was occupied by the prince of Orange, by which the road that connected the British with the Prussian position at Ligny was kept open, and it was upon this point, therefore, that Ney directed his efforts. By five o'clock in the morning, a series of light skirmishings commenced, and Wellington, who arrived two hours afterwards, and saw that the prince of Orange maintained his position with ease, repaired in person to Blucher, whom he found in a windmill between Ligny and Bry, with the army of Bonaparte manœuvring in the distance preparatory to the engagement. The two generals held brief and hasty counsel, after which the duke returned to Quatre Bras; but here matters had undergone a serious change during the interval. Ney had altered the light skirmishes into an overwhelming attack, so that as the British troops could only arrive at intervals, and by different routes, there was danger of their being cut off in detail; and as for the Netherlanders, they were already reeling beneath the immense masses of the enemy, and about to abandon Quatre Bras without a struggle. In this crisis, the elevated ground at Quatre Bras suddenly shone with a gleam of bayonets from

the arrival of Picton's division, consisting of 12,000 men, who were rapidly formed in order, and opposed to the headlong progress of the French. Still the enemy pressed onward, and their cavalry, after putting several squadrons of the Brunswick horse to flight, dashed upon our infantry before their squares could be regularly formed, and inflicted upon them a severe loss. The battle was every moment becoming more critical; Wellington himself, who had been exposed to the hottest of the fire, had seen many of his staff struck down by his side, and on one occasion he was almost taken prisoner by the French cavalry, when the 3d English division most opportunely arrived, to sustain the brunt of a furious attack which was made upon the allied right, to obtain possession of the wood of Bossu, and the out-buildings in front of Quatre Bras. The French were repelled, but the British, in attempting to prosecute their success, advanced too rashly, and were charged in turn and driven back by the enemy's cuirassiers. Even yet, it seemed as if the French would have ultimately succeeded, when about half-past six o'clock the Brunswickers arrived, by which the allied army was now equal to that of Ney. The French were completely driven from the wood, and their commander, as a last and decisive effort, resolved to call up his reserve from Frasn , and thus renew the battle—but he was paralysed to learn at this critical moment that it had been removed by Napoleon, to support his attack upon the Prussians. All hope of success was from that moment abandoned, and his utmost attempt from thenceforth was to maintain his original position on the heights near Frasn  until the day had closed. The British remained masters of the field, by which they saved the Prussian army; for it had been the expectation of Bonaparte that Ney would have been able to gain Quatre Bras, after which he was to envelope the right of the Prussians during the battle of Ligny, and thus ensure their destruction.

While the battle of Quatre Bras was thus going on, another part of this complex military drama was sustained between Napoleon and Blucher, only seven miles distant. The bulk of the French army, under the conduct of the emperor, assailed the Prussian position at three o'clock, and after a desperate resistance, succeeded in carrying it. This battle, which lasted till nine o'clock,

cost the Prussians a loss of 15,000 men, and fifteen pieces of cannon; but the fierce old warrior by whom they were commanded secured their retreat to the vicinity of Wavre, where he formed a junction with Bulow. In consequence of this circumstance, Wellington was compelled to make a corresponding movement, and accordingly he retrograded upon Waterloo, where, if attacked, he could depend upon the support of Blucher, as Wavre is distant only about twelve miles. The allied army reached their position of Mont St. Jean in front of Waterloo at five o'clock in the afternoon of the 17th; and only two hours after, Bonaparte's advanced guard appeared in the neighbourhood of La Belle Alliance. The night was stormy, and the rain fell in torrents, as each army addressed itself to an uncomfortable bivouac. On both sides there was the solemn conviction that the events of the succeeding morrow would decide the fate of nations, and a restless longing for the coming of day, by which suspense and uncertainty would be laid to rest.

It was a fearful hazard which the duke of Wellington encountered, when he resolved to make a decisive stand at Waterloo. The French army, consisting of well-trying veterans, and animated by the recollection of past victories, were at least 90,000 strong; and they were headed by their most able commanders, and above all by Bonaparte himself—a leader who had hitherto encountered no equal, and who latterly had been rather overwhelmed than conquered, under the weight of a coalition against which valour and skill were useless. To oppose these the duke had about 80,000 men, of whom only 33,000, including the old German legion, could be relied on, the rest of his forces being a motley array, composed of soldiers of different nations. In the number of guns the inequality was still greater, as he had only 120 pieces of artillery, while Napoleon had 270. But he resolved to abide the hazard, confiding in the strength of his position and the promised support of Blucher; while his soldiers showed the utmost alacrity for battle, under the recollection that their general had always been victorious. The ground of Waterloo, which he had inspected some months previously with a soldier's eye, and with the capabilities of which he was well acquainted, was admirably adapted for his purpose. His army was drawn up on a range of gentle eminences, called the heights of

Mont St. Jean, that extended about a mile and a half from east to west, in connexion with which were five roads, all leading to Brussels. His extreme left rested on the farm of Ter-la-Haye, and was protected by a deep ravine; his centre was posted between two roads leading from Genappe and Nivelles; his left centre, in which he was weakest, occupied ground a little in the rear of the farm, La Haye Sainte; and his right centre was in the rear of another farm, called Gomont, but which will be remembered through all time under the misnomer of Hougomont. This place was the key of the duke's position, and so long as it could be held his right wing was safe. The right allied wing, composed of lord Hill's corps, was thrown back nearly at right angles to the centre, to accommodate itself to the form of the valley, and was protected by a ravine. Thus, with an open ground in front, and with his flanks defended by deep ravines, the duke was confident that his position could scarcely be turned. Even in the event of a retreat, also, the village of Mont St. Jean would afford him a good centre of support for a second position; and if that was also carried, the forest of Soignies, which was at a little distance in his rear, and extended almost to the town of Brussels, would afford a safe retreat.

Although Bonaparte was aware of the position which the allied army had taken up, he thought that the occupation was only temporary, to secure a safe retreat. Resolved, however, that they should not thus steal away from him, he bestirred himself at the earliest dawn of the 18th, and brought up his troops to the heights in front of those eminences occupied by the allied forces, that he might overtake and destroy the runaways. But when he saw that his enemies still occupied the same ground, and were ready to abide the contest, his surprise was soon changed into a burst of triumph; and he exclaimed, 'Ah! I have them at last—these English!' His hope was to crush them with the weight of his onset before Blucher could arrive to their aid, after which he meant to attack the latter while the Prussians were marching over the broken ground between Wavre and Mont St. Jean. His plan of attack on this occasion was extremely simple. He proposed to break through the centre of the allied army, or turn one of its flanks, and thus overwhelm it in detail; for which purpose it was

necessary first of all to obtain possession of Hougoumont. He therefore sent orders to marshal Ney, who commanded his left wing, to direct a large force upon the farm and carry it; and accordingly 30,000 men in three columns, the first of which was led by Jerome Bonaparte, were detached for this important service. At half-past ten they were seen moving above Hougoumont, towards which they approached obliquely, throwing out skirmishers along their whole line; and at eleven the battle of Waterloo commenced, by a furious conflict to obtain the key of the allied position. But the wood and outer fence of the farm-house were lined with skirmishers, who successfully resisted Jerome's tirailleurs; and when the heavy French column advanced to the support of their light troops, a British battery, posted within range upon the height above, opened upon them a tremendous fire, that for a few moments checked their advance. The assailants, however, brought up their heavy artillery, and answered with a cannonade equally terrible, by which a great part of the wood was gained; the Nassau battalion, that had been stationed there to guard it, gave way, and the French still pressing forward, advanced to the hedge enclosures, and endeavoured to penetrate into the garden. But here they were impeded by the felled trees with which every approach was blocked up, and attacked by the light companies of the guards, who lined the hedges, while a heavy fire from the loop-holed walls of the old chateau poured incessantly upon them. Again and again they repeated their attack, but unsuccessfully, and were at last obliged to desist; after which the guards, sallying from their enclosures, recovered a large portion of the wood.

After this repulse, the battle, instead of being confined to one spot, became general, and the cannonade on both sides was attended with terrible effects. As a large force of cavalry was now displayed by the French, the two centre divisions of the allied army were ordered to form squares against the expected attack; but the demonstration was only a feint, and as the duke saw that his squares were suffering greatly under the incessant cannonade, he withdrew them behind the slope, so that its ridge interposed between them and the enemy's fire. This movement, which took place between one and two o'clock, was mistaken by the French for a retreat; upon

which several columns, led by count d'Erlon, were ordered to attack the left of the allied position, a furious fire being directed all the time against Hougoumont, to conceal their real intention. The attack was for a short space successful: the Belgian brigade, to whose keeping this important post had been assigned, were soon driven in; the life-guards, who were sent to support them, were compelled to retreat; and the French continued to advance along the cross road in the rear of the allied line, until the gallant Picton threw Kempt and Puck's brigades across the way, when the enemy were already within forty yards of them. Here a desperate conflict commenced, that continued for an hour, during which Picton fell while in the act of ordering a charge. But the corps of d'Erlon had been staggered by the steady fire of the British infantry, and before they could recover, lord Uxbridge charged them with such an impetuous onset, at the head of a brigade of horse, that their formidable masses were broken in pieces, and driven back in great confusion. The British dragoons, on this occasion, pursued their success too far; and when they were already exhausted with their efforts, the fire of a whole battalion of infantry opened upon them, followed by a charge of cuirassiers and lancers, by whom they were driven back with great loss, after leaving the brave general Ponsonby among the slain. While the battle was thus continued with such desperate fury on the left, Hougoumont had been repeatedly menaced by the troops of Jerome Bonaparte; but when the conflict had slackened for a few moments, in consequence of the gallant charge of lord Uxbridge, the attack upon Hougoumont became more furious than ever. Napoleon's dispositions showed his resolution to obtain this important post at whatever sacrifice, upon which the duke of Wellington sent thither a reinforcement of 4000 men, who were advantageously posted in the wood, and about the enclosures of the chateau. It was on this point that the whole storm was now directed, and every part of the building and its adjacent scenery was lighted up with incessant discharges of musketry and artillery, under which whole ranks were levelled like grass, under the successive sweeps of the scythe. But fresh assailants still poured in, and the struggle was not remitted for a moment. At last the corn-stacks in the farm-yard and

the building itself were set on fire by the French howitzers, and a desperate hand to hand conflict ensued, amidst the blaze of the conflagration, and the shrieks of the wounded and dying, who were perishing among the flames. The whole building was soon a mass of charred ruins; but the assailants were at last driven back by the Coldstream guards under colonel Woodford, and the position was secured.

In this manner four hours of hard fighting had elapsed, during which Napoleon had obtained no advantage: his effort to force the allied left had failed, and two attacks upon Hougoumont had been repulsed. He now determined to assail the allied left centre, hoping he should find it less defensible, for which purpose it was first necessary to obtain possession of La Haye Sainte; and this position he resolved to carry at every hazard. Between three and four o'clock, therefore, such masses were directed against it as made resistance hopeless, and the gallant defenders who bore up against the onset while their ammunition lasted, were at last enclosed, and cut down without means of resistance. After obtaining possession of the farm, Ney was able to assemble a large body of cuirassiers in a hollow between it and Hougoumont, where they were protected from the fire of the British guns, and enabled to charge with advantage. But although the attacks that followed were of the most murderous description, the allied squares remained as firm and cool as if they had been drawn up on parade, while the ground after every onset was thickly strewn with their iron-sheathed assailants, who only charged to perish under the steady fire of their opponents. Nor was their fate better when they retreated from these immoveable phalanxes; for they were followed by charges of the British cavalry, and encountered by men as brave but far stronger than themselves, against whose swords even their well-tempered panoply was but a frail protection. And still time was passing, and every minute that expired was a knell to the hopes of Napoleon—six o'clock had arrived, and as yet the allied army stood firm, while the Prussians might be expected every moment upon the scene, and their arrival would be decisive of the day. One resource as yet remained to the emperor by a charge of his far-famed Imperial Guards, who had seldom charged an enemy in vain, and their

onset might be decisive by breaking the allied centre, which was already exhausted by previous attacks. More than an hour elapsed before his dispositions could be made for this last and most important effort, after which, all being in readiness, the guards received their wonted order from Napoleon—‘ Let every one follow me!’ He marched at their head for about ten minutes, under a heavy fire of the English artillery, after which he suddenly halted with his staff in a hollow between La Belle Alliance, and La Haye Sainte, committing to Ney the conduct of this final movement. The guards marched across the plain that lay between the two eminences, a tremendous fire thinning their ranks as they proceeded, while the French guns answered the cannonade, and covered their advance. But from this heavy fire the British troops were almost wholly protected, the duke of Wellington having providently ordered them to lie down beneath the brow of the hill, until the word of command should be given. As for himself he continued tranquilly to watch the advance of the massive columns as they cleared the plain, and began to ascend the eminence of the allied position; and when the critical moment had come, he exclaimed, ‘ Up, Guards, and at them!’ The whole line sprung up in an instant, and received the assailants with such a volley as sent them reeling backwards. But the confusion of the Imperial Guards was only for a moment. They rallied, and were in the act of deploying, when a second volley was poured among them, after which the English guards continued to fire upon them by independent files. The whole assailing mass began to fall into confusion, upon which general Maitland led his brigade to the charge. This completed the discomfiture of the enemy, who fled in confusion. The French chasseurs then endeavoured to protect them, by taking the English guards in flank; but at that instant the extreme right of the allied army, under general Hill, which had not yet been engaged, and which had stood during the day at right angles with the centre, was suddenly wheeled into a crescent, by which the chasseurs were enclosed and destroyed. Thus the last hope of the French had failed; their last stake had been played, and lost. The allied army had maintained its post, and night and Blucher, according to the often-repeated wish of Wellington, had come! The duke at one instant per-

ceiving the confusion of the French army, which was now in full retreat, and hearing the firing on his left which told him that the Prussians had arrived, gave the order to advance, upon which the whole line moved forward to become the assailants. The French made even yet a desperate stand, but it was only for a few moments: they turned and fled, Napoleon himself being among the fugitives. It was in this final death-struggle that Lord Uxbridge, who had headed so many splendid charges of cavalry during the day, and contributed so greatly to the victory, was wounded in the knee by almost the last shot that was fired. Till after dark the pursuit was continued by the British, until Wellington found himself on the same road with Blücher, who undertook to follow the enemy and prevent their rallying, a pledge which he redeemed with merciless fidelity. In the chase, the Prussians found nothing but panic-struck crowds, flying with headlong rapidity by the light of the moon, and whom they cut down and trampled under foot without pity. No sound was heard over the whole country but the useless cry for mercy, mingled with the war-whoop of revenge. The duke, who had halted his troops about two miles beyond Rosomme, now returned with his officers to head-quarters at Waterloo, in doing which, he was obliged to pass many a huge pile of carnage, composed of the bodies of those whom he had trained to arms and led so often to victory; and we are told that he burst into tears at the spectacle, declaring that he had never fought such a battle, and that he hoped never to fight such another.

In this great conflict of Waterloo, the principal features of which only have been briefly sketched, there was little of scientific military manœuvring. 'Napoleon just moved forward,' writes Wellington, 'in the old style, in columns, and was driven off in the old style. The only difference was, that he mixed cavalry with his infantry, and supported both with an enormous quantity of artillery.' In such a case, the chief object of Wellington was to remain on the defensive and maintain his post until the promised arrival of the Prussians—a result by which the defeat of the French must be insured. While the French have asserted, that but for the arrival of Blücher the British would have been inevitably defeated, the Prussians have not scrupled to claim the chief honours

of the victory, as if their arrival had not only saved the British army from destruction, but occasioned the defeat of the French. But we have already seen that every attack of the enemy had been foiled—that our troops stood firm and undaunted till the close of the engagement—that the attack of the imperial guards, which was Napoleon's last and decisive stroke, had been miserably unsuccessful. The emperor had done his utmost, and his troops were in retreat by the time the Prussians arrived. All that Blucher had to do was to improve a victory already more than half won, and to pursue an enemy baffled and retiring from an attempt that had proved a signal failure. But this veteran pupil of Frederic the Great certainly deserves high commendation for the zeal and activity with which he completed the victory of Waterloo. Undaunted by his defeat at Ligny and the force of Grouchy, which the emperor had left to hinder his advance, the Prussian marshal hastened to the conflict, like the war-horse at the summons of the trumpet, and, in spite of every obstacle, arrived in time to inflict the last and decisive blow, by which all future efforts on the part of the enemy were rendered hopeless. But for this interposition, the baffled and broken French troops might have retired to their old encampment, and resumed the engagement on the succeeding day; or they might have assumed some new position, and renewed the campaign under the command of that leader whose presence was equivalent to whole armies, and whose turns of fortune had been so wonderful, that none could foresee their limits or their termination.

The superb army of Napoleon being thus annihilated, Wellington and Blucher resolved to push directly to Paris; and the main bodies of their armies accordingly crossed the frontier on the 21st of June, without waiting for the arrival of the Russians and Austrians. On entering the French territories, Wellington published two proclamations; one addressed to the troops, reminding them that they were entering the country of the king of France, the ally of their own sovereigns; and the other to the French people, announcing that the allied army recognised no enemy but Bonaparte, and that the inhabitants of the country would be unmolested. The march to Paris was still continued; and, during the interval, Napoleon abdicated for the second time; after which,

commissioners were sent to the two generals from the provisional government established at Paris, to treat for an armistice. The two commanders would not accede to the proposal, as nothing short of the restoration of Louis XVIII. was thought a sufficient guarantee for the establishment of peace; and Blucher—more in the spirit of an ancient Hun than a modern soldier—demanded that Napoleon should be delivered up to him, for the express purpose of putting him to death. But this unworthy spirit of his colleague was indignantly checked by the duke of Wellington. ‘You and I,’ he said, ‘have acted too distinguished a part in these transactions to become executioners; and I am determined, that if the sovereigns wish to put him to death, they shall appoint an executioner, which shall not be me.’

On reaching the French capital, on the 30th of June, it was found that an attack upon it would be a work of difficulty and danger; for the outworks and neighbouring heights were strongly fortified, while within were 50,000 troops of the line, besides national guards and other armed bodies, all zealous for the defence of their beloved city. But after a series of sharp skirmishes, in which the French troops were unsuccessful, a military convention was arranged at St. Cloud, by which it was agreed that the French army should evacuate the strong posts they held and the city itself, which was fulfilled on the 6th of July. On the day following, the British and Prussian armies entered Paris—and here again the revengeful ire of Blucher broke forth. Being indignant at the bridge of Jena, because it commemorated the defeat of his countrymen, he prepared to destroy it, and was only prevented by the determined remonstrances of Wellington. He then resolved to exact an oppressive contribution from the city; but here again the duke interposed, and the measure was reluctantly abandoned. Being determined, however, to revenge the injuries of Prussia in some shape or other, Blucher next bethought himself of the Louvre, and soon cleared its galleries of every work of art which had been carried away from his country. This appeared a deed of just restitution, and the example was too tempting not to be followed by the other powers, so that in a few days every statue and picture which the French had taken from different countries was reclaimed by the original owners. In the

mean time, Bonaparte, who thus saw the downfall of his grandeur and the termination of his political history, continued to linger at Rochefort, hoping in some unguarded moment to evade the vigilance of the British cruizers, and escape to America. But, finding the coast too strictly watched, he was obliged to deliver himself up to captain Maitland, of the *Bellerophon*, on the 15th of July, by whom he was brought to England, to wait the award of the British court. And who can forget that award? As long as the rocky island of St. Helena shall endure, so long will the fate of the heart broken exile be remembered and deplored.

It is here that the military history of the duke of Wellington terminates. As yet he had but attained the mid-day of life: but how full of stirring events; and how much had already been done for the present and the future, for fame and posterity! In looking back upon the military history of England, where shall we find his parallel? Not even in Marlborough; for although the hero of Blenheim achieved many a splendid triumph, it was not over such redoubted leaders as Junot, Marmont, Jourdan, Victor, Soult, Ney, Massena, and finally Napoleon himself. Into the long and distinguished political career to which the duke of Wellington was called, after the victory of Waterloo had restored peace to Europe, it is not our province to enter. It is sufficient to state, that it has been rendered, perhaps, as illustrious as his military course, and precisely through the exertion of the same noble qualities which made him unrivalled in the field—firmness, caution, sagacity, and foresight, all animated by devoted patriotism, and elevated by moral rectitude.

ROWLAND HILL,

BARON HILL OF ALMAREZ AND OF HAWKESTONE,
SHROPSHIRE.

A HERO cannot live and act alone. He requires the co-operation of kindred spirits for the successful accomplishment of his gigantic purposes and the full completion of his greatness. But, fortunately for his fame, such assistants are not long wanting. The very commencement of his career, so unlike that of other men, is an electric impulse that kindles every heart in which the heroic principle is implanted; and, in the continuation of his course, they rally around him as their common centre, and become the instruments, as well as the pupils, of his successes, by which they acquire a reputation only inferior to his own. Such was eminently the case with Napoleon and our own Wellington, under whom were reared the rival Titans of what might be termed a 'war of the giants.' And, as a work recording the triumphs of British heroism would be incomplete without a notice of those distinguished individuals by whom the victories of the great captain of the age were accomplished, we cannot more fitly conclude our labours than with brief notices of the principal commanders who served under the duke of Wellington. Of these, our present illustrious Commander-in-chief naturally demands our first attention.

Lord Hill commenced his military career in 1790, in the 38th regiment. His promotion was rapid; for at Toulon, three years afterwards, having previously obtained a company, he served upon the respective staffs of lord Mulgrave and generals O'Hara and Dundas. Captain Hill was wounded when general O'Hara was made prisoner; and was sent with the despatches to England by Sir David Dundas, when Toulon was evacuated. After the close of this unfortunate expedition, he was appointed to the command of the 90th regiment, and accompanied it to Egypt. In the action of the 13th of March he particularly distinguished himself, and was severely wounded in the head by a spent ball. On the 1st of January he was promoted to a brevet colonelcy, and, with the rank

of brigadier-general, was appointed to the Irish staff. On being made a major-general, and placed upon lord Cathcart's staff in his expedition to Hanover, the freedom of the city of Cork was presented to general Hill, as a token of their respect, by the inhabitants. Early in the summer of 1808, he embarked at Cork for the Peninsula; and in the battles of Roliça and Vimiero, he commanded a brigade under Sir Arthur Wellesley. General Hill served afterwards under Sir John Moore, commanding a corps during the retreat, and the reserve at Corunna. On Wellington's return to Portugal, Hill went out with him; and, through the long and glorious struggle that ensued, he not only shared in the triumphs of his immortal leader, but eminently distinguished himself in separate commands. In the passage of the Douro (12th of May, 1809), when Sir Edward Paget was wounded, Hill succeeded to the command, and held the Seminary against overwhelming numbers, until assistance from the other shore, and the appearance of Murray's brigade from Avintas, obliged Soult to commence a retreat, which was equally celebrated for its ability and its misfortunes.

To record the numerous and important services of this distinguished commander would be almost to epitomise the Peninsular campaigns. At Talavera he was slightly wounded, when commanding a division; and as one of the principal efforts of the enemy was made against his division, the manner in which it was received and repulsed added considerably to lord Hill's reputation. So far the subject of this memoir was fortunate as a lieutenant; but the period soon arrived when he had an opportunity of distinguishing himself in separate commands, where the glory was all his own. His surprise of Girard at Arroyo de Molinas was a bold and masterly operation, being admirably planned and executed with rapidity and spirit. Fifteen hundred prisoners, including general Brune and the duke d'Aremberg, a colonel of chasseurs, and the chief of the staff, fell into the hands of the British; and had not Girard's first division moved at daylight from the village, there can be little doubt but that the French loss would have been considerably augmented. It was a strange coincidence, and one which amused not a little the British army, that a battalion of the French 34th regiment was attacked at Arroyo de

Molinas, and taken by a wing of the 34th English. The brass drums of that corps, and the baton of their drum-major, with 'Austerlitz' and the eagle engraven on it, are still in the possession of the English 34th, as the treasured trophies of that important and well-fought action.

The next exploit of Sir Rowland Hill was the destruction of the bridge of boats at Almarez, by which the French marshal (Marmont) had secured the passage of the Tagus. Aware of the deep importance of the bridge to all further operations, no pains had been spared by the French engineers to secure it effectually against surprise. On the right bank it was protected by a strong redoubt, called Fort Ragusa, flanked by a *fleche* reaching to the side of the Tagus. On the left bank a *tete-du-pont* had been constructed, and this was immediately under the guns of Fort Napoleon, a very extensive redoubt, with a loop-holed tower and accommodation for a garrison of 500 men. The limits of this brief notice will only permit us to say, that Hill's attack had all the good fortune a well-designed and bravely-executed enterprise deserved. The works were carried by the bayonet; the garrison was driven in confusion across the river, in which many fugitives perished in their hurry to escape; and 250 were made prisoners. The works were dismantled and blown up; the guns thrown into the river; the bridge, pontoons, palisades, and every thing combustible, were burned; and the whole of the service was most completely effected, with a loss on the part of the British that was comparatively trifling.

The third occasion on which lord Hill particularly distinguished himself was upon the Nive, in the battle of the 13th of December, 1813. On the night of the 12th, Soult, passing through Bayonne with a considerable force, issued at daylight from his intrenchments, and fell upon Hill's corps with nearly 30,000 men. With not more than half that number of British and Portuguese troops Sir Rowland vigorously resisted, and foiled the French marshal in his furious and repeated efforts to carry the English position. At last, wearied and discomfited, the duke of Dalmatia ordered his columns to retire; but he was followed closely by the English general, who forced the French from a height on which their infantry had formed, and drove them off the ground,

with the loss of two pieces of artillery. No contest during the Peninsular struggle was more honourable to the British arms than that of the 13th of December; and the frank and manly declaration of lord Wellington, when he came up after the battle, 'Hill, the day's your own!' showed how highly he estimated the gallantry and talent of his lieutenant.

For these glorious and important services, Sir Rowland Hill received the grand cross of the Bath, the government of Blackness Castle, the Portuguese order of the Tower and Sword, the freedom of the city of London, the government of Hull, and lastly, on the 3rd of May, 1814, he was raised to the peerage, by the style and title of baron Hill, of Almaraz, and of Hawkestone, Shropshire. He is also a G.C.H., K.M.T., K.S.G., and D.C.L.

As commander-in-chief of the British army, lord Hill's conduct has given universal satisfaction. The welfare of the service seems the mainspring of all his actions; and the strictest impartiality characterises every appointment that issues from the War Office.

HENRY WILLIAM BALEY PAGET,

MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY, EARL OF UXBRIDGE, &c.

THIS gallant officer, distinguished as much by his eminent services in the organization and development of the cavalry force of his country, as by those which he rendered in her battle-fields, was the eldest son of Henry, lord Paget, the third earl of Uxbridge. He was born on the 17th of May, 1768; and received his education at the public school of Westminster and the university of Oxford. His father had been himself a soldier, honoured with the confidence of his sovereign; and on the breaking out of the French revolution, and in the prospect of the wars which it originated, he eagerly seconded the disposition of the young Henry William to take a share in the vast military movements which were in preparation. A fine body of young men was accordingly raised on the earl's estates, which was subsequently organized as the 10th regiment of foot, or Staffordshire volunteers, and of which lord Paget was appointed lieu-

tenant-colonel. At the head of this gallant corps, he made his earliest military essay, under the duke of York, in the first campaign of the British army in Flanders; and there, during the temporary absence of lord Cathcart, had the distinction of replacing that officer for a period at the head of the brigade. On his return to England, he was sent to Ipswich, with the 7th light dragoons and other bodies of cavalry under his command; and here it was that his lordship commenced that series of evolutions, and laid the foundation of that system of discipline and duty, which effected an entire revolution in cavalry practice. Indeed, it was chiefly through the unwearied zeal and diligence of lord Paget that our cavalry became the formidable and effective instrument which it proved itself to be in the laurelled fields of the Peninsula and on the dreadful day of Waterloo.

Towards the close of the year 1808, lord Paget was sent into Spain with two brigades of cavalry, to strengthen the corps of the army under Sir David Baird, which was marching through Galicia, for the purpose of effecting a junction with the main body, advancing upon Salamanca under the brave but unfortunate Sir John Moore. But the treachery and incapacity of those whom he had come to serve, with the strong front presented by the armies of Soult and Junot (prepared to combine their forces), added to the daily increasing rumours that Napoleon was about to advance in person, with the whole disposable strength of the French troops in Spain, compelled the British commander to commence that memorable retreat to the sea, through an exhausted country, and in the face of an enemy of overwhelming numbers, which ended in the extrication of his army from the toils into which he had been so wantonly led, and his own destruction, but by a soldier's death and in the arms of victory. The whole of that disastrous retreat was covered by lord Paget's cavalry, with a gallantry in which the best parts of the spirit of chivalry were combined with the improved tactics of modern warfare. Day after day did their intrepid leader lead them on to some dashing, yet well-conducted, enterprise, ending with the glorious one of Corunna, in which he brought up his reserve to the support of the British left wing, and turned the fortunes of the day in that direction. Had the list of his services terminated at this period, he must have carried

with him from the Spanish coast the reputation of one of the most gallant of the many gallant spirits which those stirring times produced, and the most brilliant cavalry officer of his time.

From 1806 to 1812, lord Paget sat in the House of Commons as representative for Melbourne Port; the death of his father, in the latter year, removed him, as earl of Uxbridge, to the House of Peers. But his natural scene of action was the battle plain; and events were preparing employment for his genius on its more characteristic ground. Napoleon's sudden burst into France from his island cage, set all his keepers in motion to secure the untamed lion; and the command of the large cavalry forces attached to the British army under Wellington was given, by a happy appointment, to the earl of Uxbridge. His bearing and exploits on that field of gallant deeds have been the theme of minstrel, orator, and historian; and are too familiar, in all their incidents, to need repetition here. Conspicuous for his bravery where all were brave, leading on his brigades to charge after charge, and exciting applause even among the French officers, who saw in his bold bearing their own chief 'of the snow-white plume,' the gallant Murat, he contributed largely to the success of the operations by which the day was won, and left a limb behind him, to attest the gallantry with which his person was exposed to the fearful accidents of the field. One of the last shots fired by the flying foe struck his lordship on the right thigh, inflicting a wound which rendered immediate amputation necessary: and the leg of the hero having been appropriated as a relic by the owner of the house in which the operation was performed, lies buried beneath a green mound, in a garden opposite to the inn, at Waterloo.

For his part in this great event, in which the eagle of France perished, the earl of Uxbridge was, on the 23d of June, 1815, created marquis of Anglesey, and he largely shared in all the other honours with which the grateful country hailed her victorious soldiers. But the same day and scene in which his lordship's leg was interred, saw also the burying of the tomahawk of war; and the peaceful era to which these deeds were the harbinger, has furnished no fresh incidents to his history. In politics, he has played a somewhat conspicuous

part; but it is only with his military capacity that we have to do in this work. Under Mr. Canning's administration, the marquis of Anglesey succeeded the duke of Wellington as master-general of the Ordnance, with a seat in the cabinet; and he was lord-lieutenant of Ireland in 1828, and again in 1830. That high office he continued to fill till September 1833, when the state of his health compelled him to resign. Since that period, his lordship has withdrawn from the tumult of public life; and now reposes, in an advanced and honoured old age, upon his laurels as a soldier, and his unimpeached character as a man.*

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL

SIR THOMAS PICTON, K.G.C.B.

SIR THOMAS PICTON was born in August, 1758, at Payston, in the county of Pembroke, the seat of his father, Thomas Picton, Esq., and as he was attached to a military life from his boyhood, he particularly directed his attention to military studies, after which he increased his martial acquirements under M. Lachée, a French gentleman who kept a military academy. In his fourteenth year he obtained an ensigncy in the 12th regiment of foot, under the command of his uncle, lieutenant-colonel William Picton; and in about two years he left the military school, to join his regiment at Gibraltar. In March, 1777, he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant in the same regiment; and in January of the next year he was gazetted captain in the 75th, or Prince of Wales's regiment of foot, and immediately returned to England. This was to him a subject of deep regret, for, a few months after his leaving Gibraltar, the celebrated siege of that fortress commenced, and the regiment he had quitted, commanded by his uncle, bore a distinguished part in the astonishing defence under general Elliot. Peace shortly afterwards followed, and upon the disbanding of the 75th, captain Picton was placed on half-pay, and retired into Pembrokeshire, where he enjoyed

* This and the preceding memoir are extracted, with several alterations, from Maxwell's Military Almanack.

the affection and esteem of a numerous circle of relations and friends. He remained for the long period of twelve years unemployed and unpromoted ; and much of his retirement was passed in the enjoyments of the sports of the field, and in studying the classics, but more particularly in perfecting himself in the art of war.

War with revolutionary France broke out in 1793, but a whole year of hostilities elapsed, without captain Picton being able to obtain active employment. At the end of that period he embarked for the West Indies at his own expense, without appointment, and with no better prospect of notice than a slight acquaintanceship with Sir John Vaughan, the commander-in-chief in that part of the globe. That general immediately attached captain Picton to the 17th foot, and made him his confidential aide-de-camp ; and soon after he promoted him to a majority in the 68th regiment, and gave him the post of deputy-quarter-master-general, which entitled him to the brevet rank of lieutenant-colonel. On the death of his estimable friend at Martinique in August, 1795, colonel Picton resolved upon returning home, but his intention was changed on being introduced to Sir Ralph Abercromby. Under that illustrious commander he continued his voluntary service, and accompanied him in the attacks of St. Lucia and Grenada ; after which, he was appointed by Sir Ralph to the lieutenant-colonelcy of the 56th regiment, and returned with him to Europe. After two months, he again sailed with Sir Ralph for the West Indies, and on the capture of Trinidad, in February, 1797, he was immediately made governor and commandant of the island. The confidence which Sir Ralph Abercromby placed in colonel Picton may be regarded as decisive of his merits : ‘ Did I know any officer,’ said that great and good man to the subject of our memoir, ‘ who, in my opinion, would discharge the duties annexed to this station better than you, to him would I have given it ; there are no thanks due to me.’

After having held this very difficult situation for six years, during which he was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general, Picton resigned his office of governor in February 1803, and embarked for Europe. He arrived in his native country at a period of great popular alarm on the subject of invasion. The French army was at Boulogne, and a flotilla was in readiness for its convey-

ance to the shores of England. General Picton immediately made an offer of his services to government, and at the same time wrote a letter to Mr. Addington respecting the organization and employment of the volunteer forces which were then being raised in every part of the kingdom. But while his attention was thus turned to the safety of the state, he was roughly summoned to a concern for his own, by a series of malignant accusations that followed him from Trinidad. It was represented by his enemies, that his administration in the government of the island had been unjust, tyrannical, and unconstitutional; and such was the plausibility of the charges, as well as the strength of popular resentment excited against him, that a most vexatious and oppressive trial followed, which did not terminate till June, 1808. But the result was most honourable to the character of the traduced hero. During these harassing legal proceedings, the privy council also had been engaged in investigating a long list of charges brought against the ex-governor; and, in the January of the preceding year, had pronounced that there was no foundation whatever for taking any further measures with reference to them: and as a testimony also of the high estimation in which government held the character of the accused, he had, on the 25th of April, 1808, been promoted to the rank of major-general. Thus, after a trial of so many years' duration—in the course of which an examination before the privy council, upon unwarrantable statements, calculated, if true, to crush his reputation both as a man and a soldier, was carried on—the honour and justice of this brave officer were established, to the perfect satisfaction of every upright mind. The expenses that had been incurred during the trial would of themselves have been sufficient to effect his ruin, had not his venerable uncle, general William Picton, defrayed the whole costs of the suit.

About the latter end of July, 1809, the unhappy expedition against Flushing took place, in which major-general Picton was placed on the staff of the commander-in-chief, and, after the surrender of that town, he was appointed governor of it and the surrounding country. The havoc among the British troops, caused by the pestilential atmosphere of this fatal spot, rendered all other miseries of war comparatively trifling. With his soldiers

hourly expiring around him, governor Picton was also seized with the malignant disease; and so rapid was its progress, that, in a short time, he was brought to the last extremity, when he was conveyed to his native shores. Scarcely had his health in some measure recovered, than he was summoned to assist in rescuing Portugal and Spain from the power of France, and ordered to the headquarters of Wellington in the Peninsula. The deadly complaint imbibed at Walcheren still lurked in his frame, but his was not a spirit to be repressed by bodily infirmity; and on his arrival in Spain he was immediately appointed to the command of the third division of the army, then quartered in the neighbourhood of Celerico. To narrate with historical accuracy the exploits performed by this valiant division, under his command, would soon carry us far beyond our limits; in every battle that was fought his troops were distinguished by their heroism and success, and in a short time they were known throughout the army by the appellation of the 'fighting division;' for, wherever danger was to be encountered, or glory won, there was the heroic Picton, at the head of his gallant soldiers.

The following incident is from the work of Mr. Robinson, and forms a striking characteristic of this eminent warrior: the circumstance occurred at the battle of Busaco. 'After general Picton had made every disposition for the reception of the enemy,' says the biographer, 'he visited the particular spots occupied by his division, and, having been awake nearly the whole night, a short time before day broke he wrapped himself in his cloak, put on a coloured night-cap (his usual custom), and, after giving orders to some of his staff that he might be called upon the least alarm, stretched himself upon the ground, to snatch a short repose. Possessing that command over the senses peculiar to strong minds, he was instantly asleep. Brief, however, were his slumbers; the sound of musketry on the left suddenly aroused him; when, throwing off his cloak and putting on his hat, he sprung into the saddle, and was the next moment at the head of his troops, defending the pass of St. Antonio. From thence, when this point was secured, he galloped to the spot where the enemy had gained a partial success. Here his presence retrieved the lost ground; he rallied the retreating troops, and urged them again to the attack.

Major Smith placed himself at their head, and fell leading the attack. Picton, at the same time, placed himself at the head of a Portuguese battalion : the eyes of the men were fixed upon him as he cried, 'Forward!' and pointed towards the foe. When arrived within a few yards, with some encouraging words, and a loud 'hurra,' he gave the word to charge, and at the same moment taking off his hat, he waved it over his head, totally unconscious that it was still covered by his night-cap. His appearance at this moment was sufficiently grotesque, and caused much merriment. This incident for an instant diverted the minds of the soldiers from the approaching conflict ; but it was only for an instant ; giving one loud cheer, they dashed boldly forward ; the echo was a groan, as, borne back by the impetuosity of this charge, the foe rolled over the craggy steep.'

The siege of Ciudad Rodrigo had commenced early in January, and on the 19th it was resolved that Picton and his division should attack the largest of the breaches. At half-past six on the same evening every man was ready, and his style of military eloquence may be understood by his exclamation to the 88th regiment : 'Rangers of Connaught ! it is not my intention to expend any powder on this occasion ; we'll do the business with cold iron !' The 3d division made five simultaneous attacks, and, having soon got possession of the breach, carried devastation into the town. General Picton then made every effort to put a stop to the sanguinary horrors that ensued. He flew in all directions, calling in a voice of thunder on the frantic soldiers, to remember they were 'men and Englishmen !' The still more tremendous siege of Badajos followed in the ensuing April, and there the deeds performed by the troops under his immediate command, though emulated and occasionally equalled by other bodies of British troops, were scarcely ever excelled. While leading his soldiers to the foot of the ramparts of the castle of Badajos, a ball struck him in the groin a little above his watch. He did not fall or bleed, but being assisted to the glacis, stood there for twenty minutes directing the attack. As he observed the numbers whom the overwhelming fire of the besieged strewed around him, he cried out, in a calm energetic tone, 'If we cannot win the castle, let us at least die upon the walls.' This was sufficient ; other ladders were brought, and the

castle was entered. The wound which Picton had received prevented him from ascending with his brave soldiers, but he remained encouraging party after party as they rushed forward, until they gained that position, which secured to the British army the complete possession of the town.

During the ensuing march of the army towards Castile, general Picton was seized with the fever incidental to the country, and compelled to return to England; but though his health was considerably reinstated, he declared that active service could alone restore his spirits. On the 1st of February, 1813, he was invested with the knighthood of the Bath, and immediately returned to the Peninsula, where he was hailed by his soldiers with the cry of 'Here comes our brave old father!' The battle of Vittoria took place in the following June, and in a letter to his brother he praises the valour of his division, while of himself he only says, 'I was very fortunate, having escaped with only one shot-hole in my great coat.' Having participated in all the rapid and glorious affairs which took place with the retreating army of the French under Soult, and highly distinguished himself at the pass amid the heights of Zubiri, Sir Thomas Picton left the camp in October, 1813, and repaired to England, where he received the thanks of the House of Commons. Early in December he rejoined the army with renovated health, in due season to lead on the 3d and 4th divisions at St. Jean de Luz (January, 1814), where he attacked and defeated the enemy. At Orthez he also covered himself with honour; and, indeed, from the moment of entering the territory of France, till the battle of Toulouse, no language can express too high an idea of the conduct and valour of this admired commander. On the breaking up of the forces, his 'fighting division' declared that they would never forget their old general, and subscribed among themselves a sum amounting to nearly £1,600, for the purpose of presenting '*Old Picton*' with a piece of plate. His friends, and the public at large, were indeed disappointed when they found that he was not elevated to the peerage when that dignity was conferred on five of his brother officers. The excuse was, that the custom in the service did not permit the grant of titular honours to any who had not held what are termed 'distinct commands.' Sir Thomas, however,

having again been honoured with the thanks of parliament, was contented, and retired to the quiet of a country life. On the extension of the order of the Bath at the beginning of 1815, he was made knight grand cross, and this was the last and utmost distinction he enjoyed.

Sir Thomas Picton had entered upon a career of rural tranquillity and parliamentary usefulness, when the return of Napoleon from Elba gave the signal for renewed hostilities; and our veteran soldier received an application from the War Office, requiring him to join the army in the Netherlands under the duke of Wellington. A presentiment of his fate is said to have been deeply impressed upon his mind, without disturbing its serenity. 'When you hear of my death,' said he to an intimate friend, 'you will hear of a bloody day,' a prognostic which was but too faithfully verified. He left London on the 11th of June, and immediately on his joining the army he was appointed to the command of the reserve, consisting of above 10,000 men. On the tempestuous night of the 17th, which succeeded the desperate onset at Quatre Bras, Sir Thomas laid himself down for a few hours in a small cottage in the village of Waterloo, which long retained his name; and when the day began to dawn, he was in the field, making preparations, animating his men, and giving directions for the approaching conflict. As the battle commenced, his division was posted on the road to Wavre, behind a straggling hedge which extended from the farm of La Haye Sainte to Ter la Haye. The French columns marched upwards along the hedge to force the position, when the English hastened forward to meet them, and the muzzles of the opposing muskets almost touched each other. The general gave the word for the brigade of Sir James Kempt to advance: the soldiers bounded over the hedge, and were received with a murderous volley. The struggle that ensued was terrific: the British, not stopping to reload, rushed upon the enemy, trusting solely to the thrust of the bayonet. The repeated fire of the French had, however, fearfully thinned the first line, and the dreadful work of the bayonet was proceeding at the odds of one to six. Picton then ordered up general Pack's brigade; and he must at that moment have felt what the duke of Wellington afterwards remarked in his despatches, that to repel this most serious attack of the foe, was of the highest conse-

quence to the success of the battle. Conscious at the same time that his own presence would inspire the men with confidence, he rode along the gallant line, waving his soldiers onward with his sword, when a bullet struck him on the forehead, and he fell back upon his horse. Captain Tyler, his aide-de-camp, instantly dismounting, ran to him, and, assisted by a soldier, lifted him from his horse, but he was quite dead. At that moment, the shock of war was at the wildest, for the conflicting hosts had met. Captain Tyler laid the body of his heroic friend beneath a tree, and rushed to the combat, after having informed Sir James Kempt of the lamentable occurrence. That general immediately assumed the command of the division, which the last example of their veteran leader had already inspired with enthusiasm. The masses of French assailants were one after another driven back: not, however, until the sanguinary struggle was over, and the Prussians, who had newly arrived, were in pursuit of the flying foe, did captain Tyler quit the field in search of the body of his esteemed general: it was easily found, but he was surprised to discover, on examining the corse, that there was another musket wound in the side, which had broken two of the ribs. On inquiry, he was informed by an old confidential attendant of the general, that this had occurred two days before, during the affair of Quatre Bras, and had been bound up and concealed by Picton's express command, lest the operation of the surgeon might keep him out of the field on the day of the approaching battle. The remains of this lamented warrior were landed at Deal on the 25th of June; and on the 3d of July, they were deposited in the family vault at Bayswater. Parliament voted him a monument, under the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral; and a stupendous pillar commemorative of his valiant exploits has been erected near Caermarthen, which can be seen at the distance of many miles.

STAPLETON STAPLETON COTTON,

VISCOUNT COMBERMERE.

THIS nobleman is the second son of Sir Robert Salusbury Cotton, Bart., and was born in 1775. His education was chiefly obtained at Westminster School, and, while there, he commenced his military career, at the opening of the revolutionary war, as a second lieutenant in the royal Welsh fusileers. In 1791 we find him lieutenant in that regiment, from which rank he was, after two years, promoted to that of captain in the 6th dragoon guards. In this capacity he served with much credit in 1793 and 1794, under the duke of York, in the campaigns in Flanders; and in the latter year, he was promoted to the rank of major of the 59th regiment, and afterwards to that of lieutenant-colonel of Gwyn's hussars, which subsequently became the 25th light dragoons. In 1796 colonel Cotton went to the Cape of Good Hope, in command of this regiment; whence he took it to India, and served during the Mysore war. He distinguished himself particularly at the battle of Malavelly, a few days previous to the arrival of the army before Seringapatam, and was thanked for his conduct on this occasion by general Harris. Upon the death of his elder brother, the lieutenant-colonel was exchanged into the 16th light dragoons, and returned to England in 1800. Two years afterwards, colonel Cotton commanded the 16th regiment of light dragoons, in Ireland, and was shortly afterwards made a brigadier-general, and a major-general in 1805, when he was appointed to the command of a brigade of light cavalry in England.

In October, 1808, major-general Cotton was sent with the 14th and 16th light dragoons to Portugal: he commanded the advanced guard when Soult was driven from Oporto into Galicia; fought at the battle of Talavera; and in the following year received the local rank of lieutenant-general, and the command of the cavalry of lord Wellington's army, from which time he was engaged in the most honourable services till the close of the war. He covered the retreat of Wellington's army from Almeida to the lines near Torres Vedras, and received the

thanks of his commander for the masterly manner in which that duty was performed. This was but one of many important services which, as commander of the cavalry, he rendered to the great hero of that war. He also received thanks for his judicious and gallant conduct at Castiglione, where, with two brigades of cavalry, and Cole's and Alton's divisions of infantry, he kept in check the whole of Marmont's forces, whilst lord Wellington was getting into position on the river Alcan. In April, 1811, he defeated the whole of Soult's cavalry, near Llerena, with general Le Marchand's and general Anson's brigades, taking about 300 men and horses prisoners. At the memorable battle of Salamanca, Sir Stapleton Cotton (who had now succeeded to the baronetage) particularly signalized himself. He afforded the most important support to major-general Pakenham, who commanded the 3d division; and it was to the cavalry, under the command of Sir Stapleton, that he owed his success. Upon this occasion, nearly 3,000 of the French infantry were made prisoners by the cavalry. The darkness, however, while it favoured the enemy, was exceedingly disadvantageous to our own troops. Nor was it one of the least considerable misfortunes occasioned by it, that Sir Stapleton Cotton, who had passed through all the perils of the conflict in safety, was fired at by a Portuguese picket, and severely wounded. After the battle he was presented with the order of the Bath, and appointed colonel of the 20th light dragoons; he received the repeated and unanimous thanks of both houses of parliament, in conjunction with lord Wellington, and other eminent officers; and, on his return to England for a short interval, he was again thanked, in his place in the House of Commons. He also received the grand cross of the Tower and Sword, the grand cross of Ferdinand, and, in 1814, the grand cross of the Guelphic Order.

During the following campaign, in 1814, Sir Stapleton Cotton fully sustained in France the high character which his exploits in the Peninsula had gained him. At the battle of Orthez, the cavalry under his command materially contributed to the success of that brilliant achievement. On this occasion, he was directed to support Sir Lowry Cole's division, in his attack upon the heights on which Soult had posted his centre and left. These heights shortly became the chief point of conflict, and

were thought by Soult to be impregnable ; but they were forced ; and Soult retired from them in excellent order, availing himself of the many favourable positions which the country afforded. He was driven, however, from each successively by the irresistible gallantry of the allied troops, until their incessant attacks changed his retreat into a rapid flight, in which his troops were thrown into the utmost confusion. In the course of this very rapid manœuvre, the position of Sir Stapleton Cotton only allowed of his making one charge, but of this he availed himself in a most masterly manner, and brought in a number of prisoners. At Toulouse the cavalry under Sir Stapleton again distinguished themselves, and were successful also in taking many prisoners during the enemy's retreat. On the 17th of May, 1814, he was elevated to the peerage. In 1815, he was appointed to the command of the cavalry in the duke of Wellington's army in France ; and in 1817, he was made governor of Barbadoes, and commander of the forces in the Leeward Islands, during which period he spent three years in the West Indies.

In 1822, lord Combermere was appointed commander-in-chief of the forces in Ireland ; but after three years he was again removed from home service to India, which he made the theatre of his most brilliant services. His lordship held the high office of commander-in-chief, and second in council ; and the object of interposition on the part of the British government was to protect a native prince against a usurper. The late rajah of Bhurtpore had died in close alliance with the East India Company. Apprehensive, however, of the consequences which might ensue upon his death, he had during his life-time declared his son, Bulwunt Singh, his successor, and had obtained for him from the Company the guarantee of his succession in the usual form. From that time the young rajah was under the protection of the British government. On the death of the father, however, his nephew, Doorjun Sal, gained a party in the army, by which he obtained possession of Bhurtpore itself, and his cousin's throne. To expel this usurper, and reinstate the son of our ancient ally, was the design with which lord Combermere took the field shortly after his arrival in Bengal, with an army of 28,000 men, composed of King's and Company's troops. His first and chief object was the reduction of Bhurtpore itself, a fortress of immense strength

and resources, which had already signalized itself by its successful resistance to the British troops when besieged in 1805 by lord Lake.

Before this apparently impregnable fortress lord Combermere appeared on the 10th of December, 1825, with his army, and a field of more than 100 pieces of artillery. During the night, the enemy had cut the embankment of a lake to the northward, for the purpose of filling the ditch; a precaution which had essentially contributed to the successful resistance offered to the besiegers in 1805. But this measure had fortunately been conducted too tardily, and the British troops arrived in time to make themselves masters of the embankment, and repair the breach, before sufficient water had flowed into the fosse to render it impracticable. His lordship then occupied a few days in reconnoitring the works, and determining the points of attack, until his battering train and appurtenances arrived. On the 23d of December every thing was in complete readiness; the north-eastern angle of the works was fixed on as the point of attack; and the besiegers, under a heavy fire, took possession of a ruined village and of Buldeo Singh's garden, and completed their first parallel at the distance of about 800 yards from the fort. On the following morning, two batteries, situated at these points, and one more advanced between them, opened on the town with tremendous effect, and the rest of the month was spent in such close firing, as left scarcely a roof in the city uninjured. Such, however, was the tenacity of the mud walls, that they resisted the effects of shot much better than masonry would have done, and recourse was had to mining on the 3d of January, 1826. The first attempt failed, owing to the fear of discovery on the part of the engineers, who sprung the mine before it was sufficiently advanced to have any material effect on the wall. A second attempt was made, but the miners were driven away, having been countermined from the interior before they had entered many feet. On the 14th, another mine, under one of the bastions, was exploded too precipitately, and failed of its effect. These events occasioned some delay; but lord Combermere directed two more mines to be driven into the same bastion, which were exploded on the 16th, and, with the aid of a day's battering, a practicable breach was made. The result of this splendid undertaking was

now decided, and it only remained to exert the same gallantry in striking the last blow. The particulars of the fall of Bhurtpore are thus given in a very detailed and authentic account.

‘ Early in the morning of the 18th, the troops destined for the assault established themselves in the advanced trenches, unperceived by the enemy. The left breach was to be mounted by the brigade of general Nicolls, headed by the 59th regiment; that on the right, by general Reynell’s brigade, headed by the 14th regiment; the explosion of the mine under the north-east angle was to be the signal for the attack. At eight o’clock the mine was exploded with terrific effect; the whole of the salient angle and part of the stone cavalier in the rear were lifted into the air, which for some time was in total darkness; but, from the mine having exploded in an unexpected direction, or from the troops having been stationed, in consequence of miscalculation, too near it, the ejected stones and masses of earth killed in their fall several men of his majesty’s 14th regiment of foot, at the head of the column of attack, and severely wounded three officers; they fell so thickly about lord Combermere himself, that brigadier-general M’Combe, who was standing next him, was knocked down, and two sepoys, who were within a few feet of him, were killed on the spot. The troops immediately mounted to the assault with the greatest order and steadiness, and, notwithstanding a determined opposition, carried the breaches. The left breach was the more difficult of the two; and, at one moment, where the ascent was steepest, the 59th regiment, which led the attack, halted for an instant; but, at a cheer from their comrades behind, they pressed on, and quickly surmounted it; the grenadiers, moving up it slowly and resolutely, without yet drawing a trigger in return for the volleys of round shot, grape, and musketry, which were poured upon them.

‘ Some of the foremost of the enemy defended the right breach for a few minutes with great resolution, but, as the explosion of the mine had blown up 300 of their companions, they were soon compelled to give way, and were pursued along the ramparts. Whenever they came to a gun which they could move, they turned it upon their pursuers, but they were immediately killed by the grenadiers, and the gun upset. In two hours the whole ram-

part surrounding the town, although bravely defended at every gateway and bastion, along with the command of the gates of the citadel, were in possession of the besiegers, and early in the afternoon the citadel itself surrendered. Brigadier-general Sleigh, commanding the cavalry, having been entrusted with preventing the escape of the enemy's troops after the assault, made such a disposition of his forces, that he succeeded in securing Doorjun Sal, who, with his wife, two sons, and 160 chosen horse, attempted to force a passage through the 8th light cavalry. The garrison consisted of about 36,000 men, of all arms; of whom nearly 10,000 fell during the siege and storming: the loss of the besiegers did not exceed 1,200 men. Thus, as by the surrender of the town all the stores, arms, and ammunition, fell into the possession of the victor, the whole military power of the Bhurtpore state might be considered as annihilated. The fortifications were demolished, by orders from the supreme government; the principal bastions, and parts of several curtains, were blown up on the 6th of February; and it was left to the rains to complete the ruin. The Fatty Bourg, or 'Bastion of Victory,' built, as the Bhurtporeans vaunted, with the bones and blood of the British soldiers who fell in the assault under lord Lake, was now laid low; and among its destroyers were some of those very men who, twenty years before, 'had been permitted,' in the boasting language of the natives, to 'fly from its eternal walls.' All the other fortresses within the rajah's dominions immediately surrendered—the inhabitants returned to their abodes—and the prince was reinstated in his authority.'

By this gallant achievement, India was saved, and, in reward of such important services, his lordship was raised to the rank of viscount, with the title of Viscount Combermere of Bhurtpore in India, and of Combermere Abbey, in the county of Chester; and was afterwards made colonel of the 1st life guards. His lordship married in 1801 lady Anne Marian Pelham Clinton, eldest daughter of Thomas, third duke of Newcastle, by whom he has no surviving issue. Her ladyship died in 1807. In 1814 lord Combermere married Caroline, second daughter of William Fulke Greville, cousin of the earl of Warwick, by whom he has issue one son and two daughters.

GENERAL THOMAS GRAHAM,

LORD LYNEDOCH, G. C. B.

THIS gallant veteran, who was born in 1750, is the third son of Thomas Graham, of Balgowan, in Perthshire, the representative of an ancient and illustrious family, and lady Christian Hope, fourth daughter of Charles, first earl of Hopetoun. By the death of both his elder brothers, he became their heir; and in 1774, at which time he had succeeded his father, he married the hon. Mary Cathcart, one of the three daughters of the ninth lord Cathcart, in whose society he for a time experienced the highest happiness. In 1792, however, this happy union was terminated by her death, and Mr. Graham was left to mourn a loss which to him nothing in this world could repair. His grief was so deep as greatly to injure his health; and he was directed to travel, with the view of alleviating his distress, and restoring the tone of his constitution, by change of scene, and variety of objects. But his course was sad and solitary, and his heart refused to be comforted. He passed like an unpurposed wanderer through France, then engaged in all the turmoil of revolution. Thence he proceeded to the Mediterranean; and in military society, at Gibraltar, he first found the means of partially disengaging himself from the spell under which he laboured; or rather, perhaps, we might more truly say, he rushed into the dangers of war, to seek that death in which alone his broken spirit could hope to find rest.

Lord Hood, who was about to sail for the south of France, could not but be proud to receive Mr. Graham as a volunteer; and accordingly, the latter, at the commencement of the revolutionary war, 1793, landed with the British troops at Toulon, and served as extra aide-de-camp to the commanding general, lord Mulgrave, whose particular thanks he obtained for his gallant and able services: he was foremost in attack, and on one occasion, at the head of a column, when a private fell, he supplied his place in the front rank. On returning to this country, he raised the 1st battalion of the 90th regiment, of which his commission as lieutenant-colonel-

commandant was dated the 10th of February, 1794. This corps passed the summer of 1795 at Isle Dieu, and soon afterwards was ordered to Gibraltar; and on the 22d of July, 1795, he obtained the rank of colonel in the army. As Gibraltar only required garrison duty, colonel Graham obtained permission to join the Austrian army, and he continued on that service during the memorable summer of 1796. He was afterwards attached to the Austrian army of Italy, and was shut up in Mantua with general Wurmser during its investment. But as Mantua continued long in a state of siege, and a mere defensive warfare was not consonant with colonel Graham's views, he resolved to depart from the garrison. On the night of the 24th of December, 1796, he accordingly quitted the place, although opposed by a deluge of rain, and with only one attendant. Mantua being situated on a lake formed by the Mincio, while regular channels of communication with the main land were in possession of the besiegers, it was only by embarking in a boat that he could effect his escape; and such was the impenetrable darkness of the night, that the vessel stranded several times on the islands of the lake or river, before the landing-place could be discerned. Having obtained a landing on a convenient spot, he travelled during the night on foot, wading through mire and swamps, and in constant danger of losing his way, with the additional apprehension of being shot by some of the numerous pickets, or stopped as a British officer, in the uniform of his regiment. At daybreak he concealed himself, and at night resumed his journey. Having reached a river, he hired a boat; and here his life would in all probability have been sacrificed, had not the sentinels been driven from their posts by a heavy fall of rain, by which his passage was in comparative safety. At length he joined the army of the archduke Charles.

On the pacification of continental affairs, colonel Graham returned to his native country in 1797, and in the autumn of the same year he went out to his regiment at Gibraltar; whence he proceeded to the attack of Minorca with Sir Charles Stuart, who, on the reduction of that island, bestowed much commendation on the spirit and exertions of his brave and enterprising associate. After the reduction of Minorca, colonel Graham repaired to Sicily, where his exertions were so effective, that he received

repeated acknowledgments, and tokens of gratitude from the king and queen of Naples. Not long after, he, with the local rank of brigadier, besieged the island of Malta, having under his command the 30th and 89th regiments, and some corps embodied under his immediate direction. This island, the key of Egypt and the Levant, having been basely surrendered to the French in 1793, the British government resolved to wrest it from the enemy, to whom it was a maritime station of great importance, more particularly since Bonaparte's views upon India, through Egypt, had become apparent. Aware of the prodigious strength of its works, the general had recourse to a blockade, and the British force accordingly appeared before Malta in the month of September, 1793. The French garrison held out till September, 1800, when, after a resistance of two years' duration, they surrendered. Major-general Pigot having arrived with a reinforcement a short time previous to the capitulation, the honour of transmitting an account of the success devolved upon him; but in his despatch he bore ample testimony to the high merit and efficient operations of brigadier-general Graham. On the completion of this service Graham returned to England, and arrived just in time to learn that his own regiment, the 90th, had covered itself with glory on the plains of Egypt, while it formed the advanced guard of the first line on the 21st of March, 1801. Being eager to rejoin his comrades in arms, he again left England, and landed in Egypt; but that country being completely conquered, he soon quitted it, and travelled to Europe with Mr. Hutchinson, brother of the commander-in-chief, lord Hutchinson, through Turkey. He passed some time at Constantinople; and, peace having in the mean time been concluded, he also made a short residence at Paris. From 1803 to 1805, he served with his regiment in Ireland; when it was ordered out to the West Indies, and he remained without active employment or promotion till the spring of 1808.

Sir John Moore being appointed to lead an armament to the shores of Sweden, colonel Graham obtained permission to accompany him as aide-de-camp. The misunderstanding between the king of Sweden and Sir John Moore having put an end to his mission, that officer was immediately ordered to Spain, whither he was accompanied by colonel Graham, who served during the whole

of the campaign of 1808. On his return to England, he was promoted to the rank of major-general, and was shortly after appointed to command a division in the expedition to Walcheren. He was actively employed at the siege of Flushing, but, being attacked by the fever, he was obliged to return home.

The possession of Cadiz being about this time disputed by the Spanish patriots and the French, Graham, with the brevet rank of lieutenant-general, was sent to take the command of the British troops in that fortress; and, in Feb. 1811, he embarked in an expedition, for a combined attack on the rear of the French army which was blockading Cadiz, a movement that led, in the March following, to the memorable battle of Barrosa. The troops marched from Isla on the night of the 17th of February, and embarked the next morning at daybreak in Cadiz Bay. In the evening of the 21st, the expedition sailed, and arrived off Tarifa on the following day; but as the weather proved unfavourable for a landing, it proceeded to Alge-siras, where the force disembarked on the morning of the 23d. On the following day they marched to Tarifa, without any other road than merely a mule path, which was found scarcely practicable for the advance of the cavalry: all the artillery, therefore, was sent onwards by water. On the 27th, the Spanish troops under general Lapena arrived, from Cadiz, at Tarifa, upon which the allied army continued its route to Barrosa, which was reached on the 5th of March, when the vanguard proceeded to attack the enemy's position opposite the point of Santa Petri, and the reserve halted on the east side of the heights of Barrosa. The attack of the vanguard on the enemy's lines succeeded; it was supported by half the prince of Anglona's division, the other half remaining on the heights; and, previous to the movement of the British to that point, general Lapena offered Graham his option, whether the latter should move for that purpose with his corps, or continue posted on the heights: but the lieutenant-general declining to make an election, the former decided that the reserve should march, leaving two battalions to join the remainder of the Spanish forces, to preserve the position on the heights. In addition, however, to two battalions of Walloon and Ciudad-Real guards, Graham left colonel Brown's battalion, composed of flank companies, which was posted at the Torre Bar-

rosa. The British general, therefore, had every reason to suppose that the Spanish commander would remain on that position during the day.

Graham's division having halted on the eastern slope of the Barrosa height for about two hours, was marched about twelve o'clock through a wood towards the Torre Bermeja. On the march, he received certain intelligence that the enemy had appeared in force on the plain, and was advancing towards the height of Barrosa. Considering this position as the key to that of Santa Petri, he immediately counter-marched to support the troops left for its defence; and the alacrity with which this manœuvre was executed, was a favourable omen. Before the British troops could get entirely disentangled from the wood, the Spanish troops on the Barrosa hill were seen retiring from it, while the enemy's left wing was rapidly ascending; at the same time their right wing stood on the plain, on the edge of the wood, within cannon-shot. A retreat in the face of such opposition must have involved the whole of the allied army in the utmost danger, and therefore an immediate attack was resolved upon. Major Duncan opened a powerful battery of ten guns on the centre. Brigadier-general Dilkes, with his brigade; lieutenant-colonel Benin's (of the 28th) flank battalion; lieutenant-colonel Norcott's two companies of the rifle corps; and major Acheson, with a part of the 67th foot (separated from the regiment in the wood)—formed on the right. Colonel Wheatley's brigade, with three companies of Coldstream guards, under lieutenant-colonel Jackson, and lieutenant-colonel Bernard's flank battalion, formed on the left. The right wing proceeded to the attack of general Rufin's division on the hill, while lieutenant-colonel Bernard and lieutenant-colonel Bassche's detachment of the 20th Portuguese, were warmly engaged on the left with the enemy's tirailleurs. General Laval's division, notwithstanding the havoc made by major Duncan's battery, continued to advance in very imposing masses, opening their fire of musketry, and were only checked by that of the left wing; the latter now advanced, firing, and a spirited charge made by the three companies of the guards, and the 87th regiment, supported by the remainder of the wing, decided the defeat of General Laval's division.

At the time the troops were halted on the east side of

the heights of Barrosa, lieutenant-general Graham's orders were conveyed for brigadier-general Dilkes' brigade, as well as for that of colonel Wheatley, to proceed to Santa Petri. The column accordingly began its march on the hill, and, descending the other side, entered a fir-wood, so thick as to be almost impervious to the guns and mounted officers. The enemy were now reported to have made their appearance in the plain which the brigade had just quitted, and the lieutenant-general's orders were shortly after received for the column to retrace its steps. The line now advanced obliquely to the right, towards a corps of the enemy which occupied the heights the British had so lately passed, and a heavy fire of artillery and musketry was kept up on both sides: but the line continuing their advance with distinguished gallantry, that part of the enemy's force immediately opposed to them was obliged to withdraw towards another corps upon its right. The British still dashed on, bringing forward the right shoulder, and thereby threatening the enemy's left, who at length formed the flank *en masse*, continuing their retreat down the hill, and ascending another rising ground, halting occasionally, and keeping up a severe and destructive fire.

At one time they were observed to push forward two or three divisions from the *masse*, as was conceived, to charge the British line, but the well-directed fire of our troops, still advancing, obliged them to desist, and the British were too exhausted with their difficult march to return the compliment. Soon after our troops had begun to descend the hill, the enemy's cavalry were seen posted on the left, and it was expected that they would charge a weak part of the line, having made a move-ment seemingly for that purpose. Major-general Dilkes and his aide-de-camp were at this period dismounted, both their horses having been shot under them. The British cavalry now arrived on the field of action, and immediately charged the enemy, who, after a slight hesitation, advanced to the encounter, both parties meeting at a hand-gallop: thus mixed, dispersed, and re-formed, the enemy retired, and our hussars pursued the stragglers. After the defeat of the cavalry, the French continued to retreat obliquely to their right wing, until, some artillery being brought up, their complete defeat was decided.

and the British line received their commander's orders to halt.

In his despatch, lieutenant-general Graham bore ample testimony to the gallantry and distinguished conduct of the officers and corps engaged: the British guards had their full share of commendation: they were under an officer who had served with him in former campaigns; who had been their companion at Lincelles, and other scenes of their glory. The thanks of parliament were voted to the general and his brave force, on this victory; and in his answer, after stating that it would ill become him to disguise his feelings on the occasion, for he well knew the inestimable value of such thanks to a soldier, he adds the following elegant remark: 'I have formerly often heard you, sir, eloquently and impressively deliver the thanks of the house to officers present, and never without an anxious wish that I might one day receive this most enviable mark of my country's regard: this honest ambition is now fully gratified, and I am more than ever bound to try to merit the good opinion of the house.'

In the summer of 1811, lieutenant-general Graham was relieved from his duty at Cadiz, and joined the army under lord Wellington, of which he was appointed second in command. He was present at the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo; but having a complaint in his eyes, occasioned by the use of a prospect-glass under an almost vertical sun, together with much writing by candle-light, he was obliged to revisit England. Early in 1813, however, he again repaired to the Peninsula; but was not engaged in any action of magnitude, till that of Vittoria, when he commanded the left wing of the British army. He was also present in the subsequent military operations, and commanded the army employed in the siege of the town and citadel of St. Sebastian: the former surrendered to him on the 9th of September by capitulation, and the citadel was taken by storm on the 31st of the same month. The left of the British army being directed to pass the Bidassoa river, the natural boundary of France and Spain, Graham was entrusted with that service; and, on the 7th of October, after an obstinate resistance from the enemy, he succeeded in establishing the British army on French ground. In consequence of ill-health,

he now resigned his command to lieutenant-general Sir John Hope, and returned to England. In 1814, he was appointed commander of the forces in Holland, with the temporary rank of general; and on the 3d of May, in the same year, after again receiving the thanks of parliament, for his conduct in the Peninsula, he was raised to the peerage, by the title of Baron Lynedoch, of Balgowan, in the county of Perth, having previously received the first class of the military order of the Bath. In 1821, he was raised to the rank of general, and, in addition to other marks of royal consideration, the governorship of Dumbarton Castle was conferred upon him.

Of late years, lord Lynedoch has passed much of his time on the Continent, chiefly in Italy, where the climate is more congenial to his health, at his advanced period of life. We have only to add, that there never was an officer in the British service more universally respected and beloved.

WILLIAM CARR,

VISCOUNT BERESFORD, G. C. B., C. H., &c. &c.

THIS brave soldier owes his high rank and illustrious titles to his good sword alone, being an illegitimate son of George de la Poer, first marquis of Waterford. He entered the military service as an ensign in the 6th foot in 1785, and in the following year he embarked for Nova Scotia, where he remained during four years, at the end of which, having obtained a lieutenant's commission, he returned to England. It was during the period of his stay in America that an unfortunate wound was inflicted upon the future hero of Albuera. Being out shooting in the woods with a brother ensign (now general Sir Thomas Molyneux), the former, on the springing of a covey of partridges cried out, impatiently, 'Why don't you fire?' The other fired accordingly, but some of the shot entered Beresford's eye, and deprived it of sight for ever.

In January, 1791, lieutenant Beresford was appointed captain in an independent company, and in the same year a

captain in the 69th foot. In the beginning of 1793 he embarked at Cork on foreign service, and he and his company served on board the *Britannia* as marines. He was also engaged in the taking of Toulon; after which he went to Corsica, and was present at the sieges of St. Fiorenza, Bastia, and Calvi. Promotion continued to crown his active services, so that in March, 1794, he was appointed major in the 69th regiment, and in August following lieutenant-colonel in the late 124th. He set sail afterwards with Sir Ralph Abercromby for the West Indies; but in consequence of his regiment being sent back, he escaped from that lazar-house of our European soldiery, to share in nobler fields of action. His next sphere of public service was the East Indies, to which he sailed in 1799; but shortly after landing there, he proceeded by the Red Sea to Egypt, in command of a brigade belonging to Sir David Baird's army. After this, he was appointed commandant at Alexandria, in which office he remained until Egypt was evacuated. On his return to England, in 1800, he received the brevet of colonel, and distinguished himself by his activity in Ireland. The county of Wicklow, which was greatly infested with rebels, was on this occasion cleared and pacificated through the exertions of colonel Beresford.

In 1805, the subject of our memoir was ordered to proceed with the army under Sir David Baird, by which the conquest of the Cape of Good Hope was accomplished, and in this valuable colonial acquisition colonel Beresford had an important share. From the Cape, he was sent at the head of a small detachment, and with the rank of brigadier-general, to capture Buenos Ayres, an exploit in which he fully succeeded. But this success was soon followed by a most unfortunate reverse. The enemy rallied in overwhelming numbers; and, although Beresford obtained several advantages over them in the field, he was finally besieged in the town by an army of 10,000 or 12,000 men, while his own force did not consist of more than 1200. After three days of stout resistance he was obliged to yield to numbers, and he surrendered with his whole force as prisoners of war, but with the condition that they were to be embarked without delay for England, or the Cape of Good Hope, and be exchanged for the Spanish prisoners that had been made in the capture of Buenos Ayres. But this stipulation was so

shamefully violated, that Beresford resolved to make his escape from the enemy, which at length he effected through the aid of the inhabitants of the colony; so that, in 1807, he returned in safety to England. On his arrival, he did not remain long unoccupied, for in the same year he was sent to command the land forces against the island of Madeira. The island was taken, and Beresford, who had been previously invested with the temporary rank of major-general, was appointed governor, and commander-in-chief in that quarter. Greater emergencies soon called him from this comparatively obscure situation; for, in August, 1808, he was ordered to join the British army in Portugal, in which country he arrived a few days after the battle of Vimiero. He was then attached to the army of Sir John Moore, with which he marched into Spain, and was a sharer in all the exertions and sufferings of the melancholy retreat which followed. He ably exerted himself also at the battle of Corunna, and covered the embarkation of the troops, with which he returned to England.

After so much varied experience in military affairs, a new and congenial field of exertion was opened to general Beresford. This was the training and disciplining of the Portuguese troops—and when we remember the very hopeless materials out of which Beresford was expected to create an efficient army, we can scarcely sufficiently admire the self-devotedness that undertook such a task, by which all his military reputation was perilled, or the ability with which he converted an effeminate and spiritless people into bold and hardy warriors. The Portuguese government was so highly satisfied with his exertions in this department, that it raised him to the rank of marshal, and commander-in-chief of the army of Portugal. The services which he rendered in this capacity to the common cause were highly efficient, and on almost every occasion his Portuguese troops showed themselves worthy to fight by the side of British soldiers.

Of all the martial achievements of Beresford, the victory of Albuera was the most distinguished, in which he held the sole command. Soult, who had resolved to relieve Badajoz, which was invested by general William Stewart, departed from Seville on the 10th of May, 1811, and on the 15th concentrated his army at Santa Marta. Beresford, having held a conference with the Spanish

generals, resolved to give battle to Soult at Albuera. On the morning of the 15th, the British were accordingly posted on the left of Albuera, while the right was to be occupied by the Spanish troops under general Blake; but that commander, with the proverbial slowness of his countrymen, did not fully occupy the position until the following morning. Apparently, the army of general Beresford was fully a match for the enemy, for it consisted of 30,000 infantry and 2,000 cavalry; while the French numbered only 19,000 infantry and 4,000 cavalry. But in the allied army only 7,000 were British troops who could be firmly relied on; the rest were chiefly Spaniards and Portuguese, whose discipline was still imperfect, and whose spirits were clouded with the remembrance of many a defeat; and the presence of the obstinate Blake would, of itself, have been ominous of evil even to a more promising cause. As for the French, they were men of one nation, trained in the most perfect discipline, inured to the character of the wars of the Peninsula, and animated by the recollection of their past victories in that quarter. They were also led by a commander who was inferior to none of the distinguished leaders of France, with the exception of their illustrious head. About nine o'clock in the morning of the 16th the battle commenced, by the enemy making an attack in one heavy column, preceded by a sharp cannonade to gain the bridge, and force the passage of the Albuera; but this movement was ably answered by the British guns which were posted on the rising ground. After some manœuvres, Beresford perceived that the principal attack of the enemy was to be upon the right, where the Spanish army was posted, and sent orders for Blake to change his front accordingly; but the latter, declaring that no such attack was meditated, refused to move until the appearance of hostile masses bearing down upon him convinced him of his error. He then commenced the necessary evolution, but with such pompous slowness, that Beresford was obliged to snatch from him the command for a moment, by superintending the movements in person. Even this measure, however, was almost too late, for the enemy were already among them, and the Spanish ranks were wavering before the shock. All was now confusion and peril, and Soult, thinking that the victory was already his own, threw forward all his columns and called up his

reserves, with which he occupied the hill that commanded the Valverde Road, by which the retreat of the allied army would have been completely cut off. General Stewart seeing this, immediately rushed to the foot of the height with Colborne's brigade; but this rash onset was met by so tremendous a fire, that his columns were thrown into confusion; four regiments of hussars and lancers then charged in their rear, and cut them down in whole companies; and Beresford himself, while endeavouring to restore order amidst such a tumult, was obliged to exert himself like a common swordsman. On one occasion a lancer charged him; but the marshal exerting his remarkable strength, turned the weapon aside, and threw the man out of the saddle. The Spaniards, in the mean time, increased the confusion, by firing without intermission, and as the British were before them, and suffered greatly from this unadvised zeal, Beresford ordered these precious allies to advance, but in vain. He then seized one of their ensigns in his powerful grasp, and bore him forward, colours and all, in the hope that the Spaniards would follow; but no sooner was the fellow released, than he ran back to his company. Happily, at this trying moment the state of the weather, which prevented Soult from ascertaining the full amount of his success, gave the allied troops an opportunity of recovering from their confusion, and Stewart was enabled to lead the British troops to the attack of the hill in better order than before. Thus the battle was renewed upon even terms; and when the British soldiers were enabled to encounter upon unencumbered ground, their attack was so terrible, that Soult soon perceived that the victory might yet be torn from his grasp. Their close destructive fire made huge gaps in the massive columns of the enemy; they closed with the bayonet, and nothing could withstand their impetuous onset. The French reeled, yielded, and at last fled, but were closely pursued with horrible carnage; and the British at length gained the summit of the hill, down the steep of which the enemy were precipitated like a falling avalanche. But fearful was the price which the victors had paid for so signal an advantage; for out of nearly 7,000 British warriors, not more than 1,500 stood unwounded upon the hill-top. Nothing, however, could be more decisive than the victory they had gained; and the

French, who had lost 8,000 men in this sanguinary action, found themselves in no condition to attempt a second conflict, and retreated to Solano. During the rest of the war marshal Beresford ably seconded the operations of the duke of Wellington; and when Bourdeaux espoused the cause of the Bourbons, he was sent thither, at the head of a detachment, to take possession of the town. It is also pleasing to notice the gratitude with which his valuable services were recognised by our government. In 1812, he was appointed to the rank of lieutenant-general; in 1814 he was raised to the peerage, by the title of Baron Beresford of Albuera, with an annuity of £2,000 per annum to himself and his two immediate successors in the barony; in 1823 he was made a viscount, and in 1825, a general in the British army. The fields in which he successively distinguished himself were Corunna, Busaco, Albuera, Badajoz, Salamanca, Vittoria, Pyrenees, Nivelle, Nive, Orthez, and Toulouse; and for these he has the privilege of wearing a cross with seven clasps. His lordship is colonel of the 16th regiment, governor of Jersey, and master-general of the ordnance. He is also duke of Elvas, marquis of Campo Major, and count Francoso in Portugal, and a field-marshal in that kingdom.

THE END.

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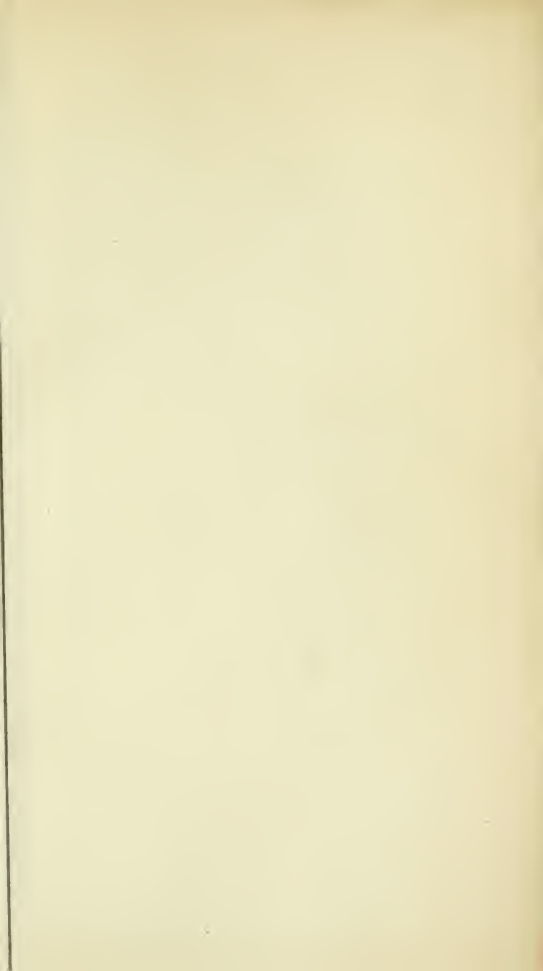
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